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We returned to our far-travelled, much-enduring tailor, Monsieur Charles, *Nation Belge*, *Hôtel de Bellevue*. The house was very airy, not water-tight, and by no means so comfortable a habitation as it had been in the hot weather. We, however, remained some time, as I had several investigations to complete.

The state of the Pashalik did not render me very anxious to revisit Mustapha Nouree Pasha, but I heard that he had been making inquiries about us; and on

the afternoon of the 26th of November, Yorvacki, a Greek, who had been well known to us ever since our first arrival at Brusa, came to us with a tale of foul oppression and brutal outrage, and implored me to see the Pasha on his account. This man was an industrious farmer of the village of Kelessen, on the opposite side of the plain. He was by far the most industrious man we had seen in the country. I had frequently employed him on little errands and in making purchases in the tcharshy, and had always found him punctual and honest. After working hard at the plough all day, Yorvacki would walk from Hadji Haivat to Brusa and back again, to carry a letter or get anything we might want. He was unmarried, but he supported his old father and mother, and was the main stay of two younger brothers. Four years ago, the debts of his infirm old father being thrown upon him, Yorvacki was owing 26,000 piastres, or about 235*l.* sterling. He had toiled night and day to pay off this debt, and discharge all taxes and dues levied upon the family. In addition to his own small farm at Kelessen, he hired some good land of John Zohrab, at Hadji Haivat, upon which he grew good crops of wheat, Indian corn, melons, etc.; paying rent partly in produce, and partly in occasional labour on John's grounds. Single-handed he had made the only good ditches and inclosures that were to be seen at Hadji Haivat. He would rise at midnight to hold the plough; he was always working; and, in the course of these last four years, besides supporting his family, he had reduced his debt to 4000 piastres. Some of his brother villagers and neighbours, as well Greeks as Turks, became envious of his prosperity: the tchor-

bajees of Kelessen (three known rogues), were his declared enemies, and joined some of the Turkish authorities in deciding that he was fat and full and ought to be squeezed. This year he had paid his ushur, about 2000 piastres; kharatch, for himself and family, 195 piastres; and salianè, 235 piastres. But the tchorbajees brought the village in debt to the tune of 30,000 piastres, *old* debt, contracted heaven knows how, for the three old rogues had no accounts to show! Seeing Yorvacki so prosperous, they called upon him of a sudden to pay down about 800 piastres, to go towards the discharge of this old village debt, for which they had been exacting money for the last *fifteen years*.

Yorvacki said that the sum demanded was far more than his fair quota; and hereupon a quarrel had ensued, and he had been threatened by the tchorbajees with the vengeance of Khodjà-Arab, the head of the Pasha's police, and their ally, protector, and (in these matters) *partner*. Yesterday evening the chief tchorbajee, and one of Khodjà-Arab's tufekjees, seized Yorvacki in the coffee-house at Kelessen, and vowed they would have the money then and there. Money he had none: corn he had; but he could not sell it without going to the Brusa market, and it was night. He promised to pay the next day, and he pointed to his corn, and his four pair of oxen as sufficient security for the payment. No! They would have the money that night. He was an insolent upstart; he had insulted those put in authority over him! And the tchorbajee and the armed tufekjee fell savagely upon him and knocked him down. They then put fetters to his legs, tied a rope to the fetters, and passing the rope through an iron ring in the

ceiling of the cafinet, they dragged him up by the heels. In this torturing position, with his head down, and all the blood of his body running towards it, they kept him until he became insensible.

The deed was publicly done; there were plenty of Greeks present: but some of them had long nourished the evil passions of envy and jealousy, and the rest of them stood in dread and awe of the fierce Khodjà-Arab. At last a friendly Greek of the village, named Yorghi (with whom also we were well acquainted), implored the two scoundrels to let go the rope. The tufekjee bargained to do so for a goose. The goose was brought by Yorghi; Yorvacki was released and restored to his senses; and, the goose being cooked, the tufekjee and tchorbajee sat down lovingly together and ate it. They were both drunk before supper, and no doubt got much drunker after! Yorvacki could not tell this story without weeping; and tears flowing from the eyes of a man thirty years old, six feet high, and robust and strong, are not to be seen without emotion. Two red marks and a swelling about the ankles showed where the fetters and rope had been. I told the poor fellow that I would see the Pasha that very night, and in the mean time I gave him a little money and sent him away to a learned scribe, a native of Bokhara, who was famed in Brusa for drawing up petitions. As I advised, the scribe presently drew up two petitions, briefly setting forth the circumstances of the case; one for Mustapha Nouree, the Pasha of Brusa, and one for Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier at Constantinople.

As in the discharge of his duty our English consul had lately had some stormy scenes with the Pasha, I

would not avail myself of his services. I wished to appear at the konack in a friendly manner, under friendly auspices, and yet with some one who, in acting as drogoman, would not be afraid of literally interpreting what I had to say. Our tchelebee, who assuredly would have had no fear, was brother-in-law to our consul, and so would not do. Fortunately M. George Crespin, the French consul, who was a native of Constantinople, and who had always been on good terms with Mustapha Nouree, wanted to speak with him on an affair of his own, and on another case of injustice and violence which had been brought before him that very morning. We agreed to go to the konack that evening, I engaging to put my truths in the least offensive form, and M. C. promising to translate whatever I should say to him in French into the clearest and closest Turkish he could command.

The great man received us very civilly; said he was glad to see me back at Brusa; showed us an enormous quantity of game which his people had been killing, and gave me six plump red-legged partridges. I began the conversation with thanks and praises. The letter he had given us on our starting for Kutayah had everywhere been attended to (this was a bit of flattery, we had only shown the letter twice; and, except at Yeni Ghieul, it had been of no use to us); we had everywhere found the roads perfectly safe, and the people of the country honest, civil, and kind; we were in raptures with the beauty and natural richness of the land; we had not seen fairer regions in Italy or France, or Spain, or in any other part of Frankistan. Mustapha Nouree was much pleased, he clapped his hands and ordered in a

fresh supply of coffee and tchibouques, telling my worthy drogoman that I was a person of ability and great observation, a very pleasant companion, a friend to Sultan Abdul Medjid, etc., etc.

But then I passed to the woe and oppression we had witnessed, both up the country, and down the country, and all in his own Pashalik; to the decaying population the ruined villages, the unroofed houses, and the utter misery of the Turkish peasantry. This talk rapidly changed the cheerful expression of his countenance; he seemed uneasy on his divan; he eructated very frequently. And what was the great man's reply? As translated it was literally this:—"Monsieur Mac Farlane, the people might be a good deal more miserable than they are!" I stared at him with all my eyes. "*Drôle de réponse pour un homme d'état!*" said Monsieur C., who then took refuge in a fit of coughing.

I said that I had seen a good deal of misery in my time in other countries, but never misery like this; that I could scarcely conceive how the poor Mussulmans could be more miserable than they were, and *live*. After a little reflection the Pasha said that it was all the will of God; that the poverty we had witnessed was all to be attributed to the famine of 1845; that destiny, and not he, had brought about that year of famine; that for his part he wished the people were richer, for then it would be less difficult to send the money the government was always wanting in Constantinople. I spoke of the wise and humane intentions of the Sultan in ordering advances of money to be made to those who had been ruined by the scarcity, of the unfair repartition which had been made of that money, and of the crushing

weight of interest charged on it. He replied testily, that that was *seraffs' business*, and no affair of his; that he got no profit out of the interest—which was false; and that he could not control the Armenians—which was not true. I did not read him lessons in political economy and radical philosophy (as Dr. Bowring would have done), but I told him that it was deplorable and almost incredible to see so fertile a country subject to visitations of famine; that the land, if cultivated, was capable of supporting twenty times its present population; that the villages could do nothing without a little capital and encouragement; that, unless something was soon done for them, it would be impossible for them to continue paying their taxes; and that he might soon expect his Pashalik to be desolated by another famine, much worse than that of 1845. To all this his answer was, that if it was their *kismet* to have a famine, why a famine they would have!

Thinking to please his ear with gentler notes I talked a little about the excellent condition of the troops up at Kutayah, bestowing warm and well-merited praise on Achmet Pasha. But Mustapha Nouree (like every great Turk I met) had no ear for the music of any praise except his own; and he increased the frequency and loudness of his eructations, and merely said that he had already heard from others that Achmet was a good sort of young man that knew his business. I then told him in full detail the story of the Greek gardener of Ascià-keui. He said he could not believe that the Kadi of Billijik had given the Greek *three hundred* strokes. I asked him whether such use of the bastinado was not prohibited by the Sultan's proclamation, and by

the repeated orders of Reshid Pasha the Vizier. He replied, that it certainly was prohibited in Constantinople; that he himself did not allow much of it at Brusa; but that up the country the mudirs and aghàs would have recourse to it occasionally, which was natural and excusable, as it was an ancient usage. I asked him whether it was not as unlawful for a Mussulman to abuse the religion of a Christian, as for a Christian to abuse that of an Osmanlee. He said that verily it was so. I then told him the story of the Armenian at Billijik, and his Turkish bully. He said that the Osmanlee must have been much in the wrong, and that he would have inquiries made into the whole of that matter. He asked me to furnish him with the names of the parties concerned in the Billijik affair in writing—in Turkish, in Turkish characters—saying that he knew nobody in that town by name except Sandalji Oglou. I told him that he should have the names in the way he desired.

Seeing that *mezzo-tintos* would be useless, I brought before him, in strong light and shade, the case of poor Yorvacki, relating all the circumstances as I had heard them a few hours before, telling all that I knew of that industrious, worthy fellow, and making a full stop by putting the petition into his hands. He glanced his eye over the paper as if he could read it (which, I was assured, he could not), then thrust it under a cushion of the divan, promising, however, to examine into that matter to-morrow.

Monsieur C. proceeded to open the case of wrong which had been laid before him. A few days ago, at Philladar (in the coffee-house where we had first alighted, when going in search of the poor Albanians), a murder

had been publicly committed. A Turk, well known in that neighbourhood—and never known for good—went into the cafè, armed and dressed like one of the Pasha's own tufekjees, and shot a Greek against whom he was known to have an old grudge. His pistol-ball not only killed his enemy, or the man he hated, but badly wounded another Greek of the place who was sitting by him. The assassin, having other arms, while the Greeks had none, escaped. Upon the case being reported at Brusa the Pasha's or Khodjà Arab's tufekjees were sent to Philladar, and there, instead of looking after the Mussulman murderer, they seized the cafèjee and all his family, and every poor Greek that was said to have been in the coffee-house or near to it, when the murder was committed. These innocent people were chained, brought from Philladar to Brusa, and thrown into the Pasha's prison. The cafèjee or keeper of the coffee-house had fallen ill in that foul hole (just opposite to the room in which we were now sitting) and was believed to be in a dying state. Two or three days ago his mother went weeping to the house of the English consul, to know if anything could be done for her son—whose crime amounted to this, that a Christian had been murdered by a Turk in his coffee-room. Madame S—— had been much affected by the old woman's deep grief; but her husband, the consul, could not interfere officially; and the French consul could only interfere (to use a word I detest) *officiously*. As these last details were gone over, the Pasha appeared to be considerably flustered; but at the end he told Monsieur C. that he had liberated the Philladar prisoners this very evening, and that they had been brought over to

Brusa *only* to be examined as witnesses. Begging his Excellency's pardon, this last assertion was notoriously and monstrously untrue. But if it were true that the Greeks had been brought over only for the sake of evidence, what could be thought of a system of justice which loaded witnesses with chains, threw them into a horrid, infectious prison, and kept them there more than a week, and did not allow them to depart (as we learned subsequently) until they had paid heavy fees to Khodja Arab? And what of a system of justice which (thus treating witnesses) makes no perquisition after the criminal? And what again of the blessed Tanzimaut, and all the rescripts and ordinances which have been throwing dust in the eyes of Christendom, when the united evidence of all the Christian Greeks and Albanians living in Philladar would not have sufficed to convict the Mussulman murderer, if he could have brought only two Turks to swear to an alibi?

Mustapha Nouree changed the conversation, by taking a sudden leap into agricultural matters—which he again discussed like a grazier or a carcass-butcher. Would his Syrian cows (those invisible cows!) be worth a great deal of money in Frankistan? He had 1500 of the merinos breed of sheep, or a breed proceeding from the cross by the Sultan's stock. Would the Turkish wool rise in the markets of Europe? Would he be able to get a good price for his fleeces? Monsieur C., as a merchant, told him the prices of wool, and I told him that the sale of Turkish wool, or its prices, must depend upon the health and condition of the sheep, and the cleanliness with which the wool was prepared and shipped. Again shifting the topic, he plumped

down upon Dr. Davis and the Sultan's Model Farm at San Stefano. Dr. Davis had wasted a great deal of money; the experiment of growing American cotton had completely failed; the Sultan would make no profit by this speculation. He, Mustapha Nouree, well knew all these facts from some persons who had recently come from the capital, and it grieved him sorely that the Sultan should throw away so many *grushes*. Son Excellence then asked whether I was a close friend of Dr. Davis, and had influence with him—"because," said the Pasha, "I have a chiftlik of mine own which touches upon the Model Farm, and I should be very glad if Dr. Davis would say he wanted it, and would persuade the Sultan's people to get it bought for him: the price is only 500,000 piastres. If you could speak *privately* to the American on this subject I should be very grateful." I said that what Dr. Davis wanted was not more land, but hands to work upon the land he had, and that I could use no influence in this way. He again looked glum. I delivered him a message as Dr. Davis had by letter requested me to do: it was simply the offer of some of the American cotton seed with instructions how to cultivate it. "As for that," said the Pasha very gruffly, "I know I can get as much as I like from Boghos Dadian. But what good would it do me? What use is it to anybody? American cotton will not grow in this country. Dr. Davis's experiment has failed." I did not directly propose that he, the Pasha, should give one or two of his Syrian cows to contribute to the improvements at the Sultan's Model Farm; for this proposition had been left to my discretion, and I saw it would be idle to make it unless I

put the cows in the shape of a bribe to the Doctor, or as an inducement to make him intrigue in order to purchase the chiftlik—which, I am sure, my friend would not have done for all the cows of Syria.

It was pretty evident before this that he had had enough of our company. Before going, I however again alluded to the case of poor Yorvacki, expressing in words a hope I did not feel, that that industrious, worthy man would receive some reparation and justice, or be at the least protected from such violence in future. The only answer I now got was delivered in a very sulky voice indeed—"Send me a paper with the names, and then we shall see." If he had not given me the six partridges before the conversation began, he certainly would not have given them to me when it ended. At our leave-taking he did not accompany us towards the door as on the former occasion—he did not even rise from his seat on the divan. As soon as our steps were beyond the threshold of that apartment, I was beset by his menials all hungry for backshish. I gave his head-sportsman about double the market-price of the six partridges, feed the tchibouquejee, the cafèjee, the cook, the door-keeper, and the fellow who took care of our mud-boots, and turned out into the filthy streets with a purse considerably lightened.

This scene at the Brusa konack is not dramatized. On the following morning I wrote down in my diary nearly all that had passed or been said; and I have not added a single embellishment. And this was Mustapha Nouree Pasha, who had been for more than twenty years one of the great men of reformed Turkey, and who was now holding one of the most important

governments in the empire! By universal consent he was brutally ignorant and even stupid, except where his own interests were immediately concerned; but when he was allured by a gain, or disquieted by the apprehension of a loss, he was said to be the cunningest of men. He was an old and practised courtier, and was known to have immense influence with the Sultan's black neutralized men and white women. His history, as related to us, both here and at Constantinople, was but the counterpart of the history of half of the great pashas. He was the son of one of the poorest and lowest of Stamboul Turks; but as a boy he had been remarkably handsome, and on this account Sultan Mahmoud had taken him into his household. He was now enormously fat and bloated, taking no exercise, but passing his whole life between his harem and his divan, on which he sat cross-legged like a joss. His occasional courtesy to Franks was all forced: he hated their society, their manners, and their religion; for, next to the passion of avarice, the strongest feeling in his breast was Mussulman fanaticism and superstition. The society he cherished was that of a set of filthy vagabonds or wandering dervishes and fakirs. He was fattening on the spoils of the Mahometan church, he was seeing the mosques falling to ruins and the medressehs or colleges becoming void; but he clung to the excrescences of the Mussulman faith; and if there had been any reactionary movement or outbreak of fanaticism, he was far more likely to join in it (in secret) than to take any measures for checking it. His Kehayah or Lieutenant, whom we avoided seeing, was reported to have much more ability and a great deal

more vice than Mustapha Nouree; he was a barefaced profligate, but active, persevering, and bold. He did all the business that was done, and, with a show of the most abject submission, led the dull-headed Pasha by the nose. His natural acuteness would have prevented much mischief which was committed without an object, or without the prospect of gain to any party; but if the Pasha interfered, he would on no account contradict him:—

"Pazzo chi al suo signor contraddir vuole,
Sebben dicesse ch' ha veduto il giorno
Pieno di stelle, e à mezza notte il sole."*

This is the philosophy of all the secondary men, and hence the great men in Turkey never hear the truth. The grandees are incessantly surrounded by retainers and dependants, who risk no opinions of their own, and take the words of their chiefs as inspirations. Let a stupid, bloated Pasha say what he will—

"Di varie voci subito un concento
S' ode accordar di quanti n' ha d' intorno;
E chi non ha per umiltà ardimento
La bocca aprir, con tutto il viso applaude,
E par che voglia dire: anch' io consento." †

The next morning we sent the lists of names written in good Turkish. In the Billijik affairs the Pasha never did anything. The proceedings in the case of Yorvacki will convey a very perfect notion of Turkish justice. The day after our interview with the Pasha a tufekjee made his appearance in the village of Kelessen, and had some private conference with the tchorbajees. When this was over, his old enemy sent for Yorvacki and told him that the next time he would

* Ariosto, 'Satira Prima.' † Id. id.

hang him up by the neck and not by the heels, and that then he might go and complain if he could. Three days after this the Pasha sent two tufekjees to carry the tchorbajees of Kelessen to Brusa; and on the day after this Yorvacki was summoned before the Pasha and confronted with the tufekjee who had eaten goose and the tchorbajees, who boldly denied everything alleged against them. The Pasha bullied Yorvacki, told him that he must produce his witnesses and give security for his own and their appearance to-morrow at noon-day. When out of the presence-chamber, that old savage Khodjà Arab and his tufekjees fell upon the poor Greek, telling him—a rayah, a slave, a pezavenk, a dog—that they would teach him how to go and complain to Frank consuls and Frank travellers and present petitions to the Pasha. The Khodjà, spitting in his face, told him that he could get no witnesses to appear, and that he knew it; and that if he did not bring up his witnesses to-morrow, he should be thrown into prison. They made use of terrible menaces and of much beastly language. The poor fellow came again to us sadly depressed in spirits, for he felt quite sure that none of the Greeks who saw him hung by the heels would have courage enough to come forward and certify to the facts. They were all too much afraid of Khodjà Arab. The Khodjà now and then shot a man on the highway, and swore he was a robber. He could always find a pretext for getting a Greek into trouble. "*Helbetté bir gun ellimden guetchèjeksin*"—Surely one day you will pass through my hands! These were words of terror when they proceeded from the mouth of the tufekjee-bashi, whether they were addressed to Turk or Greek,

Armenian or Israelite. Yorvacki assured us that at least fifteen persons had witnessed his maltreatment. We kept him with us till night, and then sent him to his village to try and induce some of his witnesses to appear, advising him, in case of failure, to go across the plain to John's house at Hadji Haivat, where the tufekjees would be very shy of making their appearance. Not one of the witnesses would attend, telling him that if they did their case would soon be as bad as his own. There was a Greek of Kelessen, named Alexan, who occasionally worked about the farm at Hadji Haivat —a very good-looking fellow, and one who appeared to have more spirit than the rest. He had witnessed the scene at the coffee-house at Kelessen, and had related to us all that he had seen. We sent for him and asked whether he would not go to the Konack, and repeat to the Pasha what he had told to us? No! he was afraid of Khodjà Arab, and his allies the tchorbajees! If he appeared he would be a ruined man!

Monsieur C. sent his drogoman to tell the Pasha that the complaining party could not bring up his witnesses, and to explain the reasons why he could not. Mustapha Nouree said that *he* would send and bring the witnesses, but nearly a month passed and nothing was done. When the Turk had murdered the Greek over at Philladar, the Pasha sent and brought a score of Greeks to Brusa, and threw them into his prison, pretending to us that this was done only to obtain evidence, as the Greeks would not have come voluntarily. If it had been a Greek that had killed a Turk—no matter under what provocation, or even if only in self-defence—he would have brought the whole village of Philladar into his

prison. Then why did he not send to the Greeks at Kelessen, which was so much nearer—which was almost at the gates of Brusa? Why throw upon the helpless accuser and sufferer the task of bringing up his witnesses? He might as well have told poor Yorvacki to go over to Constantinople, and bring him the Sultan's chief eunuch. The reason of all this was, that the tchorbajees of Kelessen were protected both by the Kehayah Bey and the head of the police, and that the Pasha was offended at having had the truth told him by Franks—the only persons who dared tell it.

In the meanwhile Yorvacki remained almost entirely at Hadji-Haivat, and his tchorbajees set up the cry that he was a thief and robber, and that he had not paid his salianè for four years. The French consul made another application to the Pasha, and gave another list of the names of the persons who were present at Yorvacki's torture. The Pasha said that the Greek tchorbajees were very apt to be great rogues; that the Greeks ought to change them; that they elected them themselves; that the election was free, and uncontrolled by the Mussulmans; that the tchorbajees settled the accounts of the villages; and that if the Greeks had bad tchorbajees it was all their own fault. Here again there was little else than downright lying. The Turkish authorities did interfere in all the elections in the towns and villages. The Greeks no more dared to choose for tchorbajee a man not approved by the Turks, than they dared to appear as witnesses against Khodjà Arab or any of his gang. The tchorbajees divided their spoil with some of the potent Turks, and those who had nominated them kept them in office and supported them

in every unjust act. The tchorbajees ought to be elected annually; but six, seven, or even more years, were allowed to pass without any election; and during their long tenure of office the tchorbajees tried to grow fat by oppressing and robbing the weak. In the Pashalik of Brusa these was scarcely an exception to this rule, except at the very large and strong village of Demirdesh. The tchorbajees of each village had what they called their patron or protector. Khodjà Arab, who had great power everywhere, was the patron of the tchorbajees of Kelessen. Mr. David Urquhart, who has drawn many fantastical pictures of things as they ought to be, but not as they are, makes quite a charming tableau of the municipal institutions of Turkey, and calls the town and village councils nothing less than "Amphictyonic." May the gods and patriots of ancient Greece forgive him this flat blasphemy!

I told a person, who I was quite sure would repeat my words to Mustapha Nouree, that I was astonished that no justice had been rendered to Yorvacki; that I felt confident the Sultan would disapprove of such conduct; that I had a petition which I would present to Reshid Pasha, and that I certainly would tell the facts of the case to Sir Stratford Canning when he arrived.

At last, on the 18th of December, after the Pasha had promised the French consul that no harm should befal the accuser, and that all the witnesses should be present, Yorvacki attended a summons and went to the konack, into the dreaded presence of Mustapha Nouree. Instead of finding all the witnesses he had named—and of whose names two lists had been given to the Pasha in writing—he found only the tchorbajees, and two

Greeks of their party. The tufekjee who had administered the torture was not there. Yorvacki saw him quietly smoking his pipe at the gate of the konack; but the fellow was never summoned into the hall, for he was a Mussulman, and above the reach of Christian evidence. The tchorbajees of course denied the facts, and were of course supported by the two witnesses who had been selected by themselves and their patron and partner Khodjà Arab. The Pasha never put the two witnesses to the oath, as by law he was bound to do. It suited him to consider the whole matter as a village squabble, at which the Mussulman tufekjee had been present only by chance; and, without offering any redress, he advised Yorvacki to go back to Kelessen and make friends with the villagers and his tchorbajees. He, however, flattered and tried to cajole the poor fellow, telling him that he had heard how industrious he was, how good, orderly, and so on. Son Excellence ended by telling him that he might rely on his justice and protection; that he need not in future apply to Franks; that his protection was the only one worth having, and that the Franks, whether consuls or only travellers, had no right to interfere in these matters. Yorvacki was scarcely allowed to open his lips; but he had the courage to say that if all his witnesses had been brought, and had spoken the truth, a very different tale would have been told. As he left the konack, Khodjà Arab, who had the tchorbajees by his side, again abused and threatened him, in the coarsest and most violent manner, telling him that he should pay for all this, that he would soon have him in his clutches, and fast by the legs in the konack prison. The poor fellow came straight from this den

of iniquity to us, and related the satisfaction he had received.

Ever since our first arrival at Brusa we had been acquainted with a Catholic Armenian merchant, named Serafino, whose eldest son had been condemned for a murder of which he was perfectly well known to be innocent. Through great exertions the youth's life had been spared, and he had been sent into exile to Tocat. The latter doom had been removed, but the young man had not been allowed to return to Brusa until a few days before our arrival from the Lake of Apollonia. We saw him for the first time at the end of November, and then heard his story from his own lips. We had heard it before from John Zohrab, from his sister, Madame S——, from Monsieur C——, and others; and the French consul, as well as our own consul, had shown me official reports, drawn up at the moment and sent to Constantinople.

At the beginning of March, 1846, an Arab groom, or horse-cleaner, was stabbed and killed at a fountain on the roadside, between the baths of Tchekgirghè and Brusa. It was notorious that the murder was committed by an ill-famed Armenian vagabond of the Eutychean Church, by name Kara Vasil, or Black Basil. But this fellow was a beggar; there was no money to be gotten from him; and old Serafino, a Catholic Armenian, a seraff and merchant, and closely connected in business with the great Dooz Oglous of Constantinople, was rich, and would be able to bleed freely. Besides, old Serafino had enemies in the Pasha's council, and among the powerful Turks and Eutychean Armenians at Brusa. He had built and opened the khan at the baths at

Tchekgirghè (that comfortless khan where we had passed one night), and had thereby injured the revenues of Nissà Effendi and other bath proprietors. By numerous speculations, and banking and commercial enterprises, he had excited jealousy in many quarters. Some of his rivals had told him that he was grasping at everything, that he would leave nothing for them; and they had threatened him with their vengeance so soon as the opportunity should offer. His son Hohannes had been at Tchekgirghè with two companions the day the murder was committed, and it was therefore speedily resolved to accuse him of the crime.

Hohannes was then a short, slim youth, just entering his nineteenth year. He had been guilty of some youthful folly and extravagance; but that was said to be all. Probably his morals were neither better nor worse than those of the sons of seraffs in general. He was in his father's house, in the city of Brusa, when the assassination took place. He was seen there by many persons, having returned from Tchekgirghè with his comrades, and put up his horse at the stable where he had hired it. An hour or two later in the evening, when the cry was set up that he was the murderer, he was sitting in his father's house, and John Zohrab, Monsieur Crespin, the French consul, and others were assembled there *pour passer la soirée.*

The charge was so absurd that the youth laughed at it. Next he offered to go at once to the Pasha and Kadi. Monsieur C., as if foreseeing what outrage would be done to justice, offered to take him to his own house and keep him there under the protection of the French flag, until the storm should blow over; but the

young man, and his father and mother, declined any such protection. The night passed off quietly enough; some tufekjees said that Hohannes had been at Tchekgirghè, and that, as he was a chapkin, there was no doubt but that he had killed the Arab; others said that it could not be, as they had seen him riding quietly in from the baths some time before the murder was said to have been committed. But, during that quiet night, the wild and stupid Arabs of the town were worked upon; their old rogue of a Sheik was taken into counsel by some of the enemies of Serafino, and measures were concerted that were very bungling, but good enough to pass in a Turkish court of justice. Early on the following morning Serafino took his son to the Pasha's konack. They strongly exposed the absurdity of the accusation: the murder was alleged to have been committed at two o'clock, Turkish time, or two hours after sunset; the Pasha himself had seen Hohannes, on his return from Tchekgirghè, ride leisurely by his own konack before sunset; it could be proved by a host of witnesses that he had put his horse up in the stable, and had gone straight to his father's house, where he had remained the whole evening. It was not our friend Mustapha Nouree, but a certain Salih Pasha, who was then governor of Brusa.* He admitted the conclusive fact that he had seen the young man quietly passing his konack; he admitted that he considered the charge as absurdly malicious; but by this time the manœuvres of the overnight were producing their effects; the sheik of the howling dervishes, who was also sheik of the Arabs,

* The same Salih who was Pasha of Salonica at the time of the persecution of the Albanian Catholics. See vol. i. chap. viii. pp. 214, 215.

being himself an Arab, or of Arabian descent, and the most remorseless villain in Brusa, had stirred up the horsekeepers and some of the Turkish rabble of the town; and these people now surrounded the konack, shouting "Blood! blood! Life for life! A ghiaour has killed a Mussulman! Let the ghiaour die!" It was said that some of them threatened to set fire to the four corners of the city, and burn all Brusa, if Hohannes were not put to death for having murdered the Arab. The Pasha was, or pretended to be, greatly alarmed. As he was a confirmed coward, his fears, though unfounded, may have been real. Old Khodjà Arab, who was not then in office as chief of police, put these comments on part of the iniquitous story:—"All the Arabs in Brusa did not exceed 200 men; they were, as you now see them, a set of horse-cleaners—the poorest, vilest, and most despised part of the population: they had no arms; with two of my tufekjees I would have sent them all back howling to their houses or tents. They never would have dared to make that noise if they had not been set on by more powerful men. Many of them had seen the son of Serafino enter the town, and knew as well as I did that he could not have committed the murder. It was a clever intrigue." While the Arabs were below in the great court-yard, Salih Pasha looked several times out of his window, saying, "See what a rage and fury there is! I have not an army here. I have only a few tufekjees! What can I do?" That which he did in the end was this: he clapped Hohannes up in his prison, with a set of robbers and real cut-throats, assuring Serafino that he was thoroughly convinced of his son's innocence, but that

he was sore afraid of the Arabs, and all that popular fury. Hohannes had two comrades with him on that unlucky excursion to the baths, but these were Christian Armenians, and their evidence could not be taken in a case where the blood of a true believer had been shed. But other evidence was procured, quite decisive of the guilt of Kara Vasil, or Black Basil, and the Pasha was obliged to order the arrest of that ruffian and of his four companions, who had all been seen galloping into Brusa just after the murder had been committed. But the Eutychean Armenians rallied round their co-religionists; Black Basil, reprobate as he was, was declared to be a man of decent character and behaviour; all Serafino's enemies brought their malice and influence into play; some Mussulman witnesses were intimidated, others were bribed; and, after a mocking trial, Black Basil and his associates were let off. Cabackji Oglou Mattios, a rival seraff, headed the Eutychean party in these proceedings, and joined them in their laugh at Serafino and his son. Having acquitted the real murderer, they proceeded to try the innocent accused. The wild horse-keeping Arabs who were let into court, had little else to say than that they had been told that Hohannes, the son of Serafino, had murdered their brother, and that they believed it. At the first attempt two Mussulman witnesses contradicted one another, and contradicted themselves so grossly, so ridiculously, that it was impossible to receive their evidence, even in that court, under the eyes of two European consuls and of several other Franks.

But the day after this essay two more acute or better instructed witnesses were brought up. Yet even these

two contradicted one another, and swore against facts which were known to many scores of people in Brusa. They swore that the murder was committed before sunset, whereas the Arab had been seen alive and well more than an hour and a half after that time; that Hohannes was mounted on a white horse, whereas the horse he rode was a dark bay. Black Basil had ridden a white horse; but the stable-keeper who had let out the horses, and all the people about the stables, could swear that young Hohannes had gone out with a dark bay, and had come home with the same. But these men were Armenians, were Christians, and so their evidence could not be taken. The two instructed false witnesses also swore that the youth had four companions with him, whereas he had but two, and it was Black Basil who had four. More than fifty persons—Turks as well as Greeks, Armenians of the two rival churches, and poor Jews—had seen Hohannes return to the town before sunset with his two comrades, riding leisurely with not a hair of their horses turned. A still greater number of persons had seen the Armenian murderer and his four companions galloping like mad down the rough-paved road leading from the Baths—had seen the five enter the town in the dark. The people who had let the horses had deposed in private, and were ready to depose in public, that their five horses were brought back in a foam—that Black Basil and one of his comrades had left their horses in the streets to find their own way home, instead of taking them, as usual, to the stable-door. The dagger with which the murder had been committed, had been found on the spot, near the fountain, and hundreds of persons could have sworn

that it belonged to Black Basil. Subsequently to the sham trial evidence had been procured showing the very shop and the very time at which he had bought it. But, through the exclusion of Christian witnesses, and the adroit management of the chief of the police, the sheik of the howling dervishes, Cabackji Oglou, and the rest of the enemies of Serafino, his son Hohannes, before the so-called Court of Justice and Municipal Council of Brusa, was pronounced guilty and sentenced to lose his head. I was assured by several who were present that this second .trial did not last quite fifteen minutes, and that the court would examine none but the two hired witnesses.

By the recent regulations of the humane Sultan, sentence of death could not be legally executed without his confirmation. At a greater distance and with a bolder Pasha this confirmation might have been dispensed with; but Salih Pasha, being so near to the capital and so very timid, thought himself obliged to send to Constantinople. But his account of the case was a tissue of falsehoods—some new, and some taken from the trial—for many things might be easily believed in Stamboul that could not obtain credit in Brusa. The diminutive stripling Hohannes was described as a big, burly ruffian, long familiar with crime and bloodshed; as a road-side assassin, who had very frequently waylaid honest and inoffensive people on the Tchekgirghè causeway. When the French consul in a *tête-à-tête* remonstrated with the Pasha, that great and just man admitted that he had no doubt whatever of the youth's innocence, and that he had himself seen him pass by his konack with his two comrades before

sunset; but then he alleged that, having no troops, he was afraid of the Arabs and the Brusa mob. When Monsieur C—— dwelt upon the terrible injustice of the sentence, the Pasha shielded himself behind his Municipal Council. It was not his act, nor could it be called the act of his Kadi or Mollah; all the proceedings had taken place before the Council, in which there were Christian and Jewish members as well as Mussulman members. The Council had concurred in the sentence. It was their act: he, the Pasha, washed his hands of it. Now the Catholic Armenian member of the Council, revolted by the injustice of the case, had retired on this occasion, and has never since then appeared in Council. The Bishop or head of the Catholic Armenians at Brusa did however, through fear and baseness, put his seal to the sentence and to the *eelam* or report, which he had not read, and which, in all probability, he could not read.

The father and mother of Hohannes were plunged into despair. Old Serafino, who loved his son, but who loved his money-bags almost as much, was perplexed and quite stupified; his wife showed a great deal more self-possession and more parental devotedness. The French and English consuls drew up their reports to their several ambassadors, wrote letters to several influential persons in Constantinople, and other letters were written to the Dooz Oglous and the heads of the Catholic Armenians in the city. But who would carry and deliver them all? There was no time to lose. Tchelebee John instantly volunteered his services, and taking one Turkish suridjee with him, and slinging his double-barrel gun across his shoulders, he departed; and he gallantly rode from Brusa to Scutari, in very

bad weather, on poor, blundering post-horses, and over the worst of mountain-roads, in seventeen hours.

Speed was very necessary—the Porte, without any examination of the case, was going to confirm the sentence; and then execution would have followed in a day or two. Sir Stratford Canning exerted himself, as he always does in the cause of humanity and justice; some of the other embassies interfered, and an assurance was obtained from the Porte that execution should be suspended, and that Hohannes should be brought over to Constantinople, and have a hearing there. On the 29th of March the young man was carried to the capital by two tufekjees, his father going with him with a well-filled purse. A few days after his arrival the youth was brought before the Divan or Grand Council of Justice; but he was not to be tried, nor was there to be any revision of the Brusa proceedings—he had been previously told by the powerful Armenians of the Catholic party (the Eutycheans would gladly have seen him beheaded) that he must confess himself guilty of the murder and throw himself on the Sultan's mercy, and that then his life would be saved through their favour and influence with the Porte. He had in vain remonstrated against this dishonouring course. "There is no other," said his powerful co-religionists; "you must take it or die!" Some people of the Catholic Armenian Bishop or Patriarch went with him to the Grand Council. There were present eight pashas, two katibs or scribes, and a deaf and dumb Turkish servant. Of the pashas Hohannes knew only Rifat Pasha and Suleiman pasha, two men who have successively filled some of the highest offices of government—of Reshid

Pasha's reformed and reforming government! This High Court told Hohannes that he had been proved guilty of a dreadful murder in the person of a Mussulman; that seeing that the brother of the murdered Arab had now agreed to take the money-compensation instead of blood for blood, life for life, the Sultan's government would be merciful, and leave his own Patriarch to decide upon his fate. "But," said the orator, "you must confess your guilt and return thanks for the Sultan's clemency." The young man trembled, and could not and would not speak. "Would you lose your head? Confess and return thanks!" said one of the Catholic Armenian priests. Hohannes burst into tears. Then a priest standing behind him, put his hand on his head and forcibly bowed it. This was taken as confession enough. "You must pay 20,000 piastres to the Arab's brother," said the mouthpiece of that august and upright Council, "and now go to the Sheik-ul-Islam, and finish your ugly business."

To this head of the law and faith they went. He had nothing to say on the matter, except that they must go down stairs and settle with his katibs for the price of a new *eelam*. The chief katib began by asking 25,000 piastres. Old Serafino, the father, wrangled a long time, but at last settled for 15,000. Then the Arab's brother was called in, and told that out of the 20,000 piastres he had received, he must pay 5,000 piastres. Here followed another long and loud fracas. The Arab swore that he would break the agreement, and have blood for blood, rather than pay 5,000 piastres out of the price of his dear brother. The katibs told him that it was too late for that—that he was a greedy,

grasping pezavenk, and ought to be bastinadoed—that he must pay on the nail or go to the Bagnio. The Arab paid. Hohannes was then carried before another legal authority, who registered the proceedings. This was a Turk who had some conscience, although he was in office. He was reading the Brusa *eelam*, which represented the son of Serafino as a practised murderer and most formidable ruffian: when he cast his eyes on the beardless boy before him, he could not conceal his astonishment and disgust. He muttered to himself "kutchuk! kutchuk! this is a very little fellow! There are no signs of beard on his chin! There are lies in the *eelam!*" Having paid 6,000 more piastres to the katibs in this office, the grievously afflicted Serafino and his bewildered son were carried to their Patriarch, who had previously received the sum of 15,000 piastres. Here the youth found his tongue, and spoke out. His Reverence the Patriarch said it was a hard case, a very hard case, to be made to pass for a murderer, and to have to pay so much money to the Turks; but that the best had been done that could be done for him, and that it must be a comfort to consider that his life was now safe. The High Priest then wept; but, nevertheless, passed this hard sentence—that the youth should be exiled for ever from Brusa, and be relegated at Tocat. The sentence was confirmed by imperial firman.

After remaining a short time in the Patriarch's prison, Hohannes was bailed out. As weeks passed—as two months passed, he and his friends imagined that the sentence would not be carried out, and that he would be allowed to remain in Constantinople among his friends and relations. But one fine morning one of the

Patriarch's familiars waited upon and told him that in two days he must embark for Tocat. Hohannes gave way to invectives and reproaches, which were addressed more to his own clergy than to the Turks. In the violence of his passion he broke a small blood-vessel. Notwithstanding this, in two days he was carried on board a steamboat under the surveillance and charge of a Turkish cavass. He was to be landed at Sinope as the nearest port to Tocat. The vessel made the offing in a terrible storm. Three boats came off to receive such of the passengers as were to land at Sinope. In the boat which carried Hohannes and his cavass there were eleven other persons: in the other two boats there were twenty-five persons, besides the boatmen. They were all three upset, and every soul in them, except Hohannes and a bimbashi, who had gone off from the shore, was drowned. Hohannes had learned to swim only by paddling in the great basin of the largest of the hot-baths at Tchekgirghè; but, although the distance was but short, he was well nigh drowned before he reached the beach, or a projection where some people seized him by the hair. The bimbashi was too fat a Turk to sink at once; but he had gone down once or twice before the people could catch hold of him, and when he was landed on the beach he was full of salt-water and swooned away. The Turks of Sinope carried them both up to the first butcher's shop, and there, fastening a rope round the legs of the fat bimbashi, they suspended him, heels uppermost, to an iron hook, on which the butcher was wont to hang sheep and bullocks; and when he was thus suspended, they belaboured his posteriors with their fists and with clubs, in

order to drive the salt-water out of him, and bring the spirit of life back to him. Such is the patent way of restoring drowned people in Turkey. They had given the bimbashi precedence, because he was an Osmanlee; but they wanted to hang Hohannes up by the heels also, and they would have done it if he had not recovered entire self-possession, and bolted away from the shop. He gave himself up to the Turkish governor, who said he would send him by the first caravan to Tocat, but who otherwise treated him very kindly. While Hohannes stayed at Sinope eight of the drowned bodies were washed ashore and buried, the first of them being the cavass who had had him in custody, and who had behaved to him in a harsh and cruel manner, because he would not give him all the money he wanted.

In other quarters there seemed to be something very like immediate retribution. Dire misfortunes or sudden death fell upon nearly every man in Brusa that had taken a bad part in the affair. Not only some of them had died, but disease had swept away their wives or some of their children—and at all these fatal disasters the family of Hohannes and the Catholic Armenians generally had rejoiced, and had seen the finger of God in it! But Black Basil, the real murderer, yet lived, and Cabackji Oglou Mattios was a greater or a richer man than ever, being a flourishing partner of Mustapha Nouree, the present Pasha of Brusa. Old Serafino and the rest of them indulged, however, in the happy hope that the two schismatics—the murderer and the accuser of the innocent—must, a little sooner or later, be overtaken by the vengeance of heaven in this world, to be followed up by eternal damnation in the world to come;

and all the Roman Catholic Armenian priests said "Amen."

Hohannes travelled on by land to Tocat, where he remained fifteen months, during which time he married a Roman Catholic Armenian girl of the place—the lady who served us with coffee, in Serafino's own house at Brusa, while Hohannes was relating these adventures. Great interest was made to obtain his recall. At last the Porte, which had acted upon such elevated principles of morality, consented, provided he could obtain a good character, or certificate of moral conduct from the Turkish authorities at Tocat. These authorities gave him *the best* of characters, but they made him pay 6000 piastres *for it*. If the devil himself had paid them double the sum, no doubt they would have given him the same testimonials; or, if the devil had been short of money, they would have given him the same good character for 3000 or for 300 piastres. Shortly after paying the *virtuous* men of Tocat, Hohannes was told that he was free to go where he liked, except to Brusa. He came down to Constantinople with his young wife and an infant child, and was there protected, and for some months employed by the mercantile house of the Catholic Armenian Billijikjees. With their countenance, which was worth a good deal, he applied, in the month of August of the present year, to a very great pasha at the Porte, for permission to return to Brusa. The great pasha told him that that grace depended upon his Patriarch. Hohannes knew that nothing was to be done in that quarter without money; and therefore he was obliged once more to cry "open sesame" to the purse of old Serafino. During the grand festivals

of the late circumcisions behind Scutari, the mercenary and corrupt High Priest applied to the Porte, and at once obtained the desired permission. For his better security Hohannes wanted an imperial firman. The great pasha said, "If anybody at Brusa has a firman against your returning to Brusa, let him show it!" Hohannes, with his Tocat wife—who was not so well-favoured as she might have been—and his infant, had arrived at Brusa during our journey to Cyzicus and the lakes; and when we saw him, he was living in his father's house. There, I took notes of the narrative from his own lips, and from the lips of his father and mother. The major part of the relation was confirmed by the English and French consuls, who knew all that had passed down to the point when he had been carried over to Constantinople. John Zohrab could carry his confirmation a little farther.

The mother, who had suffered a long martyrdom of terror and anxiety, showed a good and a high spirit—a spirit quite un-Armenian. When Hohannes was relating to us his appearance and conduct before the Divan at Constantinople, she said that he never ought to have consented to pass as guilty of a foul murder; that he ought to have found his tongue, and to have boldly proclaimed his innocence in the face of the Council. She went over to Constantinople soon after her son. She had employed a Turkish katib, and had prepared a petition for the well-intentioned young Sultan; and she would have fallen at his feet, as he was going to mosque, and have presented it; but the Patriarch and his crew, and the timid, dodging, Papistical friends of the family, and her husband, old Serafino, all cried out that this would

mar their arrangements, and again put the life of her first-born in jeopardy. As she stated these things to us, her emotion was very deep: it gave a tone of tragedy and high poetry to a very common-place woman. We went away liking her much better than either her son or her husband. The events had much shaken the attachment of the parents to the Roman Catholic Armenian Church, and seemed to have brought the son to the conviction that all the Christian churches in Turkey were monstrous humbugs. Hohannes could read no European language, but only give him a little French, and you will have a *philosophe*. Though he had become a husband and a father, he had still a very youthful look, and was very slim and slight.

A few days after this visit to the house of Serafino, while we were staying with our friend R—— T——, who lived at the top of Brusa town, in a very airy, cool situation, at the distance of a few steps from the house of the Sheik of the howling dervishes, that consummate old rogue called in a dependent of the Serafino family. "What is this I hear?" said the sheik; "the son of Serafino, the murderer of the Arab at the fountain, has come back to Brusa, and has been here many days, without coming to reconcile himself with me, in order that I, their sheik, may reconcile him with the Arabs of the town! Go, bid him come." "And let him bring a good present with him," said one of the sheik's women, who followed the Armenian to the door. The message had been reported; but old Serafino would not open his purse, and his son would not go. I should have feared for the life of Hohannes if it had not been a charmed one. One touch more—a truly Oriental touch—must

complete this picture of criminal justice in Turkey. It turned out that the murdered Arab's brother, who got the money, was not the brother at all, nor any relation to the deceased. A real brother came up from Syria, and claimed the price of life, but the other rogue had spent or wasted it all. But the picture is not yet quite perfect: there must be one little touch more. Black Basil, protected by his sect, and molested by no one, was swaggering about Brusa. We saw the big ruffian several times in the bazaars; and if anybody asked Khodjà Arab who killed the Arab by the fountain, he would answer, "Kara Vasil, and everybody knows it!"

We were rather frequently reminded of the existence of the Sheik of the howling dervishes, for he was a man that made a noise in the world; and twice that we happened to be at R—— T——'s on a Friday evening, we heard the howlings of his Tekè. Our friend, living in an entirely Turkish quarter, and being the only Christian there, had thought it politic to cultivate friendly relations with the old dervish by treating him frequently to pipes and coffee, and by occasionally lending him small sums of money. The old rogue was always impecunious, for he had three or four women in his harem, and three or four hulking lazy sons who did nothing for their living, and who were neither old enough nor sinners enough to set up as Mussulman saints; and as the Arabs of the town were miserably poor, and as his congregation of howlers were not rich, the old man did not raise any great revenue either as Bey of the Arabs or as Dervish-Sheik. When very hard pressed for money, it was his wont to excite some little disturbance in the quarter, and then to step in as

mediator and arbitrator. If the people did not pay him well for his peace-making, he called up Khodjà Arab, and then the Sheik and the Khodjà went shares. The old man's history, as commonly related at Brusa, was very simple and very Oriental. A great many years ago he had been Kehayah Bey to a great pasha at Bagdad. Having to make a long journey, the pasha left him in charge of his household, of his goods and chattels, and of all his business. The kehayah took shameful advantage of this absence, converting to his own use all the women of the pasha's harem, and making equally free with the pasha's Ganymedes. The facts were discovered on the pasha's return. Terrible was the virtuous indignation, tremendous the wrath of the great man! The Kehayah Bey was bastinadoed into a jelly, red-hot wires were thrust into his eyes, and then he was cast out of the town to perish in the desert. But his end was not yet: his constitution was uncommonly tough. He crawled to a tekè of howling dervishes; and having nothing else left for it, he turned dervish and saint. This is what the greatest villains do or did. It was the custom of the country, but was still more common in Persia. As a dervish the ex-Kehayah Bey had travelled and howled far and wide; but he had now been settled a great many years at Brusa, where he had opened a tekè, and formed a very considerable howling society or club. He must have been very aged: his beard was perfectly white, and his face was wrinkled all over like a scorched parchment. The pasha's hot needles had not quite destroyed his sight, nor had old age, for he could still see a little, and even grope his way about the intricate streets of the town without any

guide; but his eyes had a strange unearthly cast and appearance, which added greatly to the solemnity of his performance in the tekè. He would not have made so good a sheik if the men of Bagdad had not meddled with his organs of sight. He was as picturesque an old rogue as eye could see, or painter imagine.

By this time we had seen pretty clearly into the working of the old Municipal and the new Provincial Councils. By the Tanzimaut every pasha was to act by and with a *Shoorah* or Council, assembled in his konack, but freely chosen by the different communities, and without the assentient voice of the majority of this Council he was to take no important step. This may have been well meant by the Sultan's reform government; but, like too many other changes, it has produced evil rather than good. *Before*, the pashas were held answerable for the acts of their government; *now* they throw the responsibility on the Councils. And yet, in hardly any case, do they allow the Council a deliberative voice. The Pasha, his Kehayah-Bey, and his Kadi have it all their own way; they propound what must be done, and the members of the Council have nothing to do but to concur and assent. None of them will make the Pasha or the Kadi their enemy by a useless opposition. By the Sultan's orders the Greeks, the Armenians, and even the Jews are to be represented in these Councils. But the Rayahs are of course more timid than the Mussulmans; they are glad to have their attendance excused, and they are now seldom summoned at all. When they do attend, it is only to assent to every proposition made by the pasha: as with the tchorbajees, there is no freedom

of election: the pasha, either directly or indirectly, intimates what Greek, Armenian, or Jew shall be of the Council, and these are named and appointed as a matter of course or of necessity. Where the pasha happens to have a trading, speculating propensity, as at Brusa, he is sure to put into the Council some Armenians who are his agents, or partners, who make large profits by him or through his influence, and who, *pro tanto*, are his sworn slaves. Such men will not hesitate to sanction the worst of measures. The Greek Bishop, the Armenian Bishop, the Catholic Armenian Bishop, and the chief Rabbi of the Jews, must give their signatures in certain cases affecting their several flocks. This is made another screen for the pasha. What blame, or what suspicion of prejudice and unfairness can rest upon him when the case is sanctioned by the Christian Bishop or the Jewish Rabbi? In the case of Serafino's son the Catholic Armenian Bishop at Brusa put his signature to the sentence of guilty, although he had the best of proofs to the contrary, and knew of his own knowledge that the young man was innocent. The Bishop acted under the base influence of fear—an influence we saw everywhere at work in Turkey. He afterwards joined in petitioning for the young man's pardon, and in clubbing money to procure it. One morning, up at Kutayah, a long paper in Turkish was brought to our host the Greek Bishop from the Governor and Council to have his seal put to it. "I cannot read Turkish," said the Bishop. "I have never been consulted in this matter; I know not what it may be; this paper may contain mine own death-sentence; but I must seal it!" And so he did.

The prime manager of the Pasha of Brusa's speculations was the Armenian seraff Cabackji Oglou, a sordid, most selfish man. He was furious just then against a Frank merchant for having lent money to some Armenians at 15 per cent. interest: he himself got from 25 to 50 per cent. The Armenians wanted the borrowed money for a church; their priests had got hold of the money and had spent it, they could give no account in what manner, and were not prepared to pay the interest, although their seals were to the bond!!! Two years' interest were then due, and the merchant was pressing for payment; but, through the influence he had with the Pasha, and consequently with the Kadi, Cabackji Oglou baffled the Frank in his legal pursuit. He was determined to make the merchant feel the monstrous impropriety of reducing the rate of interest. By the universal consent of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, this Cabackji Oglou was worse than the Pasha, worse than the Kehayah Bey, the greatest rogue in all the Pashalik.

The members of the Brusa Council—which Mr. Urquhart would no doubt call "Amphictyonic"—were thirteen in number; but nine of them were Mussulmans, and two of the Rayah members had entirely withdrawn. The Rabbi of the Jews, having painfully perceived that his presence in Council was of no use in checking oppression and injustice, had retired more than a year ago; and Sandalji Oglou Agob, after the unjust sentence passed upon the son of Serafino, resolved never to set his foot in the Council, and they had not been able to find any member of his community to take his place. As the notable who represented

the Greek community never attended except when summoned, and never spoke in Council except to say "*Evat Effendim*," (Yes, Sirs,) there was in fact only one acting Rayah member, and he was Cabackji Oglou.* During our residence in the Pashalik, when some of the most corrupt and nefarious transactions excited comment and remonstrance, the Pasha said, "These are not my acts. The Council did this, not I." And to remonstrances proceeding from the European diplomatists at Constantinople, Reshid Pasha and his small satellite Ali Effendi would say, that there was no longer any despotism in Turkey, that municipal institutions were now cherished, that pashas now-a-days could do nothing without the consent of their Councils, and that, without any distinction as to race or religion, all the communities were fairly represented in these Councils.

By the new system, which took the far greater part of the collection of the revenue out of the hands of the

* Here is a list of the Brusa Council :—

Turks.
1. MUSTAPHA NOUREE PASHA, Governor.
2. MUSTÀ EFFENDI, Kehayah Bey, or Tefterdar.
3. THE KADI, Judge for Civil Matters.
4. THE MUFTI, Judge for Matters of Religion.
5. THE SHEIK SAFFETUI EFFENDI, Chief of a Religious Institution.
6. HADJI ALI EFFENDI, Manager of Vakouf property.
7. HADJI MULKTAR, Notable.
8. ARIF EFFENDI, Notable, and First Katib or Clerk of the Mehkemeh or Turkish Law-court.
9. HADJI OMER EFFENDI, Notable.

Rayahs.
10. CABAKJI OGLOU MATTIOS, Notable of the Eutychean Armenians, and Banker and Factotum to the Pasha.
11. MICHELACKI VASSITERI, Notable of the Greek Community.
12. THE RABBI of the Jews.
13. SANDALJI OGLOU AGOB, Notable of the Catholic Armenian Community.

pashas, and farmed out the taxes, these great governors of provinces and many of their sub-governors were appointed to regular annual salaries. They were to be paid like the public servants of civilized nations, and were no longer to be left to the sole resources of jobbery and extortion. In many instances these salaries are enormously high, and altogether disproportionate to the means of the country. Mustapha Nouree was receiving at Brusa a salary of some 8500*l.* per annum.* The Ministers at Constantinople are paid *far* more than any members of the British Cabinet. The custom also was introduced of giving retiring pensions to the displaced servants of government, and the old and very sharp practice of seizing upon and appropriating the money, goods, and chattels of a disgraced or dismissed pasha or other great man, was entirely given up by the Sultan, whose father, Mahmoud, very frequently replenished his purse in that way. But the diminution of temptation to jobbery and extortion has not been attended with any visible decline of the old evil practices. A shrewd old Turk said to us, "Our pashas are as hungry as ever. Their posts are not sold quite so openly as they used to be, but they are hardly ever obtained without bribery, and they are not to be retained without intrigue, and a heavy annual outlay in the shape of presents to the Sultan's women,

* Mustapha Nouree's French doctor, *un homme du Midi* (of whom I have said little because I could not say any good), was constantly boasting that Son Excellence got three times more money than his pay. "Alors!" said that honest Frenchman Monsieur G—, "Alors votre Pasha il vole!"

"Pardonnez moi," said the hekim, "mon Pasha ne vole pas, *mais il s'arrange*."

From the evening on which we heard this discourse we always turned the verb "*voler*" into "*arranger*."

to the people about the Court, and to some of the Ministers. The pashas rob the people, but few of them grow very rich or long keep their wealth. They begin by contracting enormous debts with the Armenian seraffs, in order to obtain their places and have the means of entering upon them with state and dignity; some Armenian or other becomes the seraff of each of these great men, receiving his money, keeping his accounts and all the rest; and I have noticed that whenever a man gets into debt with Armenians, he is sure never to get clear again. The Armenians are eating us all up; they are getting all the money of the country into their own hands, or under their control. The Armenians have as much to do with government appointments as they had when the places were publicly sold. I should like to see the man that can step into a high place, and keep it, without their assistance. This Reshid Pasha has appointed many poor fellows to office; but it was the Armenian gold that paved the way for these men at Court; it was the money of the seraffs which gave them their outfit—their horses, their fine dresses, their costly rings, their diamond-mounted pipes—and it is by jobbing with the seraffs that they keep up their interest over at Stamboul. The Armenians must have heavy interest for their advances; and when you want to leave a ruined estate and a family to poverty, only allow an Armenian to manage your affairs for you! Believe me, under this boasted new system there is quite as much extortion as under the old. In Mahmoud's days these Armenian seraffs and rapacious pashas now and then had their heads taken off, which was some comfort to us, although we

did not get back the money of which they had robbed us; but now they rob and plunder as much as ever, and no punishment overtakes them. Now the pashas always screen themselves behind their Shoorahs or Councils, and no one is really responsible; and the Armenians, with their nishans and their honourable decorations embroidered on their caps, hold up their heads higher than the best of us Osmanlees, and are even allowed to entertain the Sultan at dinner in their own houses."

An English friend, for whose experience and opinions I entertain the highest respect, had come to very melancholy conclusions as to the practicability of checking official corruption and purifying the provincial administration of Turkey. He had lived thirteen or fourteen years in the country, he had travelled wellnigh over every part of the vast, unpeopled empire, he was impressed more deeply than any man I knew at Constantinople with the political necessity of sustaining the tottering government and preserving the independence and integrity of the Ottoman dominions; he had been most intimately acquainted with Turks of all classes and conditions; he had relations of close friendship with some few Turks of rare attainments, who had never been spoiled by power or ambition, or the intrigues necessary to attain to greatness. He entertained a high opinion of the *morale* of the Turkish peasantry: —in short, my amiable and accomplished friend might be called a Philo-Turk. Yet these were the conclusions he had come to in the year 1847:—"Corruption is still a heavy clog. . . .It is an evil, moreover, which can only be slowly eradicated; the remedy, too, is more easily

indicated than applied. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that the fountain-head should be untainted—that the ministers, from whom all other dignities and appointments flow, should be themselves men of integrity; next, that they should select honest governors for the provinces; and, thirdly, that these, in their turn, should choose honest men for local and subordinate functionaries. Now, here already is the rub. Where, in heaven's name, are so many honest men to be found? At Constantinople, where they may be easily counted, I do not think they possibly amount to more than half a dozen; that is to say, honest functionaries. As for men of untried public virtue, there are thousands, to be sure, who desire no better than to have it put to the proof; and by these the Grand Vizier is pestered night and day for places and appointments. In the hope, therefore, of bettering the public service, he has extensively employed this class of individuals himself, and recommended others to the governors of provinces. I am afraid, however, that, on the whole, the experiment has proved a failure, and that some other qualification for office besides untried integrity will generally be found necessary. To make head against the tide of corruption requires great superiority of character, to say nothing of experience in the business of life. Most of the new men being, I suppose, deficient in both these respects, have found it easier to go with than against the stream, while the more resolute have been thrust aside as impracticable."*

* Extract from a letter dated Damascus, March 2, 1847.

This letter was one of several which appeared in London in the 'Morning Post' during our friend's extensive tour in Asia Minor, Syria, &c.

Matters are not mended when the Porte, of its own movement, or roused by the petitions of the suffering people, or impelled by the strong representations of Christian ambassadors, despatches some great man or men into the provinces to examine into the grievances complained of. A roving commission of this sort is almost invariably turned into a permission to plunder. Mustapha Nouree had too many friends among the eunuchs and women at Constantinople, and was altogether too strongly supported to be subjected to any such inquiry. But not long ago, under one of his predecessors, a commission was sent over to Brusa. There, in a cool, comfortable house on the side of Olympus, the commissioners remained, without making any attempt to see things with their own eyes. They sent some underlings to scour the country and extort money; they summoned a few of the heads of towns and villages to their august presence, and got more money; they bled the Pasha and his Armenian seraff, they obtained presents from the head men of the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; and then, returning to the capital, they reported to the Grand Vizier that the pashalik was well governed and in a blessed condition, and could very well bear a good deal more taxation!! A short time previously to our arrival at Constantinople, terrible complaints having by some means reached the imperial ear, Sultan Abdul Medjid despatched a confidential person from his own household, one Raghib Aghà, to furnish an authentic report as to the state of the pashaliks of Bagdad and Mosul. After making a tour of these provinces, receiving large sums by way of bribes and hush-money from the pashas and others, and extorting presents everywhere from the famished vil-

lagers, he returned to court, and sent in a report containing a glowing account of the prosperity of the two provinces, and the efficiency and virtue of their governors. It was confidently asserted in Constantinople, and by parties likely to be well informed, that Raghib Aghà, the man of the Sultan's confidence, had made by this trip a sum nearly equivalent to 15,000*l.* sterling. I could multiply instances, but these will suffice.

While writing this chapter, I have received a letter from Brusa, dated at the end of March of this present year 1849. My friend says—"Mustapha Nouree Pasha still keeps his post. I think it high time he should be off; but whether we should be benefited by a change is uncertain. *They are all bad.* That plundering Armenian, Cabackji Oglou, still reigns supreme in all affairs here. He is really *too* bad. The Shoorah continues its iniquities. I hear that a change is to take place, and that the Porte has determined to send three wise, honest men to overlook our Brusa Council. Where will Reshid Pasha find administrative wisdom? Where does honesty exist in this unhappy, fast perishing country? You know the class too well to expect any honesty among the *employés* of government. If these three overseers should come, we shall only have three more hungry mouths to fill. A Turk said to me the other day—'The Pasha did always leave us something, but now everything we have will be devoured.' Old Khodjà Arab, our chief of the police, is also to have a supervisor, and high time is it that his tyrannical proceedings should be controlled.* But, in all probability,

* The chief of the police was now turning his numerous arrests to a new kind of account.

The Pasha's prison had become dreadfully pestiferous; the gaol fever

the supervisor will be as bad as the Khodjà, and so the poor people of Brusa and the villagers of the plain will have two tyrants instead of one. You wanted them to make roads and bridges. These are in a far worse condition than when you left us. The plain is all flooded and in a deplorable state; nothing under the size of a camel can get through the mud of our best road. Some 300*l.* sterling have been spent to repair the almost useless wooden bridge near the Turkish coffee-house you used to frequent up our great Derè; and this is left unfinished for *want of funds*.

"This has been a job nicely managed by the Pasha and Cabackji Oglou. The people at one village can hardly

was spreading in the town, and cholera was daily expected. Towards the end of January the French consul waited upon the Pasha, spoke to him about the frightful state of the prison, and asked his Excellency to go into it with him, and see things with his own eyes. Mustapha Noureo excused himself, saying, that only the evening before he had ordered the prison to be swept out and perfumed—*il l'avait fait balayer et parfumer*.

"It is nevertheless true," said M. George Crespin, "that the prisoners are still heaped one upon another, and that some of them are everyday brought out dead or dying. Will the government at Constantinople continue to shut its eyes to such horrors?"—*Letter from the French Consul at Brusa, dated January* 24, 1848. Later in the season, when the cholera was committing ravages in the town, the Pasha began to tremble for his own safety, and a new scheme was adopted. Instead of being carried to prison Khodjà Arab's victims were carried to a great farm he had acquired in the Brusa plain, and were there set to work like slaves, for the benefit of the chief of the police.

My other Brusa correspondent, whose letter I am quoting in the text, says:—"Instead of being sent to prison, people are now conducted to Khodjà Arab's estate, and are there taught 'agricultural pursuits and improvements' gratis. His collection of labourers is composed of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, the poorest of Brusa. Some of these men have changed their occupation from silk-weaving to ploughing; and a pretty business they make of it! All stray cattle in the plain are immediately marked with the Arab's stamp, not much thought being given as to where they may come from. Thus you see men and beasts are taken up for the laudable purpose of working Khodjà Arab's farm."

communicate with those living in another a mile or two off. The Turkish school is as you left it. Except in ruin, there has been no progress. All the town is now ruins; tumble-down houses and prostrate walls meet me at every turn; and as the snows are melting, and no care taken to give the torrents from the mountain a proper course, our streets are all like rapid mill-streams. As my Turkish landlord could not afford to put my *palace* in repair, I was driven away at the approach of winter by the fear that it would fall upon me and bury me in its ruins. I took refuge in one of the hot baths at Tchekgirghè. I begin to believe that life in one of your Union workhouses must be better than any existence in this naturally rich but absolutely ruined country. There is no trade of any sort. The silk-works are all stopped and bankrupt. Universal poverty and wretchedness have increased since your departure from Brusa at the end of 1847. And yet there are asses among the Turks who are talking of going to war with the Russians, and of the glory and conquests to be obtained.* But these boasters are few: the majority of the Osmanlee population would not care a cocoon if the Russians were here to-morrow —and they would be welcomed by the Rayah subjects."

We took some pains to acquaint ourselves with the state of education, of which very flaming accounts had

* It is to be borne in mind that this vapouring, which was much louder at Constantinople than at Brusa, was exhibited months before the question of the extradition of Kossuth, the renegade Bem, and their numerous and desperate gangs.

As I have intimated elsewhere, the Porte assumed a hostile bearing towards Austria and Russia as early as the summer of 1848.

been given to us by some in London and by many persons in the Turkish capital.

The Armenians had of late been making great exertions to promote education, as well here as at Constantinople and Smyrna; but their efforts at Brusa did not appear to be very successful, and they were always changing their masters and complaining that good teachers could not be procured. Though they had less money to spend, the Greeks appeared to be in a much better way. They had an upper school, in which ancient Greek was well taught. We saw there 45 pupils, boys and girls mixed, and remarkably intelligent young people all. The head class read Homer, the second Licias, the third Xenophon; the fourth read short extracts in easy Greek. The modern Greek school was in the same quarter of the town, and was preparatory to this high school: it counted 135 pupils. In another quarter there was another ancient Greek school and another preparatory one; but, as yet, the number of pupils in these two was very limited. In the high school, which we visited on the 9th of December, we saw the beautiful handwriting of some of the little girls. Two girls read Homer right well. The school-rooms were small; but there was a talk of building. They had desks and forms like English scholars. Their hours of study were the same as in our common English schools. They came at 9 A.M., and went out and home to dinner at 12; returned at 2 P.M., and remained till 5. None of the Greek masters were priests! The master of this high school, a very intelligent man, came from Cæsarea. There was a small but good library attached, containing Greek classics, and modern Greek works on

history, geography, etc. Some of these children were sent to a French master, and some learned to read and write Turkish. All these Greek schools were supported by the churches; but small annual presents were made to the masters by the parents of the pupils. The Catholic Armenians had no school in Brusa—they sent their children to the French, in which there were two male teachers and one female. The Eutychean Armenians, on the contrary, had two schools. That which we visited on the 9th of December stands by the chief Armenian church, and is extensive; at least it had one very large class-room. There were 317 boys and 115 girls, but separate, and not mixed like the Greeks. They learn Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and French, beginning with Armenian. There were only about 100 boys that were studying ancient Greek, and they had made but little way in the study. This class was young as yet. Church music was taught. About a dozen boys sung to us a psalm in Armenian, and then "Peuple Français, Peuple de Braves." This showed the character and politics of their French master. There were no women: an old man teaches the girls in a separate room. Here there were no desks and forms. The pupils were provided with little cushions, and squatted on the ground Orientally. All the movements, internal and external, were regulated by sound of bell. This had a curious effect. It set me thinking of the bell of the President of the National Assembly which makes so great a noise in the history of the first French Revolution. The children seemed rather lazy and listless. A number of them were humming their lessons all together, like young Turks. They came to

church and school at sunrise, and they stayed till near sunset; but they had long intervals for play and food. They brought their victuals with them in queer little baskets, of which we saw a whole regiment by the schoolroom door. The education was gratis. The school was endowed in connexion with the church. A good many legacies, etc., were left them. The discipline was very mild. The school-room was well warmed with a stove. We saw an entire translation of Homer in Armenian verse—a recent production. Also an old translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' in Armenian prose. These people had another girls' school at Chatal Chesmè, another quarter of the town. There, a woman from Constantinople taught reading and writing. She had about 70 pupils. The American missionaries had schools, but were obliged to close them by the bigotry of the Greeks as well as Armenians.

Months before we left Brusa Omer Bey had been appointed director of the unfinished Turkish school, but he had never come over from Constantinople. For the miserable sum of 4000 piastres the school-building was at a standstill. A few old khodjas taught, or pretended to teach, reading to the Turkish children, the school-room being generally attached to some inferior mosque. The once splendid medressehs, or colleges, attached to the grand mosques, were either entirely deserted or on the point of being so. Most of them were in ruins. In those few where some softàs or students yet lingered, in spite of discouragement and poverty, we could never see any professors at their duty, or any sign of study beyond that of one or two young fellows crouching in a corner and poring over a large MS. Koran. The softàs

were about the raggedest people in all Brusa, and at the same time the sourest and most insolent. All that they got from these richly endowed medressehs was a loaf of bread per diem, and a piece of matting to lie upon. I have seen very poor students in other countries, but never such scholastic poverty and nakedness as here! In their rooms there was absolutely nothing but the piece of matting, a rude cushion or pillow, and an earthen jug for water—to serve as well for drink as for their ablutions. Generally the door of the apartment was falling from its hinges, and the casement of the window broken and without any glass. In the cold weather the students go to their homes (if they have any), or huddle together in one room for the sake of warmth. Sad reports of their immorality were current. The total amount of the students we saw in the whole city fell below fifty. It is evidently the intention of government to starve them out. At the Bairam and Courban Bairam, some devout Mussulmans of the town will club together and give a sheep to each of the colleges, in order that the students may make their sacrifice and feast. The softàs also make a little money, or collect donations in kind, during the Ramazan, when they go out to the Turkish villages and do duty at the mosques as Imaums. Yet they have a hard struggle to keep body and soul together, for it is most rare that they have any private fortune or means, or that they belong to any but the poorest families. Towards the end of the year 1846 Reshid Pasha took a good many of these divinity students and put them into the military and naval schools at Constantinople, to make soldiers and sailors of them.

The Mussulman colleges were in no better condition in any other town we visited; and Bishop Southgate, in his very extensive tours, found them *everywhere* neglected and dishonoured; the buildings being very mean or in ruins, the students being few in number and miserably provided with teachers and means of instruction. The largest of the medressehs at Tocat contained only sixteen students. One of these had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he entertained the Bishop with the most marvellous stories of the pilgrimage and the holy city. "There were," he said, "exactly 70,000 pilgrims present every year. The city itself was the centre of the earth, which he supposed, in common with Mussulmans generally, to be a great plain. The days and nights were always equal there, and the temperature always the same. This last, however, he thought no great recommendation, as when he was there it was almost too hot to live."*

At Bagdad, which—

> "——— in the golden prime
> Of the good Haroun al Rashid,"

so abounded in seats of Oriental learning, the medressehs had been treated even worse than the mosques. This pious and intrepid American traveller could not ascertain the exact number of these colleges, but he was able to learn something in respect to the state of learning in them, and the manner in which they were conducted. In general, each college at Bagdad had only

* 'Narrative of a Visit to the Syrian (Jacobite) Church of Mesopotamia; with Statements and Reflections upon the Present State of Christianity in Turkey, and the Character and Prospects of the Eastern Churches,' New York, 1844.

one professor, who had the whole duty of government and instruction. He received his salary from the Pasha, and devoted such time to the duties of his office as he pleased. "As the government has become the administrator of the revenue, and the guardian of the colleges," says Dr. Southgate, "no adequate effort is made to keep the ranks of the professors full, but, on the contrary, their number has been curtailed and their salaries reduced. There is no regularity or system in the discipline or instruction of the institutions. A lecture is followed by four or five days of idleness; and, of all the professors in the city, not more than six are competent to instruct in the higher departments of Mussulman learning. Formerly the students were, in part at least, permanent residents in the medressehs, and received, as is common in other parts of Turkey, a daily allowance for their support. Now the allowance is withdrawn, and of course their number is greatly reduced. They do not reside in the colleges, and a great part of them are not regular in their attendance upon instruction. Many of them, indeed, have other trades or professions, which they leave for an hour to hear an occasional lecture. Such a state of things cannot, I think, find its parallel in any other city of the empire. It arises doubtless, in the present instance, from the illegal usurpation of government, which has taken the administration out of the proper hands, and cares for little but to appropriate to its own use as much of the revenues as it can find any pretext for retaining."* But this interesting passage was written in 1838, and since that time Reshid Pasha

* 'Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, &c.,' New York, 1840.

has been twice Grand Vizier, and what is called the reform system has been driven on at the charging pace; and that "state of things" which the writer witnessed at Bagdad finds now its parallel in *every* other city of Turkey. Bishop Southgate himself, in his second journey, made in 1841, saw good evidence of the rapid and universal declension; and my other much-esteemed friend, Mr. Longworth, who made his extensive tour in Asia in 1846-7, saw everywhere the medressehs in the same state of abandonment or utter ruin as at Brusa. Mr. Layard could bring down the history of the "decline and fall" in the Pashaliks of Bagdad and Mosul, and in all the country between the Persian Gulf and the Euxine, to a still later period.

Yet in many of those regions the fire of Mussulman fanaticism burns as fiercely as ever, and but too often consumes not only the unhappy Nestorians who dwell near the Kurds, but other unoffending defenceless Christians; and great Osmanlees employed by the reforming government, and in many instances promoted by Reshid Pasha, do not hesitate, even in the presence of Franks, to give utterance to the most atrocious sentiments—to a deadly hatred of all Christian Rayahs, simply because they are Christians. Reshid Pasha was Grand Vizier at the end of 1846, when Nazim Effendi was sent to Mosul to examine into the circumstances connected with Bedr-Khan-Bey's second Nestorian massacre. This Nazim Effendi, in passing through Djezira, the stronghold of the Kurd, had several friendly interviews with the sanguinary monster, whose crimes it was pretended he had been sent to investigate. He took large sums of money from Bedr-Khan-Bey, and when

he reached Mosul he would hear no evidence against the butcher. The language he held to the French and English consuls on the subject of the second massacre of the Nestorian Christians, was as unreasonable as it was insolent—as false as it was savage. Far from seeking to deny or palliate the atrocious circumstances of the massacre, he openly justified them, and said that the Nestorians were rebellious *infidels*, whom it was the duty of all good Mussulmans to exterminate; and when asked what provocation had been given by those poor Christians, he repeated an absurd story which had been trumped up by Bedr-Khan-Bey in justification of the *first* great massacre he had perpetrated three years ago, and in which 10,000 of the Nestorians had perished. This story was, that some emirs, or green-turbaned Turks, who had settled in the neighbourhood of the Christians, had been murdered by them. There was not a word of truth even in the original statement. Some Mussulman villagers who had intruded on the territory of the Nestorians (as the fugitive Circassians have done on the lands of the Greeks at Lubat), were, on the complaint of the Christians, removed by the Pasha of Mosul to another part of the country; and, on their retiring, a report was maliciously got up that the emirs had been assassinated. Upon this flimsy foundation, Nazim Effendi had the audacity to maintain that Bedr-Khan-Bey was justified in his indiscriminate massacre of 2000 more Christian subjects of Sultan Abdul Medjid.

"Not a Mussulman has been killed by the Nestorians," said the consuls: "the men reported to be dead are living and in good health not far off; but,

even admitting that assassinations had been committed, ought not some distinction to have been made between the innocent and the guilty? Ought not the women and children of the Nestorians, at least, to have been spared?" The imperial commissioner, Nazim Effendi, coolly replied that they were all infidels—all the same dirt—and were doomed therefore, and deservedly, to the same fate.

I state these particulars on the authority of a friend who is also the friend of Mr. Layard, and who, as well as that enterprising and accomplished gentleman, was in the country at the time of Nazim Effendi's visit. I have no inclination to repeat a tale of horror which has been so strikingly narrated by the discoverer of Nineveh, and Mr. Layard's statements stand in no need of corroboration; but it may be of importance to revive the recollections of these damning *recent* atrocities, and to remind my countrymen of the blossoms and fruits which have grown on the tree of Turkish reform, and of the utter impossibility there is of counting, for a single day, upon Mussulman mercy, moderation, or justice.

One of my friend's informants at Mosul stated that, when the chief officers of Bedr-Khan-Bey were reposing themselves after the labours of the second massacre, some Kurds, who sought to obtain favour in the eyes of their chiefs, brought to them, as slaves, about sixty of the most beautiful women and children they had been able to find in the Nestorian villages; but Tayar Aghà, the governor of Djezira, exclaimed, "We want no more slaves for the Ghiaour ambassador at Stamboul to set at liberty. Slay these prisoners! Kill them all!"

The Kurds immediately fell upon the women and children, and despatched them in cold blood. Three girls alone, whose beauty seemed to have made a too favourable impression on the chiefs, were spared; but it was more than suspected that they subsequently, with additional circumstances of atrocity, shared the same fate. Similar scenes took place in other parts of the district.

On the return of those who had escaped the fury of the Kurds, they found their villages literally strewed with dead mutilated bodies. To complete the misfortunes of these wretched Christians, they had scarcely ventured to return to their ruined houses when another Mussulman monster fell upon them unawares, and put such as he could seize to excruciating tortures, to compel them to confess whether they had concealed property previously to the late incursion of Bedr-Khan-Bey. The surviving Nestorians now fled into Persia, and their beautifully-cultivated district is a desert. The Ghiaour ambassador to whom the governor of Djezira alluded, was Sir Stratford Canning, who, by his humane and active interference, had secured the liberation of some of the Nestorians who had been made slaves at the time of the first massacre. Alas! other instances might be quoted in which the humanity of Sir Stratford has only given a keener edge to Turkish cruelty.*

These events, which must sound like horrible fables in the ears of most Englishmen, took place quite recently—and at a time when a Turkish Ambassador was residing in London, and making constant declara-

* See, for *one* example, the story of the Albanian Christians at Philladar. That frightful religious persecution was an immediate effect of the declaration of religious liberty which Sir Stratford, after infinite toil, wrung from the Porte.

tions that the reign of fanaticism and cruelty was over in Turkey, that the use of torture was for ever put down, that full religious liberty had been established on the broadest and most solid base; that, strong in his army and in the prompt obedience and the enthusiastic affection of all classes of his subjects, Abdul Medjid could secure everywhere the execution of his humane ordonnances and admirable laws; that the Sultan possessed in Reshid Pasha the most enlightened, philanthropic, honest, and active of Ministers; and that the reformed Ottoman Empire ought now to be allowed to take a foremost place among the civilized nation of the world. Yes!

In 1846, when the salaried journalists of Constantinople were proclaiming to the whole world that Turkey was now a well-governed and most happy country, and when hireling writers were repeating and embellishing these statements in some of the newspapers of Paris and Vienna, and other places, innocent blood was flowing like water on the banks of the Tigris, and a Christian people was suffering every indescribable horror—was undergoing torture and extermination!

When, through the reports made by the French and English consuls to their several ambassadors, and still more through the accounts sent to England by the correspondents of our most respectable English journals, the tale of blood and horror was bruited, the Porte pretended that the Turks had nothing to do with the massacres; that the Sultan and his government deplored what had happened; that the Osmanlees would have prevented the massacres if they had been able, but that Bedr-Khan-Bey and his Kurds were too strong to be

controlled even by the government. Then what became of that loud boast about the Sultan's regular army? What became of the affirmations about obedience and affection, and the spread and firm establishment of religious toleration and general civilization? True, Bedr-Khan-Bey was powerful, and was not to be subdued without employing a regular army against him; but why was not that army employed after the first massacre, when, in 1843, 10,000 Christians perished instead of being sent into the field after the second massacre in 1847? How was it that the lying, *purchased* report of Nazim Effendi found favour for a time in the sight of government? How was it that, when the great Kurd butcher fell into the hands of the Porte, they let him off with gentle banishment in the beautiful island of Crete? How was it that many of his adherents were taken into the employment of government, and that many fanatical Turks who had favoured the monster's enterprises against the Nestorians, instead of attempting to thwart them, were continued in their places or promoted?

But there was a gigantic falsehood in the pleading of the Porte that the Turks had nothing to do with the massacres, and that they would have prevented them if they had been able. It was notorious to every man in the country that the green-turbaned Turks who had been dispossessed of the lands of the Nestorians, to which they had no right, contributed in a great degree to the first massacre; that many Turks took an active part in both the massacres, while all the fanatics of that race applauded the bloody deeds when they were done; that the majority of the Turkish population in that part of the empire were the declared enemies of toleration

and reform, and regarded the Kurdish chief as their champion; and that Bedr-Khan-Bey was moreover supported by the whole strength of the fanatical party. It was more than suspected that he had favourers and friends in Constantinople, in the Sultan's own palace, in some of the departments of government! And at last, when the Grand Vizier sent an army against the butcher, *it was not on account of his butcheries, but because he was making himself the head of a great party, and rallying round his standard, in the mountains of Kurdistan, thousands of disaffected Turks, sworn foes to Reshid Pasha and his reform system.* If Bedr-Khan-Bey had not been a political enemy, and in circumstances to become a very formidable one, he would never have been seriously molested by the Porte.

In the capital, and in some of the large towns near the sea-coasts, the overthrow of religious institutions, and the forced introduction of Frank usages, is evidently leading to a total indifference about any kind of religion; but I do not believe that, in other parts of the country, the decay of Mussulman learning will be attended by any decline of Turkish fanaticism. I believe, on the contrary, that this fanaticism will become coarser and more brutal—more of a mere animal impulse. Instead of being controlled by educated, sedate, and decorous mollahs, the mobs will be led by illiterate, savage, wandering dervishes, who scarcely respect any texts of the Koran except those which inculcate a deadly hatred of all who are not Mussulmans.

We did not ascertain the precise number of the dancing or whirling dervishes at Brusa, who lived together in their tekè like friars in a Franciscan mo-

nastery, and who seemed to be not only well lodged, but comfortably supplied with food and raiment. Including the novices and the serving-men, I should think there were about fifty of them; but education in this house seemed to be strictly confined to the science or art of twirling. I never saw a student doing anything else. When he could spin round like a well-whipped whipping-top for a quarter of an hour, without being sick or giddy, and could stop suddenly, and stand firm and bolt upright at the clapping of the sheik's hands, his education was considered as completed.

Balbi set down the population of Brusa, in round numbers, at 100,000. I much doubt whether at this moment it exceeds 60,000. There are many void spaces within; and on the edges of the town, towards the plain and towards the mountain, and at the east end as well as the west, whole quarters have disappeared, or have left nothing behind them but ruined mosques, minarets, and baths. Greeks, Armenians, and Jews were increasing; and the Turks were on the decrease as well in the town as in the villages of the plain. Although many of them are but small places, the united population of the villages must make a good round number. In the upper part of the plain, or between the Lake of Dudakli and the Lufar river, we counted thirty-three villages, and visited most of them; and I should think that there were twelve more villages between the Lufar and the sea at Moudania.

Before leaving Brusa for our old quarters in the farm at Hadji Haivat, we visited a remarkable personage. While staying with our consul at the Baths of Tchekgirghè, we had met a corpulent good-natured man, ap-

parently about forty years old, who was introduced to us as grandson of the Emir Beshir of the Druses, and ex-Prince of Mount Lebanon, but who was not otherwise very noticeable. In one of our many rambles up the romantic derè, we had seen an aged man riding across the wooden bridge near the Turkish coffee-house, followed by eight or ten servants and a Nubian slave, all mounted on wretched hack horses; and we were then told that it was the Emir Beshir who had been to pay a visit of ceremony to Mustapha Nource Pasha. The overthrown and exiled prince was then residing in a large shabby house high up the side of Olympus, nearly on a level with the deserted kiosk the Turks had built for Sultan Abdul Medjid. I was curious to see this fallen ruler of a mysterious people, and to hear his own version of his unhappy history. One day, at the end of November, Madame S—— and her daughters, who were intimately acquainted with the Emir and his wife, very kindly took us to his new abode in the town of Brusa. He had just descended from his elevated and cold quarters on the mountain to this new residence, which was spacious, but half in ruins. Masons, plasterers, and carpenters were rather busily at work, putting the house into some order. The Emir received us in a small dingy room. He was the most venerable-looking man I ever beheld: his beard was snow-white, and thick and long; his eyebrows were of the colour of his hair; his face was wrinkled all over, but his eye was bright and keen. He was then eighty-three years old. He was dressed like a Turkish gentleman of the old school—wearing, however, the red fez without any turban. His dress and person were exemplarily clean

and neat. Fallen as he was, there was an unmistakeable air of dignity and command about him. His attendants waited upon him with as much respect and ceremony as the servants of a great pasha display in the presence of their lord and master. He could speak no language except Arabic; but he had a Roman Catholic priest in his household who had lived in Italy, and who spoke French tolerably well, and Italian perfectly. The priest acted as our drogoman. At first the old Emir was very guarded in his expressions, but he soon grew warm, and violently abused Mr. * * * *, now our consul at * * * *, and our consul-general of * * * *, charging these two with having betrayed him, and as being the chief cause of all his troubles. He was most violent against Mr. * * * *. He said that Colonel **** was a British officer that knew nothing of the country or the language; that Mr. * * * * was the son of an English Jew, formerly a drogoman at Constantinople; that he was no Englishman, but a true Levantine, having been born of a native Perote woman; that he (Mr. * * *) knew the country, and spoke Arabic and Turkish, and knew all the people and all the arts of Levantine intrigue; that he had misinformed and misled Colonel * * *, who depended almost entirely upon him for the information upon which he had acted. "But for that Constantinopolitan son of the London Israelite," said the Emir, whose face reddened as he spoke, "Colonel * * * would have acted with the good faith of an English gentleman."

They did not mince matters: both the Emir and the priest—both the grandson we had met at Tchekgirghè and another member of the family—declared that our consul

of * * * * had been unduly influenced, as well by some of the Turkish officers as by the Emir's enemies in the country, and that to their certain knowledge. . . . . .

I can only answer for the correctness of the statements as to Mr. * * * 's birth and parentage. I can only add, from my own impressions and convictions, that no born and bred Perote, whether of the drogoman class or any other, ought ever to be allowed to represent Great Britain in any capacity whatsoever. The more fluent he is in the languages, the more facile will he be in intrigue. Of Lieut. Colonel Napier, who distinguished himself in the strange Syrian campaign of 1840-1, all present spoke with the greatest respect, only regretting that the gallant, open-hearted officer had been ignorant of Arabic and Turkish, and thus obliged to receive information and conduct negotiations through the faithless medium of drogomans. "Colonel Napier," said the Emir with much emotion, "would never have played the false part! If my fate had depended on that man of truth and honour, I should be in my palace on Mount Lebanon, and not in this Turkish den, and in the poor state in which you see me."

They maintained that the Emir was to a great extent an independent prince, and that he had never been in rebellion against the Sultan; that the Porte had driven him into perilous enterprises, and had then abandoned him to those whose enmity he had provoked by their command; that in the year 1834 they had excited him and his subjects the Druses to join in the insurrection against Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, and that, on that luckless occasion, being left without the support the Turks had promised him, he had been

defeated by Ibrahim Pasha, and compelled to submit to the Egyptian rule; that in 1840, when the four great powers, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, resolved that the whole of Syria and Palestine should be restored by force of arms to the young Sultan, he had been visited by English as well as by Turkish agents, and by them impelled to rise again against the Egyptians; that he and his faithful Druses had joined the general movement, and had rendered all the services they were able; and that if the Emir had previously submitted for years to Ibrahim Pasha, it had only been because he could not resist him, and because the Porte did nothing for him, and would never have been able to regain possession of Syria if the allied powers had not aided them with money, ships, and troops. They urged that in going against him the English had gone against their best and only friends; that the Druses, who form about one-third of the entire population of Lebanon, had been devotedly attached to the English, while of the other two-thirds, the Maronites were devoted to France and the Greek Christians to Russia. This is certainly in accordance with the Palmerstonian policy: in nearly every part of the world our incomprehensible Foreign Secretary has wronged or insulted our friends, and given protection and encouragement to our enemies. The Druses are by far the most warlike people in the country, and the day may not be very distant when we shall have to deplore the policy which could convert them from friends into bitter foes.

England had certainly no interest in overthrowing the dynasty of the Emir Beshir, which had existed

from the time of the Crusades, and had ruled in Mount Lebanon two centuries before Osman laid the foundations of the Ottoman Empire at Brusa; but the existence of the quasi-independent, tributary state was odious in the eyes of the Turks of the new school, and an anomaly in their levelling system; and the Porte and its diplomatic agents succeeded in persuading some Englishmen that the old Emir Beshir had always been and ever would be a disobedient and dangerous vassal of the Sultan, and that the Lebanon could not be properly governed unless he and every member of his family were carried off, and the country placed under the rule of a Pasha nominated by the Porte. According to the Emir Mr. * * * * was the chief expounder of these Turkish opinions, and it was through his ill offices that Colonel * * * * and others were led to report the existence of his ancient dynasty as incompatible with the tranquillity of all that portion of Abdul Medjid's dominions.

"I was a free man in my mountains, surrounded by my faithful and brave people," said the Emir, "and none would have brought me from them by force; neither Turks nor Egyptians, neither English nor Austrians would at that moment have dared to march into my country. I was deceived, cajoled, and entrapped by English agents! Shame upon England! I went voluntarily down to the coast, and on board an English man-of-war, and then I found that I was a prisoner! The only direct charge ever brought against me by Mr. drogoman * * * * was that I had offered a large sum of money to tempt a bravo to assassinate him. A lie and nonsense! Dirt! Little Mr. * * * * was not

the English government or Lord Palmerston. Of what use would his death have been to me? He was *then* only a little drogoman and go-between: he was too insignificant for my revenge: your government made him a consul afterwards as a reward for what he had done. If I had wanted his death, half a piastre (a penny) to buy a charge of powder and a bullet would have been enough!"

"Well," continued the aged chief, "the Turks have had their way; I and all my family are their captives; but what have they gained by it? They have turned my fair palace into a barrack, and have stabled their horses in my kiosks; they have destroyed or carried off all the things which were mine; but can they call Mount Lebanon their own? Are they safe outside their walls? Has the country been quiet a single day since they tore me from it? No! the Sultan cannot collect a single tax or any money in it. I paid my tribute regularly, and could do it and support my state as a prince without distressing my people. My faithful, affectionate people! they demand me back, or demand that a son or grandson of mine should be sent to rule over them. They vow they will not submit to any other ruler—and they never will! Let those who betrayed me secure my liberation. Let the Sultan send me back to my native mountains to die in peace and find a grave among my ancestors, and let my family go with me, and you will soon hear no more of this anarchy and bloodshed in Lebanon."

The priest said that in some respects this Mount Olympus recalled the memory of Mount Lebanon. The Emir allowed that it did; "but," said he, "where are the cedars? where are my good people?"

They had been carried from the coast of Syria to Malta, where they remained about eleven months, and were very kindly treated by the English authorities and by every one else. At the end of that period they were told that they must go to Constantinople and confide in the magnanimity and generosity of the Sultan. They arrived at the Turkish capital eight days before the departure of our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, who had sent Mr. * * * * into Syria, and who (under false impressions, as they believe) had concurred in the expulsion or capture of the Emir. They made repeated efforts to see his Lordship, but never could succeed. This also they attributed entirely to Mr. * * * *, who threatened the priest with serious consequences if he persisted in going to the ambassador's house. I tell the tale as it was told to me. I never had the means of substantiating the details, or of testing the veracity of the priest and the Emir and the Emir's grandson; but persons who had had better opportunities, and upon whose judgment I place confidence, *believed* every part of the narrative. The priest, in the most solemn manner, repeated to me more than once that Mr. * * * * had so threatened him; and he attributed his conduct to his dread of the truth being made known to his master. The invisible ambassador (too often invisible to others who had business with him) went away, and the Emir and his people remained four years in Constantinople or in its immediate neighbourhood. They were then suddenly told that the presence of the old man in that capital was very dangerous to government, and that he and his sons and all his family must instantly remove to a place in the interior of Asia

Minor, in the direction of Erzeroum. The Emir demurred and protested. Some servants of the Porte had the brutality to tell the octogenarian that they would drag him by his white beard.

They were hurried across the Bosphorus and sent by land to the appointed place of exile. I forgot to take a note of the name of the town, but it was a cold, bleak, dreary, poverty-stricken place, where no meat was to be procured except the flesh of camels and goats. The fatigues of that terrible land journey nearly killed the Emir, and his eldest son died soon after the journey was over. This cruel removal took place while Riza Pasha was Grand Vizier. On the accession of his rival and mortal enemy, Reshid Pasha, they were removed from that horrible place, and finally brought to Brusa. Here the Emir was allowed 10,000 piastres a month, and hitherto this allowance had been regularly paid. Including women and children there were fifty persons living with the Emir.

There seemed to be a curious intermixture of religions. The Padre was strictly an orthodox Roman Catholic priest; the Emir, who in the Lebanon had ruled over Christians as well as Druses, was said to be half Druse, half Christrian, and of his people now with him some were Christians of a sort, some Mussulmans, and some strict Druses. I had no opportunity of making inquiries about this last mysterious sect and its tenets and rites: I only remember that the Emir's grandson told us that the Druses worshipped the image of a calf, which was always inclosed in an ark.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hadji Haivat — A Scene by the ruined Khan — Beautiful Weather in December — Wolves and Jackals — Turkish Resignation — Winter Nights — Journey to Moudania — State of the Roads — Deceptions practised upon the Sultan — Missopolis — Signor Gallè — No Law, no Justice — False Witnesses — The Tanzimaut — Foreign Protection to Bayahs — A Russianized Armenian — Town of Moudania — Destruction of Fruit-trees, &c. — Taxes and cramped Trade — Trade — A Melancholy Frenchman — Town of Psyche — Miraculous Church — Insanity cured — Sale of Tapers — Ignorance and Venality of the Greek and Armenian Clergy — Growth of Infidelity — Farming the Revenue — Effects of this system — Armenian Usury — Ruins of the ancient Apamea.

BESIDES the farm-house in which we lived, there were only six inhabited houses in the decayed hamlet of Hadji Haivat, and of these five were mere hovels, occupied by very poor Turks. The sixth house, which, like Tchelebee John's, was detached, and at some short distance from the rest, was a large farm-house, occupied by a Greek, who had been unfortunate in business as a merchant, and had turned farmer, recluse, and philosopher, out of necessity. He held some hundreds of acres of fine land, which was but indifferently cultivated. His house was of wood, and falling fast to ruin. He and his wife had retreated from one apartment after another, and were now dwelling in a dingy corner of the tottering edifice. It was not a house to go to on a windy day; and at night the spot was especially to be avoided, for it was sadly haunted by the murdered Arab, who

had been eaten by the hyænas, but who yet walked about with his head under his arm. In one of the court-yards of the house there were two of those very beautiful and peculiar weeping-willows to which I have before alluded. They must grow rapidly, for they were very tall trees, and John Zohrab had planted them with his own hands not above seven or eight years ago. Their foliage fell in large and somewhat regular tresses, looking at a distance like plumes of green feathers. They would be a great addition to our ornamental trees, and I should think that they would thrive in many parts of England.

Except an old hag (Khodjà Arab's protegèe), who could not keep her hands from picking and stealing, the Hadji Haivat Mussulmans were honest, quiet, inoffensive people, but very deficient in industry and agricultural skill. They looked up to our tchelebee as their aghà, coming to consult him in all their difficulties, and almost invariably referring their little differences to his friendly arbitration. Between the hamlet and the high road there was a broad, uncultivated space, where grew some pleasant trees, and where the foundations of spacious houses and other buildings, very different from those which now exist, could be traced. At the southern edge of this space, a few yards from the road, stood the grim ruins of the khan, flanked on the east by the cemetery and its few tall cypresses. The home of the dead came close upon the high road. On the opposite side of the way there was a Turkish fountain, built of stone, which had once been very neat and elegant, but which was now dilapidated, like everything else at Hadji Haivat. But the pipes were not yet broken; the brightest

and purest water of Olympus still gushed forth there, and was caught in an oblong, square trough, made of coarse marble; and in the hot weather it was rare for either man or beast to pass it without stopping to drink. The fountain recalled to my memory those which the Moors left behind them in such abundance by the thirsty road-sides in Andalusia and other parts of Spain. It was shaded by cool, broad-leaved chesnut-trees of magnificent growth. Behind the fountain was a strip of woodland, mostly of the same trees; behind, and above these chesnuts, on a spur of the mountain, were bosquets of the evergreen ilex, and then, up towered Olympus, in all his majesty, wearing a crown of pine-trees on his head. Seen through the purple atmosphere of noon the mountain seemed but a few feet in the rear of the fount. Under all lights, and at all times, when there is light to see, that spot, by the old khan of Hadji Haivat, is one of the most lovely and romantic, and eminently picturesque, that eye or heart can desire. But now that the chesnut-trees were bare, and that the wintry winds began to howl from the mountain, it was an awful ghostly place to linger at in the dusk of the evening, or to pass by moonlight.

The poor squirrels in the chesnut-wood had all made up their beds, and were taking their winter nap. Not one of them was to be seen in the woodlands where they had so swarmed a few weeks before. Much did I miss them and their gambols as I walked through those glades. With few and brief interruptions, the weather continued mild, balmy, and beautiful, until the 20th of December. There were some days when the sun was quite hot from the hour of noon till 3 P.M., and the

glorious blue sky without a cloud or streak. But then we had our cool evenings and cold nights: and, slowly, the snow came lower and lower down the majestic flank of old Olympus. On the cold nights it seemed that the wolves and jackals were hungrier than usual, or that the sharp dry air was a better medium for the transmission of sound: we heard them on the mountain side, and yelling across the plain, the concert being completed by those dismal vocalists the owls and cucuvajas. Yet we found this good music to go to sleep to. In the daytime the place was lone enough; but there were the resources of shooting and walking about; of reading, writing, and thinking; and now and then brave Ibrahim of Dudakli dropped in upon us, or merry Halil rode across the plain to see us; or the French consul, or our friend R. T——, came out from Brusa. Also our neighbour, the bankrupt merchant and philosophical chiftlikjee, paid us a visit; and an old Turk, the nominal odà bashi and head of the hamlet, came in rather frequently. Poor old fellow! He had once been a prosperous man, with sons to till his grounds, or work for him or with him; but plague had smitten his roof-tree, and other diseases had crossed his threshold; he had buried two wives and ten children in the cemetery hard by—every day he passed their graves—and now, in his old age, he was left alone in the world, in abject poverty. Our friend and host had helped him through two hard winters, and would not see him starve in this. The old man submitted to his kismet with truly wonderful placidity. I never heard him utter a complaint or murmur, and he seemed always happy when we gave him a pipe to smoke.

We got through the long wintry evenings very well. There was no lack of wood for firing; and in one of the tchelebee's rooms—which had other comforts—there was a good chimney and fire-place, on the hearth of which the pine and oak and chesnut of Olympus burned and crackled and blazed right cheerfully.

We made a little journey to Moudania, the nearest seaport on the gulf, a few miles to the west of Ghio. On Saturday the 11th of December, at 11 A.M., we mounted for this excursion. A little way beyond the bridges, across the Lufar, we quitted the road or track which we had followed in going to the Lake of Apollonia, bearing a little to the right, or to the north. After crossing some marshy ground we came upon some good corn-lands, a few acres of which had borne crops this year. We left on our right hand what had been a very large Turkish farm-house, but what was now an abandoned ruin. At about 2 P.M. we found, on the ridge of a gentle hill, a large chiftlik, with extensive barns and outhouses, belonging to a Greek Rayah, who had recently turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and had invested in them a capital which almost amounted to 1000*l.* sterling! Unluckily the Greek was not at home. Externally his house, which was large, wore a very respectable appearance for a farm-house in Turkey; and his outhouses, though slovenly enough, were models of neatness for the Pashalik of Brusa. In the rear of this farm is a very small hamlet called Emiklēr, and exhibiting little but ruins. Half an hour farther on we forded the Lufar, having the water to our saddle-flaps. There is a rude bridge lower down the stream, which must be used when the river is

swollen. In certain seasons the river cannot be crossed at all; and the road to Moudania remains for weeks "broke off in the middle." About half an hour beyond the river, in a charming green valley, we came to a Turkish village, where an *immense* chiftlik was falling to pieces. We crossed another ridge of hills and then entered into a crooked valley, which opened upon the gulf of Moudania. We met nobody: we had the road entirely to ourselves—and a very bad road it was. From Brusa to this, her nearest seaport, Moudania, the distance is scarcely more than sixteen English miles; and as, for a good part of the way, it runs over level ground, and as the intervening hills are of gentle ascent, and of no height, and as the best materials for road-making abound, it would be exceedingly easy to make an excellent road.

When Sultan Abdul Medjid travelled this way on his journey to and from Brusa, they made him believe that the road *was* excellent. Poor young man! He had never seen a road deserving of the name in his life. By *corvées*, by forced labour, they made the peasants smoothen the rough track, remove the big jolting stones, and fill up the ruts and hollows and holes with stems of trees and branches, and underwood, and then cover the superficies with small stones and soil. The Sultan travelled in a light European calèche, which went over the ground smoothly and beautifully at the rate of *almost* five miles an hour. But the rains and torrents of the next winter washed away all these repairs, which were meant to serve only a temporary purpose, and left the road worse than it had been before. Also when the Sultan passed and repassed, efforts were made to make him believe that the condition of the people was

smooth and pleasant. The Brusa chief of the police and his tufekjees went beforehand into all the villages, commanding that all such as were in good case and had good clothes should dress in their best and station themselves along the road-sides, and that all that were poor and squalid should keep out of sight, as they valued their lives. If one honest, fearless man could have approached the ear of the young Sultan, he might have blown the illusion away like a bubble. But where look for such a man about the court, or among any of the Turks and Armenians who had free access to him?

The Lufar does not follow the valley we entered, but finds its way to the sea through another vale. The plain of Brusa may be said at this termination to be tri-forked.

As the central valley in which we were travelling declined towards the gulf, it was thickly cultivated; but the cultivation was rather slovenly. Olive-trees, mulberry-trees, and vines were mixed and growing (crowded) all together, in a manner more poetical than profitable. We passed an agiasma, or holy fountain, of the Greeks, which was walled in and roofed over, and looked like a small church. A great festival is held here during three or four days each year. On the opposite side of the valley, in a recess of the hills, on our left, was the large Greek village of Missopolis, inhabited by the people who hold and cultivate nearly all the valley. There was not a Turkish house in the place; the last of the Osmanlees had disappeared years ago.

It was dark before we issued from the valley upon the sea-beach. Riding for about a mile over the sea-

sands, we entered a tolerably broad but straggling street, running parallel with the shore of the gulf; and, at 6 P.M., we dismounted at the comfortable and hospitable house of Signor Michele Gallè, a subject of Pope Pius IX., and a native of the small maritime town of Porto di Fermo, in the Marches of Ancona. I well knew the place of his nativity, and all the country where his early life had been spent. He was the most respectable, most gentlemanly European I had met in these Asiatic tours. He practised medicine, and was called doctor; he acted as agent for our consul at Brusa; he was an old friend of J. Z——, and he very soon became our friend. His elder brother had emigrated from the poor little town of Porto di Fermo to the Levant many years ago, had married a Catholic Greek, and had settled in this place. After an interval of some years he followed his brother to the East, and was carrying on business at Constantinople as an apothecary, to which profession he had been regularly trained in Italy. His brother died at Moudania some ten or twelve years before our visit, leaving a widow, two young children, and (for this country) considerable property in houses and lands, and in capital employed at interest. Knowing well that a perfect wreck would be made of this property if left to the management of the widow, Signor Michele gave up his business in the capital, came over to Moudania, and took charge of the interests of the bereaved and very helpless family. "If," said he, "I had delayed my coming, the property would have been devoured by cheats and thieves. Widows and orphans are considered fair prey in these parts. God help them! Unless she be strongly pro-

tected, and have some honest, affectionate male relative to manage her affairs for her, you will not find a widow in all Turkey that can keep together that which her husband has left her. Let her husband die ever so rich, the widow is speedily reduced to poverty. It requires a man, and, if he be a Christian and a stranger, a man of quick sight and the strongest nerves, to keep a property together in a country where, correctly speaking, there is no law, no justice." Well remembering these words as I did, I could not help saying at Smyrna, when I heard of the death of poor Antonacki Varsami, "God help his wife and children!"

Our host's sister-in-law was living, and well, and a good-looking, comfortable, motherly woman. Her two little boys had grown up into two fine young men, with plenty of vivacity, courage, and activity. One of them had recently been in some trouble, originating, I believe, in a quarrel with a Turk of Moudania, who wanted him to pay more than the fixed duty for the shipment of some Indian corn. The Turk abused him and his religion, calling him *ghiaour* and *kupek*; and he soundly thrashed the Turk, who went away and swore to the Aghà and Kadi that young Gallè had assaulted him without cause and had reviled the blessed Prophet. The Kadi summoned the young man before him. His uncle and some Christian friends of the town went with him to the mehkemeh. The Turkish complainant was of course provided with his false witnesses, and the Kadi would not take the evidence of the Christians. The Aghà joined the man of the law in abusing the youth; and they told him that his offence was so heinous (in abusing the Prophet) that they must send

him to prison and thence in chains to Brusa. The young man, who had hitherto merely denied the words attributed to him, was now overcome by rage, and really committed the high crime of which he was accused, for he called them all rogues and liars, he called Mahomet an impostor, and he did the dirty thing on the Prophet's beard! His uncle, having calmed him, fell into nearly as great a passion himself, roundly rating both Kadi and Aghà, reminding them of many preceding acts of iniquity, and defying them to imprison a Frank Christian who enjoyed the protection of Great Britain, as his father had done before him. The Turkish authorities were completely cowed. The youth walked home with his uncle, and not only the Greeks but many of the Osmanlees of the town united with them in laughing at the beards of the governor and judge. A flaming report was sent to Mustapha-Nouree Pasha at Brusa, whose fanaticism was thereby much excited; but the Pasha no more dared to molest the young man than the Aghà and Kadi had done. Had it been a Greek rayah there would have been torture or even death. The business ended in our consul calling young Gallè and some of his witnesses up to Brusa, and in a rebuke from the consul for the confessed abuse of the Prophet in the Mussulman court.

We stayed in Moudania the whole of the following day, which was a Sunday, seeing the town and visiting three or four very respectable Greek families. The houses within were neat and clean; the women and children were elegantly dressed in the Greek style. The men were all engaged in commerce—chiefly in exporting the produce of the country—there was not

one of them but would have gladly given half he was worth for English, or French, or Russian protection. They said that as rayah subjects of the Porte, they could never obtain justice where Mussulman interests were opposed to theirs; that they held their own by an insecure tenure; that the Tanzimaut was, as far as they were concerned, a mere sham, and that injustice and oppression weighed quite as heavily upon them as in the days of Sultan Mahmoud. They complained of the export-duties laid upon all the produce of the country, and of the frequently irregular transit-duties levied upon produce on its way from the interior to the sea-ports. They said that they, as peaceful rayah subjects of the Porte, laboured under many disadvantages from which the Frank merchant was exempt, and from which the Greeks of the Ionian Islands were equally free, because they had British protection, and passed everywhere in Turkey for *bonâ fide* British subjects. There was not a Greek in the place but would have made himself a protected subject even of a third-rate Christian state if he had been able to do so; for even a Neapolitan, a Roman, or Tuscan enjoyed in Turkey advantages that were denied to the native rayah subjects of the Sultan. Take away the seraffs and those in the immediate employment of government, there was scarcely an Armenian but would have shown the same willingness to pass as the subject of any other power rather than of that he was born under.

In matters of commerce, the protection to a Rayah of a powerful nation is a good *per centage* on every operation. But men are not always trading, and even Armenians, the most plodding, and trafficking, and

money-thinking of men, have some sensibilities beyond those which reside in the purse. They are far from being so sensitive or so proud, or vain as the Greeks; but among the Armenians there are many very capable of resenting insult. An English gentleman, long resident in Constantinople, told us this story:—

An Armenian (not a seraff) who lived at the village of Arnaout-keui, on the Bosphorus, could never go to smoke his narguilè at the coffee-house without being insulted and reviled by an odious Turk, his neighbour. As a Rayah he did not dare to show his resentment—he too well knew the value of Tanzimaut and Hatti Scheriff to expose himself to the dangers of a litigation in a Mussulman court. He bore his wrongs, but grew thin and pale under them. At last, doing as so many Rayahs annually do, he shipped himself off for Odessa. In about four months he returned, a made Russian subject, with a title to all the powerful protection which the Russian Legation never fails to give in such cases. He went to Arnaout-keui, and to his old coffee-house; and there he found his old persecutor, who lost no time in renewing his assault. The Armenian let the Turk void his foul vocabulary; but then he turned upon him, and enjoyed the sweetness of revenge. "Hà pezavenk! Hà karatà! Hà! thou eater of dirt, dost thou not know that I am a Muscov?—that I am protected by the Muscov Elchee, and that I can spit at thy beard?" The Turk slunk away, and never more molested the Russianized Rayah.

There were about 7000 inhabitants in this sea-port town of Moudania, and of this number not more than 1000 were Mussulmans—and these conquerors of the

soil were the poorest of the lot, and, with the exception of three or four families of them, were living in the worst of the houses.

I made some remarks to Signor Gallè as to their bad cultivation and management of olive-groves. He knew more about the culture of the olive than I did—the olive-groves between Porto di Fermo and Ancona are managed to perfection. He told me that he had improved some of the groves which belonged to his brother, and had endeavoured to show the people of the country the way of improving theirs; but the Turks set their faces against any innovation, and the Rayahs, also wedded to the practices of their grandfathers, were averse to change, and were so taxed and harassed, and so afraid of being thought rich, that they would do nothing in the way of improvement. Some other attempts in agriculture had been alike unsuccessful, and for the same causes; so that for some years he had given up all hopes. "To do any good in this country, or to see it done," said Signor Gallè, "a man ought to live to a Patriarchal age, and see the Turks dispossessed of the sovereignty forthwith. There is a malediction of heaven and a self-destructiveness on their whole system. I know them well—I have now lived many years among them—there are admirable qualities in the *poor* Turks, but their government is a compound of ignorance, blundering, vice—vice of the most atrocious kind—and weakness and rottenness. And whatever becomes a part of government, or in any way connected with it, by the fact, becomes corrupt. Take the honestest Turk you can find, and put him in office and power, and then tell me three months afterwards what he is! He must

conform to the general system, or cease to be in office. One little wheel, however subordinate it may be, would derange the whole machine if its teeth did not fit."

As the Greeks were keeping a fast, and as the Turks neither were sportsmen nor had any sheep to kill, there was nothing to be had for the table in Moudania, except some inferior fish, caviare, and cabbage. The wine was abominable. There was no milk—there never is in these sea-port towns. With great difficulty a few bad apples and dried walnuts were obtained. A good deal of fruit used to be grown in the neighbourhood, but the Turks had taxed it, and the people had cut down their fruit-trees rather than pay the salianè upon them. Signor Gallè assured me that only the other day a number of fine walnut-trees had been destroyed, the Greeks saying that they had had nothing but trouble with the trees, and had been made to pay more to the tax-gatherers than the fruit was worth. "Next year," said they, "the salianè-collectors shall find no fruit-trees to tax!" Our excellent host was *disperato*, quite *au désespoir*, on our account; but we did very well, and I only mention the state of the table in the very best house in all Moudania—a sea-port with a population of 7000!—to show the nakedness of the land.

The situation of the place is far more healthy, but the harbour is not so good as at Ghemlik. The traffic with the capital chiefly consists of inferior wines, which cost about fourpence per gallon, raki, which is made in considerable quantities, a little very bad oil, and dried black olives. The Greeks were talking of giving up their small trade in oil altogether, on account of the necessity they lay under of carrying their olives to the

Turkish mill. One poor fellow told us that this year, before he got free of the mill, the Turks had gotten more than half of the oil his olives had rendered, and that, when he complained to the Aghà, he was only abused and threatened.

Messrs. Pavlacchi and Co., who had one of the new and extensive silk-works at Brusa under the direction of the intelligent French people I have mentioned, had just finished building another but smaller Filatura on the edge of the town of Moudania. The machinery was set up, and would have given employment to between forty and fifty men, women, and children; but the times were unpropitious, and they had scarcely begun to work. Except when smuggled, silk could not be exported from Moudania; the producers were obliged to carry it by land to Brusa, and from Brusa it was carried by land to Ghemlik. Two such journeys, over *such roads*, are no trifling discouragements; and Ghemlik is good fifteen miles farther from the capital than Moudania. This new Filatura was under the management of a very quiet, intelligent, worthy man, who came from the South of France, and bitterly regretted having ever come to this exile in Turkey. He was half starved; he was hypochondriac; he was the most melancholy, despairing Frenchman I ever met. He told me that, at times, he had found the want of society so terrible, that he had been tempted to tie a stone round his neck, and throw himself into the gulf.

On Monday morning at about 10 A.M. we set off on a little excursion along the coast to the west, to visit the Greek town of Psyche or Sychee, and its far re-

nowned church. There was no road; our path lay chiefly along tall cliffs, or over hills that shelve down to the sea; it was nearly as rough and perilous as the one we had travelled at Cyzicus. It took us more than three hours to ride a distance which ought to be performed in less than one.

The town of Sychee was also beautifully situated on the crest of a hill, overlooking the sea, the opposite coast, and the long island of Kalolimno (in Turkish Imbralí) which lies off the mouth of the Gulf of Moudania; but the usual disenchantment took place when we got into the foul, steep streets. The church, built by a Greek emperor towards the close of the eighth century, is a solid, massive, stone edifice. It is a place of pilgrimage and great resort; it is the scene of an annual festival which lasts several days; it is more famous all over the country even than the church and shrine at Lubat. Miracles are performed in it; and above all it is noted for its miraculous cures of *insanity*.

According to the priests who showed it to us, if you lost your wits your friends had nothing to do but to carry you to the church, lay you down on a mattress on the floor before the screen of the altar, and there leave you for two or three days and nights under the care of the saints and priests. A square antechamber, through which we passed before entering the body of the church, was piled up with mattresses and coverlets from the floor to the ceiling, ready to be let out to mad patients. It looked like a bedding-warehouse rather than the porch of a temple. The priest told us that when business was brisk they made a good penny by their mattresses and covers, and that the *Turks*, as well as

the Greeks, brought their mad people to the church to be cured! This last curious and rather startling assertion was confirmed by our guide, philosopher, and friend, who had seen more than one Turk, as mad as March hares, carried to the miracle-working spot; and he had known others who were witless enough to believe that they had recovered their wits by being laid upon their backs in the *Ghiaour Tekè*. Perhaps it is owing to this Turkish faith in the *miracula loci* that the church has been preserved from Mussulman fury during nearly eleven hundred years. In a remote part of Asiatic Turkey Bishop Southgate visited another church where madness was said to be cured in the same miraculous manner; but in *that* church the Greeks had chains and iron collars wherewith to secure the maniacs, and here there was nothing of the sort. We asked the priest how they managed with their obstreperous visitors. He said that there was a holiness in the air which instantly calmed the mad, and that when they hung out the picture of St. George of Cappadocia no man could possibly rave. I heard rather a different story from another quarter.

One night, when four or five demented Greeks were sprawling on the church floor—men and women mixed—one of them, going off at score, began to pummel his neighbours; they rose and began to pummel and clapperclaw him; his fury was contagious; the attendant priests, though stout, strapping fellows, interposed in vain; their beards and their long hair suffered great detriment in the scuffle; and they only saved themselves from more serious injury by running up a narrow staircase into the gallery of the church and making fast

a strong door. This little incident, however, had not at all shaken the popular credulity.

At the time of our visit there was no patient in the church, but one was expected this evening, and the priest's wife was airing a mattress for him. At the gate of the church some itinerant traders had set up a temporary bazaar, where they were selling cotton stuffs, and stockings, and small Brusa silk handkerchiefs, and where some people of the town were vending bread, small salted-fish, and raki. We needed not the last scent from them, for the priest carried it with him wherever he went. In a court-yard behind the church about a dozen of Greeks were making holiday with music and drink. Two of them played upon cracked fiddles, and the rest—bating only when the raki-cup was at their lips—were singing a loud nasal chorus. This music and the chaffering of the people at the door were audible in all parts of the church.

The Greek and Armenian clergy may in one sense be called *marchands de lumières* (dealers in light); they are eternally selling wax-candles and long wax-tapers: a principal part of the revenue of every church is derived from this trade. Our priest's boy brought in an armful of tapers, hoping that we would light a few before some one of the pictures of the saints, assuring us that it would bring us good luck and give us a safe journey back to Moudania. The tchelebee, who had been almost roaring with laughter—without the least offence to the priest—said that we had better conform to the custom of the place, and that a few piastres for the tapers would do for the backshish. "Which shall be the saint?" said John. "St. George

for Old England!" The picture of St. George in the act of slaying the dragon was right before us, and our nimble companion began to light the tapers at a lantern which the boy held, and to fasten them to some small iron spikes that formed a semicircle round a pole in front of the picture. As we were expected to be munificent, he continued his operations until he had filled that semicircle and one below it, and another above it; and we left that dark part of the church in a blaze of light: but, before we finished our survey, the boy puffed out all the lights one by one, and popped the tapers into a basket. They would do again, or, rather, the wax being re-melted, would be made up into new tapers to be sold to other visitors. I thought of my old Neapolitan friend the late Duke of R——, who estimated the merits of a church ceremony in exact proportion to the quantity of wax that was burnt. When he said "*c' è stato un consumo di cera magnifico!*"—(there has been a magnificent consumption of wax)—it meant everything.

The pictures of virgins and saints in this church of Sychee were rather numerous, but small, painted upon panel, and exceedingly barbarous. This was the case in all the Greek churches we visited. I believe they were all very old pictures, but one cannot decide by style, as the modern limners merely copy and repeat the lines and colours of their predecessors.* A large, modern, marble tablet, on the right-hand side on entering, commemorated that the church had been built by one Greek emperor, A.D. 780, repaired and beautified

* On this subject see Mr. Curzon's recently published and exceedingly interesting tour among the Greek monasteries of the Levant.

under another Greek emperor in 1248, and finally repaired and embellished under that "great and just" sovereign Sultan Mahmoud in the year 1818. I deplored to see so ancient a Christian edifice degraded by such gross superstition and such indecent practices. So soon as we took our leave the priest who had been our guide went and joined the fiddling-singing-and-drinking party in the court-yard at the back of the church.

The ignorance and venality of this priesthood are producing the most pernicious effects upon the Greek people. Generally I found that the most ignorant man in a Greek party was pretty sure to be the priest; and I should say that, almost invariably, the greatest dram-drinkers and wine-bibbers *were* the priests. These men are daily bringing into disrepute the religion they profess. In the great towns the better educated of the Greeks (particularly if they could read French) were all becoming freethinkers. Even in the smaller towns and villages of Asia Minor the faith of the people is shaken. Seven years before our tour a clergyman of the Church of England came to the conclusion "that in a few years the great evil of Greece in regard to religion will be not superstition, but infidelity."* The same is certainly the tendency of the Greeks in Turkey. In Constantinople the infidelity was already widely spread among all the young men who had been educated *alla Franka.* The secularization of the schools, upon which the Greeks seemed everywhere

* 'Report of a Journey to the Levant, addressed to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,' &c., by the Rev. George Tomlinson, M.A. London, 1841.

setting their hearts—declaring that the priests were so ignorant that they were not fit to be schoolmasters—will assuredly be a deadly blow to the Greek church.

We were told that Sychee contained above 200 houses. The people had been cutting down their fruit-trees, for the reasons I have mentioned at Moudania.

Our calm and sensible host had been an attentive observer of the working of the reform system of government, and his long residence in the country and experience in actual business gave weight to his opinions. He said that nothing really had been changed for the better, except as regarded sanguinary executions. The Turks did not behead or hang men half so frequently as in former times; but the people were more oppressed and more a prey to fiscal extortion than when he came into the country, more than twenty years ago. Under the old system, when the pashas collected the revenues, the government never knew what it would get. The ushurjees, or farmers of the revenue, had given a very desirable certainty to the Porte, and had raised the annual income of the state. He believed that the money was not only paid to the Porte with more regularity, but was also considerably greater in total amount. These opinions were also entertained by the English and French consuls at Brusa. But Signor Gallè did not believe that the revenue could long be kept up to its present high standard; and every year the government was requiring more and more money, and the Fermiers Généraux, who were all *in reality* Armenian seraffs, were absolutely crushing energy and life out of the people in their efforts to satisfy the Porte and make a surplus of profit for themselves. There was no justice

or moderation in the proceedings of these fiscal tyrants, who, whenever they chose, could command the strong arm of the Turk. Properly speaking there was no *contabilità*, no system of accounts. The most false and fraudulent entry made by an ushurjee, or by a collector of the salianè, or by a Turkish mudir, was held to be decisive of the justice of every claim for money that might be set up. None of the Turkish peasants could read or write, and scarcely a Greek of any class could read Turkish. When receipts were given to them, they could not tell what sum was set down. When the Greeks in a town or large village were united among themselves, and really allowed to elect their own tchorbajees, and when these lay primates were honest men, and not in partnership with the Turkish governor or heads of police, or revenue collectors, the Greeks could now and then make a successful stand against injustice. But so happy a combination of circumstances is most rare. The Mussulman part of the population (more helpless and indolent) is suffering more than the Rayahs. To my mournful list of deserted Turkish villages he added many more. In Moudania the decline of the Mussulman population, in his time, had been rapid. As a medical practitioner his means of observation had been extensive; and he more than confirmed the horrible fact of the prevalence of forced abortion. "*Grave virus munditias pepulit!*" He held it to be utterly impossible for the Turks to continue to meet the demands made upon them. Nothing was done to stimulate their industry. The industry of the Rayahs was discouraged, for so soon as they showed any symptoms of prosperity the fiscal screw was applied to them. The Greeks were

a vain people, fond of show, and very fond of having their wives and children finely dressed. Except where they had foreign protection they were afraid of showing their finery out of doors. If a cocona exhibited a smart new dress in public, the Hadji, her husband, might expect a visit from the tax-gatherers a day or two after. The present Aghà of Moudania was a rogue without conscience or bowels; he carried on a little private trade of his own, and he was always ready to back the other extortioners. Complaints had been made to Reshid Pasha, but the Aghà was strongly supported at Constantinople, and the Armenian seraffs described him as an excellent officer for raising the revenue. Our host did not attach much importance to his removal. "I have seen many of those gentry here," said he, "and they are all alike! In becoming the governor of a town or of a province, a Turk, however different he may have been before in private life, becomes precisely the same public man as his predecessor. He has none but corrupt instruments wherewith to work. Some have more urbanity and less fanaticism than others, but in essentials they are all alike. I have known some of the new-school men, and I think, if there is a distinction to be made, they are *the worst of all.* They are more greedy of money, and more entirely in the hands of the Armenian seraffs. They are nearly all low-born men, brought out of sordid poverty, and promoted either through an intrigue or on account of their indifferentism in religion and their readiness to adapt themselves to any change which may come into the Vizier's head. But, in ceasing to be Mussulmans, these men have not become Christians, but materialists and atheists. Some

of them are putting on European manners as well as the Frank dress—*mà il lupo cangia il pelo, e non il vizio.*"

The weight of interest lay like an enormous incubus upon the people. Here, at Moudania, where every enterprise was stopped through want of capital, money was not to be procured under 25 per cent.: and Moudania was next door to the capital.

On Tuesday, the 14th of December, we rode slowly back to Brusa. We made a short detour to visit the slight remains of the ancient Apamea, which lie to the east, between Moudania and a village called Nicor. The ruins are inconsiderable, and nearly all under water; the crust of earth must have sunk, or the level of the sea must have risen since they were built, or they must have been basements of marine villas and other edifices, laid, like those of Baiæ in the bay of Naples, under the level of the water. In the house of a Greek named Costi Vlacudi, in the village of Nicor, there was this broken inscription—

.... VXXV. DIVO. AVG. SACRO. GIMN.....

and this was the only piece of antiquity that was left. Columns, statues, coins, all had disappeared long since. We could only say that we stood upon the site of a beautiful Greek city, one of the fairest of Bithynia, and by the help of imagination draw a contrast between it and its miserable successor, Moudania.

Quitting the sea-shore, we soon regained the track by which we had travelled from Brusa. The snow was lying low down on Olympus, the weather was overcast and cold, and towards sunset, just as we were under the suburb of Brusa, it began to rain and sleet.

On the evening of the 18th of December we left

Brusa for the *last* time. We rode to Hadji Haivat. We had passed many pleasant hours in the lonely spot. Without being a Sage I could see many charms in the face of this solitude. With my children and books, and one or two friends, and the conviction or hope that I might be in some measure the means of doing good to the country, I could willingly have spent the remnant of my days here, in the shadow of Olympus. We, however, had made our preparations to take our departure in the course of the next day.

The 19th of December was a mild balmy day. In the morning we had quite a levee at the farm, for brave Ibrahim, with his step-son, young Mahmoud, and merry Halil, and old Suleiman, the muktar of the hamlet, and Aslan, the gigantic Greek, and Yorghi, and all our friends, gathered round us to take leave, and wish us a happy journey. I believe they were sincerely sorry that we were going; we were certainly sorry that we should see them no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey back to Constantinople — Kelessen — Yorvacki and Family — Demirdesh — A Greek assassinated by mistake: his Widow — Greek Marriage Festivals — The Greek Lay-Primates — Oppressive Taxation — Forced Labour — Arbitrary Fines — Crushing weight of Interest — Story of the Greek Bishop at Brusa — Decay of religious belief and of respect for the Greek Clergy — Church and School of Demirdesh — More about Weddings — Greek Gallantry — Ghemlik, or Ghio — Kir-Yani: his House and Lion and Unicorn — Mr. Longworth — Tuzlar and the English Farm — Agricultural Remarks — Vindictive Bulgarians — Leave-takings — Kir-Yani and his sad end — Turkish Steamer — Delays — A Turkish Colonel — A Dervish — Hadji Costì, &c., &c.

WE mounted at noon on the 19th of December, the weather being then warm like an English summer day. At 1.45 P.M. we entered Kelessen, the village of poor Yorvacki. It contained ninety houses, of which only *six* were now occupied by Turks. When Monsieur C—— first came into the country, thirty-two years ago, the Turks were more numerous here than the Greeks. Several proofs of this fact remained. Nearly all the houses were built in the Turkish manner, with grated windows, and separate apartments for the women; and all the villagers spoke Turkish, and not Greek. It is scarcely necessary to add that most of these houses were falling to pieces, and that a broad cesspool was in the midst of the main street. We alighted at the coffee-house where Yorvacki had been put to the torture, and heard the whole of that story again from men who were present, but who were afraid to appear as witnesses.

We went to Yorvacki's house, and saw his old father and mother. The father was very aged and infirm, and the approaches of second childhood seemed to render him almost insensible to the troubles which had fallen upon his son. The mother wept bitterly, and told us she felt sure that Yorvacki would be ruined, if not murdered, by the malice of Khodja Arab and the tchorbajees. This very morning he had been told by the tchorbajees that they would have their revenge, and that he must now pay the full kharatch, or poll-tax, of 60 piastres for his youngest brother, who was not yet of age to pay the lowest rate of that tax, or 15 piastres. By law, old age and infirmity gave an exemption; but they had been making him pay 60 piastres a-year for the head of his poor old father. One of the tchorbajees had driven his buffaloes into the best of his bean-fields, where the young beans were just coming up.

These villagers grow vast quantities of beans, which are generally sold to be eaten green. We comforted the afflicted family as well as we could. I had Yorvacki's petition to Reshid Pasha in my portmanteau; and I was still credulous enough to believe that justice and protection might be obtained for him at head-quarters.

We remounted at 3.15 P.M.; and after riding for about twenty minutes we alighted in the large village of Demirdesh, at the door of one of our tchelebee's countless friends. His arrival was hailed with a transport of joy. He had not been to Demirdesh for more than two months. What had he been doing? His friends had missed him much. The partridges on the hill-sides, and up the Katerlee mountains, were all waiting for him!

Our present quarters were most comfortable. There was filth enough in the street without, but all within was scrupulously clean and neat. There was also an abundance both in larder and in cellar, and a spirit of hospitality which rejoiced in dispensing it. It was high fast. The Greeks were in the very midst of the forty days' fast with which they precede the feasting of their Christmas; but as we were not of their church, nor bound to their rules, our host would kill poultry for us, and cook us some partridges; and it was all in vain that we protested that we could do very well without. I believe, however, that very few religious prejudices were shocked by our feast in fast-time. The men of Demirdesh were rapidly emancipating themselves from priestly rule. I have said that they can make good wine at Demirdesh. Our host produced, in three large earthen boccals, each of which held about half a gallon, some which had the bouquet and the flavour of the finest Burgundy—of the incomparable *Vin de Nuit*, when drunk on the spot, without its having suffered either land or sea carriage. The dame of the house "waited courteous upon all." This disturbed our European gallantry; but it was Asiatic usage, it was the custom of the country, and it was useless to say anything about it. With her kindred she would sit down to eat; she would not mind an old friend like the tchelebee, but she could not be seated at table with strangers; so she moved quickly and quietly about, and kept filling our glasses to the brim whenever she saw daylight in them. Not long ago she was a widow, her husband having been killed, by mistake in the dark, by another Greek, as he was coming out of the door of the

house on the opposite side of the street, where he had been spending a merry evening. The assassin was so penitent, that he forgave the enemy he had intended to kill. No malice against his unfortunate victim had ever existed; on the contrary, the two had been good friends; it was a mistake, and that was all! He mourned for the deed, he put himself forward as the friend and protector of the widow, he did penance, he made a donation to the church and to the village school, and the whole matter was hushed up. Where would have been the good of bringing Khodjà Arab and his tufekjees into the village? What could Turkish justice do in such a case? They would only make it a means of extorting money. Unless the widow or some of the near blood relations put themselves forward as accusers, no inquiries would be made; and we were assured that none ever had been made! The buxom and well-looking, and by no means *poor* widow, got another husband at the end of the year of mourning, and an active handsome husband too. He was some few years younger than herself, but they lived very happily together. Out of deference to her religious scruples, he abstained from the good things set before us while she was present; but when her back was turned, or whenever she went out of the room, "on hospitable cares intent," he ate of the fowls and partridges without any remorse of conscience, whispering in our ears that the Greeks were great fools to spoil their stomachs and health by such long fasts, and that the priests were rogues for enjoining them to do so.

It seemed curious and contradictory that the Greeks should choose this high fast as the best season for mar-

rying, but so it was. There were no fewer than five weddings now in course of celebration in this village of Demirdesh. The ceremonies had commenced yesterday morning, and would continue, with no interruption except for a few hours' sleep, until to-morrow at midnight, or, mayhap, a few hours longer. A deputation, headed by two tchorbajees, came to invite us to *all* the marriages. After dinner, and coffee and tchibouques, we went to one of them. The house was full of company. Down stairs were the poorer, and up stairs the richer sort; but, whether down or up, they all seemed to be well provided with crassi and raki. Two priests were very busy in pouring out the drink—by no means neglecting to partake of it. In the principal room up stairs the bride stood in a corner, with her back to a wall, her feet on the divan or broad sofa, and her face and a good part of her person completely concealed under a thick glittering veil of clinquant and gold tinsel cut into long shreds. She stood motionless like a statue. We could not make out how she breathed, or how she could stand so long in that crowded and heated room, in that one posture, without moving so much as her hands, and even without speaking. The nearer a bride brings herself to the condition of a statue, the more chaste and perfect is her performance considered. The bridegroom sat at the opposite side of the room in great state and solemnity, being waited upon by his *comparos* or bridesman, and receiving the compliments and felicitations of his friends, and of all the men of the village, and of not a few who came from neighbouring Greek villages. All his male friends kissed him on the cheeks, first on one side and then on the other. None of the men approached the

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bride: it would have been a breach of decency to do so. The happy man, who wore a very dècorous and innocently serious face, was a sturdy, handsome, Turkish-looking fellow, with very long and thick mustachios, wearing a very bright white turban with blue stripes, interlaced with narrow shreds of clinquant. All the members of either family, as well as the comparos, sported tinsel in their head-gear. As they glided about the room, the tinsel streamed in the air like the tails of comets. Three hired musicians were squatted on their heels at the lower end of the room near the doorway, one tom-tomming upon a small double drum or kettle-drum, which rested upon the floor, and the two others blowing pipes, which in shape resembled small clarionets, but which in sound were far more shrill and ear-piercing. They thumped and they blew with astonishing vigour. When they paused for a minute, new spirit was put into them by small glasses of raki, donations of half-piastre pieces from the company assembled, hugs and kisses, and enthusiastic commendations of their strength and skill. The music seemed to us to be all Turkish, or no music at all—a mere continuity of noise. There was no making out anything like an air: it squeaked and screamed, rattled and thumped on, for long periods of time, without a break or a variation; yet all the company, elated by raki, seemed to enjoy the music exceedingly—enthusiastically. They were all very merry, very happy and friendly, and to us very polite; but an easy natural politeness is as common to Greeks of all classes as it is unknown to the Armenians. The bride was as yet a *nymphe*, but by to-morrow she would be a wife, and then she would show her face, which had been

concealed ever since yesterday morning. After staying for about an hour, and partaking of roast-chesnuts, parched peas, raisins and sugar-plums, and drinking joy to the house and prosperity to this union, and giving a few piastres to the indefatigable musicians, we returned to our quiet luxurious quarters.

That night the rain came down in a deluge. The next day it was cold, with heavy rain and sleet. Over at Brusa it was snowing gloriously! The high-priest Olympus had covered all his broad shoulders and majestic trunk with a white mantle. But had the weather been ever so fine, our host and hostess and our other Demirdesh friends would not have heard of our departure to-day. We must stay and see more of their marriages. The weddings would not be lucky if tchelebee John went away before the festivities were all over. He did not require pressing.

Yesterday evening I had put a few questions to two of the tchorbajees who seemed to be sensible men, and rather *statistical*, notwithstanding their having spent the whole day and the day before in tippling. This morning five of the tchorbajees, *à testa fresca*,—with cool heads,—came to wait upon us, to pay their respects and to explain in a quiet manner the oppressions under which they laboured. They were introduced by an old friend, a right merry and jovial Demirdeshote, by name Apostolos, but called for shortness Stolio, an accomplished pupil of our tchelebee, a determined and expert sportsman.

The five tchorbajees or primates were elderly men, and very calm and rational. There were twelve tchorbajees in this village; and they had been freely elected;

for the large village was entirely Greek, the people for Greeks were wonderfully united; and they had often shown a spirit before which even Khodjà-Arab had stood rebuked. Demirdesh counted 400 houses, and not one Turk. This year they had paid for kharatch alone 24,540 piastres: and of this money 19,860 piastres were furnished by the first class of contributionists, who pay 60 piastres; 3600 by the second class, who pay 30 piastres each; and 1080 by the third class, including youths from the age of fourteen to eighteen, who pay 15 piastres each. Of salianè the village had this year paid 32,300 piastres. The moncatà paid made a total of more than 5000 piastres. (This moncatà goes into the pockets of those who collect the salianè: it seemed to be irregularly levied.) A stipulated sum of 3500 piastres had been taken from the people who had made wine this year. (This belongs to the mirì, and goes direct to government.) If the people carried any of their wine for sale to Brusa, they had to pay a heavy octroi duty; if they sold their wine in Ghemlik or any other sea-port, they had to pay an *ad valorem* duty of 6 per cent. Then there was the *Intisàbie*, or transit-duty of 2½ per cent.; and then again (unless they would submit to delay and a great loss of time) they had to give backshish to three functionaries before they could sell their wine at Brusa, and to six before they could get it through a sea-port.

When they did not compound for the mirì, as they had been allowed to do this year, they had to pay a tax on the grapes when they were gathered, and a second when the fruit was carried to the wine-press. In this way scarcely any profit was to be got by making wine

for sale. Our jovial friend Stolio, the sportsman, said that he always held it a rule to drink all the wine he made; for why take it into Brusa, or sell it, to give more than half the money to the Turks? Their sale of the grapes as fruit was rendered unprofitable by the Pasha's fixed maximum of price. They had a great extent of the very best lands for vineyards—gentle slopes, facing the south, and with the very soil the vine most loves—and they might have extended their range far on either side of the village. But there was great discouragement and no encouragement: the wine commonly made was trash; the good wine we procured was made for private consumption.

The vineyards, however, had never entered so largely into the economy of the village as the mulberry-gardens. The grand product of Demirdesh was silk; its comparative prosperity was all owing to silk; all those who were rich or comfortably off had made their money by silk. If the silk had been left free, they would have cared little about the taxes laid on the vineyards, or about the duties levied on the wine. Our consul had told us that all the duties on silk amounted to 22 per cent.: the tchorbajees showed us that they exceeded 25 per cent.! With this crushing weight the Brusa silks will not be able to compete with the silks of other countries. Several of the villagers were talking seriously of abandoning their mulberry-gardens, or of turning them into corn-fields or into fields for the cultivation of maize. To the discouragement of heavy taxation, was this year added the discouragement of a bad and languishing trade. They said if they grew grain, it was so much more easy to settle with the ushurjees: the

corn, after harvest-time and when trodden out, was measured—the Demirdeshotes were too strong and united to allow of false measurements—and the Sultan's tenth was taken in kind. But in other commodities it was difficult to weigh or measure, and the ushur was demanded in cash, and the ushurjees were constantly overcharging. The other day poor Stolio was charged 150 piastres for extra ushur. He went over to Brusa, lost five days in dancing attendance, which were to him worth at the very least 25 piastres, gave ten partridges and some hares to the ushurjees, and was then let off for 50 piastres. But there are times when a man loses two or three weeks in settling his accounts with the blood-suckers; and very often as much time is sacrificed at Brusa in removing some ridiculous or unfounded imputation, raised by Khodjà-Arab for the sake of fees, or by some personal enemy out of sheer spite. There were enormous prison-dues to be paid by debtors before they could obtain their release: the Khodjà usually demanded 10 per cent. on the total amount of the debt: and then there was a heavy payment exacted in the Mehkemeh, or court of justice, from the creditor on the liquidation of the debt; so that between debtor and creditor, if the sum in question amounted to 1000 piastres, the Turks commonly got from 400 to 500 piastres of it. Taxes were imposed on marriages and even on the wedding-drums. The Greeks did not pay these taxes, but they had to pay heavily for their licences to their own bishops and priests. Khodjà-Arab held the wedding-drum monopoly, and was said to make a good penny by it. Every poor Arab or Syrian that led a dancing bear about the streets had to pay an annual tax for leave to exercise

his profession. This is the practice everywhere: a bear-ward at Constantinople or Adrianople must pay as at Brusa. The Khodjà drew a considerable revenue from the public Turkish women at Brusa, and raised a still more execrable tax upon the kutcheks, or dancing boys.* In the strict letter of the Mussulman law, and in the expositions of fanciful travellers like Mr. David Urquhart, the taxes in Turkey are few and simple; but in practice they are countless and complicated. We could scarcely discover anything wholly free from the fiscal grip. Oil-mills were a government monopoly, corn-mills were taxed, wool was taxed, &c. &c. The duty on successions to landed property, &c. was taken from the Greeks at the rate of 10 per cent., and when they had paid this to the Turks, they had usually to pay something more to their bishop, who always bought his place, giving part of the purchase-money to the Turks.

The Demirdeshotes could generally keep their own; but in the smaller villages in the plain, where the Greeks were mixed with the Turks, there was very often a scramble for lands and fields, vineyards, and mulberry-gardens when a Greek died. An Osmanlee would say "This field is mine, for everybody knows it belonged

* A street at the east end of the town of Brusa (through which we had always to pass on our way to Hadji Haivat) was filled with public women. They affected neither concealment nor decency. *Only* at the approach of the holy month of Ramazan Khodjà-Arab seized them all, and threw them into an old prison for females which existed in the Hissar or on the old Acropolis of Brusa. When the fast was over they were let out to ply their trade as before. The annual incarceration gave the Khodjà great facilities for collecting his tribute. In a coffee-house at the end of the street of women the dancing boys, who were not molested at Ramazan, or at any other season, kept their infamous rendezvous. Morning and evening, they were always to be seen there.

to my grandfather." Another would say that this garden was his because his father had cultivated it; and where title-deeds were in Turkish, or non-existent, and where Turkish law was to decide upon Turkish evidence, one may imagine that the course of justice did not run very smooth. "But," said one of our company, "we shall not be long troubled in this way, for the Turks are disappearing from among us." "Ay!" rejoined our jovial sportsman Stolio, "we have more than four hundred houses here in Demirdesh, and, thank God! there is not a Turk among us!"

The Tanzimaut prohibited *corvées*, but forced labour was often extorted from the villagers of the plain, as well as from those of Musal. Their money-orders, made payable at Brusa, were hardly ever paid at all; and when any payment was made Cabackji Oglou and the Kehayah Bey took an enormous *per centage*.

If the peasants murmured they received abuse and got into trouble—very likely into prison. Hardly any of the poor people (whether Osmanlees or Rayahs) who had toiled hard at the time of Abdul Medjid's visit to smoothen the road between Moudania and Brusa, had ever been paid for the tickets which had been given them.

By the Tanzimaut an end was to be put to all *djeremiehs*, or arbitrary fines. These djeremiehs had been the cause of many Jeremiads. On a false accusation, which the men in authority frequently did not even condescend to explain, respectable men were fined, and often tortured, until they paid the amount of the mulct; whole villages were fined for the transgressions of any one of the community who was too poor to pay himself,

and very often for the merest accident, or for an occurrence in which no one in the village had anything to do. Some young men belonging to a village near Demirdesh were amusing themselves by firing at a mark with smallshot: some of their shot happened to strike a piece of the Sultan's ship-timber, which was lying on the roadside, waiting for oxen to drag it on: as the tree had all its thick bark on it, not the slightest injury could have been done to the wood; but here was a fine opportunity for a *djeremieh*, and the village to which the young men belonged was fined to the tune of 12,000 piastres; and as the tchorbajees could not pay the money at once, an enormous interest was clapped upon it, and they were commanded to pay by instalments. It was added to other village debts, the settlement of which being left to the tchorbajees, seemed never to be decreased, although the people were always paying something. Of late there had been none of these djeremiehs; but the people had not been relieved from the burthens imposed by the old ones, however unjust they might have been.

Our five tchorbajees assured us that even this village of Demirdesh, which has long been considered the most industrious and most prosperous one in the Brusa plain, was falling head and ears into debt; that, except eight or nine families, all the people were deep in debt already; that there had been a rapidly ascending taxation; and that twenty years ago the village did not pay much more than one-third of what it was now paying! The most crushing woe of all was the enormous rate of interest. On the best security, with the joint guarantee of the twelve tchorbajees, money was not to be had under 25 per cent. The paying time—the blackest day in the

Greek calendar—is the 15th of August, O. S. If they cannot pay then, 2½ per cent. per month, is added to the original interest.

They pointed out three remedies for their evils.—1. That the villagers should be allowed to contract or compound by themselves with government for their own ushurs, without being subjected to the farmers of the revenue. 2. That important reductions should be made on the silk duties, and on one or two of the taxes. 3. That by a national or imperial bank, or by some other means, money should be made procurable at a more moderate interest.—Their eyes glistened at a hint I threw out that it might be possible to bring down the rate of interest to 10 per cent. per annum. "With that," said one of the primates, "and with reduction on the single article of silk, we might rally. What with presents to this man and that, and what with the time lost in raising a little money, our interest even here is really at the rate of 30 per cent. With capital our people could extend their cultivation. You see the plenty of land that lies all round us untouched. Our Demirdeshotes are not lazy men. Nor are they turbulent men. They want no revolutions or great changes. If justice were fairly administered between them, they could live very well with their Turkish neighbours, for, generally, the Turks here who are not connected in any way with the government, or with the Pasha of Brusa, are not bad people to live with. Our men would work with a heart if they were not over-taxed, and eaten up by the ushurjees and the Armenian seraffs; and if these evils were removed, the Demirdeshotes would, in a few years, be able to pay twice over that which they now pay to

the Sultan, and without feeling it. But if things run on in their present course, not a man of us but will be glad to see any revolution, or change, or foreign conquest." The whole tone of these men was moderate, and towards the young Sultan sufficiently respectful.

Until one of our companions led them to the point, they did not tell a little story which is a pretty illustration of Mr. Urquhart's positions, taken up on the ground of the independence and dignity of the "Amphictyonic Councils," or the strength and independence of municipal institutions in Turkey. Only the other day six of the tchorbajees of Demirdesh were summoned to Brusa, were there put under arrest, and kept four-and-twenty hours in confinement, on account of some alleged deficiency in the capitation-tax of the village!

We paid a few visits with our tchelebee to some of his old friends in Demirdesh. These houses were all comfortable within. Hadji Maria, a fair dame, who had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, had a residence which would have been quite charming but for the open *cloaca maxima* in the street. A villager, who ought to have been married last Saturday with the other five, came into the house with rather a rueful countenance. Had he been at the weddings? No. He had thought to be at his own, and was sad of heart! He wanted money to buy a permission to be married. He was very poor; his affianced was an orphan, and as poor as himself—which was saying a great deal. All things had been arranged; but the hungry Greek Bishop over at Brusa had discovered that the contracting parties were, in some sort or other, cousins. The degree of consanguinity was *very* remote; others had married who,

were much more nearly related; but the Bishop had become very scrupulous, and would not give the licence or necessary permission for less than 1000 piastres, the usual marriage-fee being only 18 piastres. Sotiri pleaded his poverty, the poor and orphan state of his affianced, the length of time that they had been attached to each other, without the slightest notion that they were loving within the prohibited degrees. The Bishop was so far moved by these representations, that he consented to take 500 piastres. But he could not square accounts with Heaven for *less*. Sotiri must bring *him* the 500 piastres, or must *not* marry. Hadji Maria and our hostess thought that the Despotos would take 250 if it were offered in ready money. Stolio thought that the old klepthe would give the licence for 50 piastres, and ought on no account to have more. The transaction had set the impatient Sotiri thinking. He asked what Turkish money, or any other coin, could have to do with religious canons?—whether, if his marriage were wrong in the sight of Heaven, his paying money to the Bishop could make it right? Whether, if he committed a murder, or other deadly sin, the Bishop could really secure his pardon in Heaven by taking piastres from him on earth? All the men of our party treated the character of the Bishop with very little respect, saying that he never thought of anything but how to eat the grushes; and that their priests, in a little way, were as bad as the Bishop! This, in Greek peasants of Asia Minor, looked like intellectual emancipation and progress. But, when they cease to respect their clergy, whom will they respect? When the superstition is gone, what religion will remain? Everywhere I saw

some symptoms of the contempt into which the Greek priesthood was falling. In many instances contempt was allied with hatred. This struck most of my friends who had resided any length of time in Turkey and had travelled about the country with open eyes and open ears. The Greeks complained that when they had paid all their taxes to the Turks, they had constantly to pay some tax or other to their church; that the priests were always putting their hands in their pockets.

A Greek said to Bishop Southgate, "Why should I go to church? The priests rob me of my money. I can get nothing from them without a fee." "He was a poor and ignorant man," adds the Bishop, "but he had learned to look upon the whole business of public worship as a mercenary system, supported by the clergy for no better end than to sustain their own influence, and extort money from the people."*

After our visits in the village, we went to the Greek church and school. The church, built only a few years ago, is spacious and (within) not inelegant, although the columns, and nearly all the other portions of it, are merely of wood, painted, grained, and varnished. It is dedicated to the Panagia, or Virgin Mary. Its predecessor was dedicated to St. George, but being burned down it was deemed prudent to choose more powerful protection. The school, which had also been built quite recently, stood close by the church. The schoolroom was large, airy, and altogether good; and there were convenient lodgings attached for the schoolmaster and his family. The schoolmaster was *not* a priest. He was regularly, and even liberally paid; and I believe

* 'Visit to the Syrian Church,' &c., p. 18.

he had a mulberry-garden, which was cultivated for him by his pupils and the young men of the village. On account of the wedding-feasts the school was thinly attended, and discipline was relaxed to-day: about twenty little urchins, boys and girls, were playing and making a noise. When full the school *counts* about a hundred pupils of both sexes. The school-books we examined were chiefly extracts from the New Testament, in modern Greek, which varied very little from the ancient. The poorest of these Greeks were anxious to have their children taught reading and writing.

We passed by a house where there was music within, and were invited and pressed to enter. It was one of the houses of the five weddings, and of the better sort. Many people were sitting eating and drinking on the first floor. Up stairs, in a well-carpeted, neatly furnished room—the best of a suite of apartments—we found the bride and bridegroom, the busy *comparos*, and rather a numerous party, consisting of the best or most prosperous families of the village. There were no priests up stairs; the priests were below, where the *raki was!* They were scarcely considered society good enough for the élite. The bride, whose face was now uncovered, and who served us with coffee and sweetmeats, was not very pretty, but her dress was. She wore a short jacket or bodice of the very finest turquoise-blue Cashmere, and a silk skirt of a bright fawn colour with silver stripes, very full, rich, and beautiful. She was young, very modest, and seemed very good-natured. The long gold tinsel veil which hung over her face and bust yesterday, was now hanging down her back: her sister, a little girl about twelve years old,

was dancing and gliding about the room with a long and very full tail of *silver* tinsel. The happy man did not look so happy as he might have done; he was indeed very sober, demure, and stupid: but his comparos, who did all the duties of hospitality for him, was right merry, and jolly, and radiant; and, though so early in the day, he was already far gone in wine and raki, for one of his duties consisted in tippling with every visitor. This is indeed imperative on every comparos; so that to be a good bridesman among these Greeks one ought to have a strong head and a strong and capacious stomach. We were warmly pressed by all present to return to the scene of festivity in the evening.

After dinner we went first of all to the poorer wedding we had attended last night, and found the same feasting and drinking, drumming and piping. The sposa was now unveiled, showing what was rather a pretty face. She kissed our hands, and took from each of us a present of ten piastres: she had been receiving presents all the day. On the third day this is the common practice in "houses where things are so-so." The donations pay for the expenses of the feast, and sometimes leave a good surplus to give the poor young people a start in life. We drank healths to husband and wife and all the company, gave a little more backshish to the two musicians, and then went to the "marriage in fashionable life." Here we found *la crême de la crême* seated at supper.

We smoked tchibouques in an outer room until the company had finished their repast. When the company had all come forth from the supper-room there followed health-drinking, coffee-drinking, a very loud

singing in chorus, and then dancing. The ladies were *comme il faut*, but the men were all powerfully refreshed, or all except the husband. The comparos was now very far gone indeed, but he was still active and alert with limbs and tongue, and capable of supporting a great deal more drink. He was a fine strong fellow, with a handsome, manly, open countenance: he was no habitual drunkard, but an industrious, intelligent, cheerful, well-conducted young man: he was as he was, only because he was *comparos*—he was drunk in the way of duty. The bridesman that should go to bed sober would be held in scorn, and bring bad luck upon the marriage. His heart was overflowing with kindness to all; to us he vowed an eternal friendship good twenty times over.

In addition to the drums and the shrill pipe there were here a Greek guitar and a fiddle. The musicians sat on their heels at the lower end of the room; the music was not materially different from that we had suffered last night, but the melody of some of the songs was plaintive and pretty, and a few of the loud choruses were rather spirit-stirring. There is not a Turk among us! Who is afraid of the Turks now? Not we Demirdeshotes who are singing the Greek Marseillaise and laughing at the Turks' beards! Well supplied with drink, and nuts and apples, and black olives and bread, the poorer sort below were as high in spirit as we were, and quite as merry. The *Serto*, or Ring-dance, was danced many times, and though it seemed to us the very perfection of monotony, it evidently gave great pleasure to the performers, most of whom sang the slow air as they danced to it. We kept it up

to the small hours, and when we withdrew the comparos accompanied us as far as the street door, and thence we went off to our quarters, preceded by four immense paper lanterns. It was not that lanterns were needed here, for there was no Turkish police, and there was a full bright moon; but the villagers would show us respect and honour.

In justice, and in honour to these poor Greeks, it must be confessed that we saw nothing revolting or very coarse among them. The men, being all more or less inebriated, could have worn no mask; we saw them in their natural, undisguised state. *In vino veritas.* And there is truth also in raki. They showed a gentleness and deference to the women, which is about the best sign of civilization. Except in the tippling, the ladies had the principal part in the amusements of the evening, and were allowed to direct them all. They were merry and modest. The becoming bashfulness of the bride was tenderly respected. Whoever has had the misfortune to witness the festivities of a Turkish marriage will feel the wide difference! There the women are all separated from the men, if not shut up in the harem: the chief amusement consists in the indecent, revolting exhibition of hired posture-making women and dancing boys. The porch of Hymen is foul and horrible with the associations of the Seven Cities of the Plain.

The following morning, December the 21st, the rains were over, the sky was blue and bright, and the weather quite mild; but Olympus had more snow on his side than we had yet seen. Our friends would have had us stay yet another day; but, after a good

breakfast and an affectionate leave-taking, we mounted our horses for Ghemlik at 11.30 P.M. The road was of course the same we had travelled in coming from Constantinople to Brusa, but the late rains had reduced it to a most wretched condition; it was slippery, rotten, broken, and muddy; in many places the thick, stiff mud reached to the knees of our horses, and in several hollows we nearly stuck fast. But winter had only just commenced; the road would be a great deal worse in a week or two; and in February and March it would be altogether impassable. People then take a track over the Katerlee Mountains, which leads them far round about, and is rough and rocky, and often covered with deep snow. We rode into Ghemlik at the hour of evening prayer. Kir-Yani was no longer at his silk-farm, where he had lodged us before; he had finished the repairs of his consular mansion, and was installed there. It was quite a splendid residence, with glazed window-frames for every window, doors painted sky-blue and varnished, deal floors that did not shake and were well furnished—at least in the principal rooms—with thick, soft Turkey carpets, divans (of a Pasha-like breadth) with cushions covered with stuffs of brightest colours, and with various other elegancies and luxuries which it would be tedious to name. A flag-staff rose above the roof, and his wife had made a dazzling Union Jack to hang to it on high days and holidays and critical occasions. But what Kir-Yani most prided himself upon were the royal arms of England which he had got painted in his vestibule close to the street-door, on the right-hand side as you entered. As he was not a *full* vice-consul, but only

a consular agent (without any very formal appointment), he had not thought fit to exhibit his arms outside in the street over his gateway; but as his doors were always open in the daytime, the arms were very conspicuous on the whitewashed wall where they stood, and they had made quite a sensation in the town. They had been painted by a native genius, the same Ghemlik house-painter who had laid on the sky-blues up stairs. At a respectful distance from the crown, and at a very considerable distance from each other, lion and unicorn stood with their paws in the air, like poodles when they beg: they were clearly well-mannered beasts and pacific.

Poor Kir-Yani! Triumph sat upon his crest; he was getting up in the world; his joy was so great that it drove all his Italian vocables out of his head; he could only tell us in Greek that we had come at the right moment, that he had a friend of ours in his house, and that his honour and happiness were complete. The friend was Mr. Longworth, whom we never met without feeling the happier and better for the meeting. He had arrived from Constantinople, in the afternoon, with the Turkish steamboat, on his way to pass the Christmas with our consul at Brusa. We dined all together, in ease, comfort, and dignity, at a European-fashioned dining-table, with a bright French lamp, and metal spoons and iron forks, and other accessories of civilization. I fancy it was the first time our host had been able to show off with *éclat*, for his house was only just finished. A number of his Ghemlik friends came to see the sight, two or three entering the *salle à manger*, and the rest peeping at us through a half-open door;

and muttering Greek superlatives of admiration. Kir-Yani's head touched the stars. We were all very comfortable that evening, and he, with his little vanities and importances, was very amusing. "My way of arguing with the Aghà," said our fragment of a consul, "is this: I tell him, 'If you do not respect the Majesty of Great Britain, why then I do the dirty thing by the Ottoman Empire, and upon your beard.' The fellow was a common fisherman not long ago, and he can neither write nor read. When he bullies me, I bully him. If you try any other course with Turks like him, you fail, and get your own beard laughed at."

The next morning, the 22nd of December, our friend L—— rode off for Brusa, and we went to visit some villages and the so-called "English farm" at Tuzlar. Crossing the river which flows from Lake Nicæa to this gulf, and then the dreadful marshes, we kept near the sea-side, and came in about an hour to the grounds where Mr. H——, the English merchant of Constantinople, had been playing Triptolemus.

If it had been measured—which it *never was*—the farm might have been found to consist of 1800 acres, or perhaps more. But nearly all this land was a dead flat between the sea-beach and the mountains. It was the sink of a ridge of hills which formed a sort of semicircle, enclosing nearly the whole of the estate, except its face, which lay open to the sea. Under these hills the land was a bog, and in many places the swamps advanced far into the plain towards the sea and the farm-buildings. One stream, at this season rather copious, found its way across the plain to the gulf; but it was choked at the mouth by a sand-bank, and its bed

was incapable of carrying off or receiving a tithe of the water that came down from the hills in rainy season. Our English Triptolemus had gone to work like a veritable Turk, beginning at the wrong end, and doing nothing to drain off the stagnant waters, which poison the air in the summer and autumn, and render the place almost uninhabitable to man. The mouth of the stream might easily have been opened, and have been kept constantly open at a trifling expense; and if this watercourse—this *main* had been deepened three or four feet, and trenches cut to carry the waters to it, the ground might have been dried, and those causes of malaria removed. But nothing of the sort was done or thought of by Mr. H——, who was all for throwing away capital (at first) in planting and decorating—in making frills before he had got a shirt. But it was an unhappy choice of locality. If Mr. H—— had hunted all round the Sea of Marmora for an unfavourable spot whereon to try an experiment, and for an atmosphere the most likely to kill his people, he could not have selected a better place than this Tuzlar. The very name would have warned a person who knew anything. The word means the "salts" (or salt-pans); and salt is produced here, as in many parts of Italy and Spain, by collecting broad expanses of sea-water on the beach, and leaving the water to evaporate in the heat of the sun. This evaporation from one pan alone suffices to poison the air over a square mile. On the Italian coasts the effect is so well known, that nobody will sleep near a *Salina* that can possibly avoid it. But here, at Tuzlar, as if there were not sufficient causes of malaria in the rear and on the two flanks, there were

salt-works in front—close under the noses of the house and outhouses and lodgings for the labourers, and not one *Salina* or salt-pan, but *nine*, all of a row and close together! Thus, blow which way the wind would, from the sea or from the hills, malaria blew over the chiftlik. Then there were the swamps lying in the hollow between Tuzlar and the town of Ghemlik: and everybody, except this Triptolemus, knew that very few strangers could pass a week at Ghemlik in July, August, or September without catching the malaria fever. There was nothing tempting in the place except its low price and its vicinity to Constantinople. I forget the sum paid for it; but, low as it was, it was more than double what a Turk or Greek would have given; and as, according to Turkish law, Mr. H—— could not hold landed property, the purchase was made in the name of a Perote (a rayah), and in the name of this Perote such deeds as existed, ran. I forget how many managers quitted the place in despair and with shattered constitutions before our tchelebee, for his ill luck, became Kehayah. An Englishman, who had been regularly trained as a farmer, gave up in utter despair; and I think one if not two other Englishmen subsequently made music to their own retreat by the clattering of their teeth in the cold fits of the intermittent. The Greek labourers fled the place; even the Turks would not stay: none would remain except a few Bulgarians; and the number of that hardy, unsusceptible race was diminished by death. Under John's administration a few Greeks, chiefly out of affection to him, tried their fortune—and died, or went away desperately sick. The only things that grew and

thrived on the farm were tombstones—or those rough bits of rock with which the survivors marked the graves of the deceased. There was just one tree on that dead flat.

This merchant, who long ere this must have been a threefold bankrupt if he had not known more about bales, and pigs of lead, and bars of iron, and rates of exchange than he knew of climate and agriculture, would not hear a word about the unhealthiness of the air: he said that the people fell sick and died only because they had a very bad diet, and he improved the dietary by sending some provisions from Stamboul. But the men died, or sickened, or ran away, as before. A sudden thought struck him. The Armenian porters at Constantinople—rough, uncouth fellows, chiefly from Lake Van and those remote parts of the empire—have great strength and power of endurance: he had often seen them carry his heavy bales on their shoulders; he knew how much they could bear as porters, and therefore he concluded that they could bear life at Tuzlar, and make excellent farm-servants. He sent over about a dozen. They were as strong as bears and quite as rough when they arrived; but in a very brief space of time they were all laid prostrate, weak as rabbits, by the malaria demons that kept head-quarters in the salt-pans in front and in the swamps and marshes behind. I think three or four of them died; I remember perfectly well that the sick would not stay, and that they were carried to a boat to be embarked for Stamboul upon men's shoulders—were carried as they had been accustomed to carry bales—so reduced and helpless they were.

Our tchelebee remained with none but wild Bulgarians around him; and these were too few to attend to a tenth part of the land. They did not falsify their common reputation. They were sullen, and brutal, and at times bloody-minded. There was an old Armenian sent over from Stamboul to manage the financial department. The Bulgarians said that he cheated them—which was not at all unlikely—and after sundry quarrels they took up a mortal enmity against the Armenian. In this juncture our friend R. T—— came to pass a day or two at the chiftlik. He was sitting one evening on a divan, with his back to a broad open window, very pleasantly employed in reading one of Walter Scott's novels, when he was startled by the loud, near report of a pistol behind him, which was instantaneously followed by a cracking of the ceiling in the room, over his head. He quitted the window too rapidly to do more than notice that two Bulgarians were running away. He had afterwards the satisfaction to learn that when the Bulgarians were seated by themselves at supper, one of them was overheard to say—"We mistook the English gentleman for that old Armenian rogue. What a pity!"

Mr. H—— imported foreign seeds, which would not grow in that unreclaimed soil, and English agricultural instruments, which the rude Bulgarians could not or would not use. Ashamed of his one tree, he sent over a great many fruit-trees and ornamental trees; and (planning grand avenues) he instructed J. Z—— to plant about ten thousand forest-trees. John collected and planted about two thousand; but there followed an unusually dry season, there was no water at hand to

moisten the roots, and no labourers to perform that office, so all the young trees died at once, except a few which were broken off short to be turned into buffalo-goads. There was a small fountain by the farm buildings, but in the hot weather it was dry, and when it flowed the water was so foul and fetid that not even a buffalo or a Bulgarian could drink it. The water for use had to be brought on arubas from a distance of nearly two miles. In the summer time the land, saturated with water, shrunk and cracked in the drying. The wettest land of course cracked and yawned the most during the draught of summer. The roots of plants were in consequence compressed and parched; vegetation was burned up. John, however, managed to grow two fine crops of wheat; but when the harvest time came, he had only a few Bulgarians to reap them, and the greater part of the crops perished on the ground. The tchelebee, though deficient in order, knew what ought to be done, but he never had a sufficient number of workmen at the proper time. I dwell upon these particulars because the utter failure of this miserably managed experiment, on the worst site that could have been chosen, was commonly quoted as a convincing proof that a European could do nothing in agriculture in this country; and because the failure encouraged the country people to persevere in their own bad system. The English chiftlik at Tuzlar became the laughing-stock of the whole country.

After his first injudicious outlays, Mr. H—— was for spending nothing, and he wanted to derive enormous profits all at once. John had to deal with a most law-

less and turbulent set of people,* and with some rogues who took advantage of his easy temper to defraud him of much money. John, whose interests were committed, who had nearly his little all at stake (for he had brought his own cattle and implements from Hadji-Haivat), remained until his wife and children fell sick, and struggled on *alone* some months after their departure, and long after all heart of hope had quitted him. But one night he threw up everything in despair, mounted his horse and rode away to Hadji-Haivat, there to find that his new house had been sadly injured, and that nearly everything had gone to wrack and ruin during his absence. He was reproached for deserting a post which no other man would have kept so long. In one short year he had buried *thirty* of his labourers. The old Armenian, who remained behind, was thought to be fever-proof, but at the time of our visit he had gone away desperately sick, and a few weeks afterwards he died.

Kir-Yani, who had been managing some of the farm concerns, seldom slept at the chiftlik; but he too had had the malaria fevers, and though apparently strong and hearty, was suffering a derangement of liver in consequence of repeated attacks. The farm was for sale; it had been offered to several Europeans, *and Mr. H——*

* A Frenchman came to the farm, an industrious fellow, with all the smartness and intelligence of his nation. He was a treasure, a god-send, but the Tchelebee soon found out from his own frank confession that he had deserted from the army of Algiers after murdering his sergeant; and one evening the man went raving mad and began to run a-muck at all on the farm. John disarmed him and locked him up all night in the dairy. On the following morning, his frenzy having abated, he was let loose, and recommended to decamp. He went his way, and no more was heard of him at Tuzlar.

and his people in Galata were disposed to be very angry with those who represented the place as a pestilential bog. The house, the outhouses, and all the buildings, which had been erected by some Turkish Aghà, were now falling to decay. The only living creatures we saw upon the farm were three stupid Bulgarian youths, about a dozen mongrel dogs, and a small flock of sickly sheep. Except one enclosure, made by J. Z—— six years ago, and tolerably well hedged and ditched, there was not an enclosure or a single sign of improvement on the whole property. They were growing a few small patches of corn and flax. We had nowhere seen, even among the Turks, lands so badly tilled.

From the romantic village or small town of Kurchumli, we rode slowly back to Ghemlik. It was a bright and glorious sunset—the last we saw in Asia Minor; and it was a long while before we saw such another in Europe. We fared sumptuously at Kir-Yani's, and sat talking with our host and a few Greeks of the place until ten o'clock at night, when a gun, fired from the Turkish steamer, gave notice that it was time to embark. Knowing the Turks were never true to time, we did not hurry ourselves. When we got on board at 10.30, we found that the boat was very far from being ready, and still farther from being clean and orderly. At 11.30 the steam was up; and then Tchelebee John, and his brother-in-law, that excellent sportsman and courageous young man, Monsieur L. V——, and poor Yorvacki, who had safely brought our baggage from Hadji-Haivat, reluctantly took their leaves and went ashore. We could not part with *one* of them without emotion; but to part with the tchelebee was

an effort and a pang. For three months and a half we had been inseparable, and in all that time we never saw the smoothness of his beautiful temper ruffled; we had rambled together over a great many miles, and had slept on the same hard floor in many strange places; I had received from him the most valuable services, and all the kindness and attention which, twenty years before (when he was a schoolboy in England), I had received from his dear old father, Constantine Zohrab; we had grumbled together over the forlorn state of the country and the stupidity and corruption of the government, and we had speculated together, on the rough road, on mountain tops, and in bogs and marshes, on the means of improving agriculture and the condition of the unhappy people.

We had parted with Kir-Yani on the beach. Poor fellow! He was hearty, and seemed full of life; he was indeed *glorioso e trionfante!* He was so happy in his new house, he had so many promising little speculations, he was so sure that, with his British protection and the advantageous position he occupied, he should make a decent fortune, and be enabled to go to some civilized country in Europe to have his children educated.

"O sommo Dio! come i giudizj umani
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro."*

Within two short months Kir-Yani, who grasped my hand so heartily on that beach, was dead and buried. He died of the effects of malaria fevers, and bad, ignorant doctoring.

Our friends might have stayed longer with us, for

* Ariosto.

though the steam was up, the anchor was not. The Turks waited another half-hour and more for two dilatory passengers, Osmanlees of some consequence, as one was a sheik among the Dancing Dervishes, and the other was a mir allai, or colonel, in the Sultan's regular army. They arrived at last, each with his man-servant, and somewhere between the midnight hour and one in the morning our anchor was up, and our paddle-wheels began to revolve. The colonel was not quite a new acquaintance; we had seen him the day before yesterday at Demirdesh, stretched out on a bench in the Greek coffee-house, and suffering from a most distressing asthma. He had there called us to him, and asked me for medicine and advice. The little that was left of our drugs was in the rear with our baggage; and his case was far beyond my skill. I could only recommend him to sit upright, instead of lying with his head on a level with his heels. He was a coarse, vulgar man, and excessively fat. So soon as he saw me in the cabin, he called me to him with that concise and rude *ghel!* (come!) which ill-bred Turks are so much in the habit of using towards their slaves and Christians. If he had not been sick and suffering, he might have *ghelled* a long time ere I had attended his summons. He asked me to feel his pulse. It was now dreadfully full and feverish. He told me that he had suffered a martyrdom on the rough journey from Demirdesh.

A goggle-eyed Armenian served as our drogoman, behaving with all humiliation and reverence to the colonel, and prefacing my plain, straight-forward Italian with flourishes and compliments of his own. The colonel asked me whether his complaint was very dangerous.

I told him that I believed it to be one requiring great care. Upon this he looked very dismal, and not at all like a Mussulman resigned to his *kismet*. After a pause he said very eagerly, "But is this an evil that kills man?" Believing his chief complaint to be asthma, I told him that I had known many men to live to a good old age with it. He brightened up a bit, and then asked me the names of the best English hekims to consult at Stamboul. I gave him the names in writing; he gave me no thanks, and I left him. These are certainly not the manners of a Turkish gentleman, but gentlemen, as I have repeatedly hinted, are becoming scarce in the Sultan's dominions. The rest of the cabin passengers were a gentlemanly young Frenchman, three *Levantine*-Frank ladies of Pera, and four Armenian traders besides the one I have mentioned. The cabin was hot and almost suffocating, for they had kindled a coal fire in the iron stove. How the asthmatic colonel bore it I could not understand. We went upon deck to breathe fresh air, but as we approached Break-Nose Point at the head of the gulf, which is exposed to the atmospheric influences of the stormy Black Sea, the rain began to fall in torrents, and we were driven below again. The wet deck was crowded, fore and aft, with poor deck-passengers, who remained out all night exposed to the pitiless, pelting storm. There were two individuals up there who were far less easy in their minds than the snoring dervish below.

Hadji Costi, the other night, carried his raki to excess in a public tippling-shop in his native town of Moudania; and being exceedingly drunk, and provoked by some Christians, he swore that he would turn Turk

—nay, that he was already a Mussulman. Next morning the poor Hadji forgot all about this freak: not so the Turks and their Mollah; they waited upon him "just to insinuate" that he had made public profession of Islam; that he must go through with that business and complete the ceremonies; and that a Turk he must be all the rest of his life. Hadji Costì demurred, said that he was very drunk last night, and in a fit of anger had said he knew not what; swore that he was a baptized Christian, as all men in Moudania well knew; that he was a recognised Hadji, or pilgrim to Jerusalem, and that he would remain a Christian. There were witnesses to prove that he had quarrelled in his cups with some other Greeks, and that anger and inebriety had been the causes of his very indiscreet and improper exclamations in the shop of raki. All this availed not; the Turks fell upon the Hadji, beat him, bound him, and, with the order of the Aghà and Mollah, carried him away prisoner to Brusa. Our friend Mustapha Nouree Pasha, instead of dismissing the prisoner, who had been sufficiently punished already, put handcuffs on the poor Hadji, bound his arms behind him with ropes, and sent him off for Constantinople, under the care of one of his or Khodjà-Arab's tufekjees. Hadji Costì had been cruelly ill-treated on his way from Brusa to Ghemlik, and he was now on the deck in sad plight, with the tufekjee and his pistols and yataghan on one side of him, and his poor, despairing old mother and her affections on the other. She had been kissing our hands and our feet, and imploring me to intercede for her son. Both of them solemnly protested that the amount of the Hadji's offence was as above stated, and

no more; nor did the tufekjee pretend to deny that the young man's trouble proceeded from a mere extravagance of drink. The mother had once been *paramana* or nurse in the family of the French consul at Brusa, and Monsieur C—— was sending (by this same steamboat) a report of the whole matter to his ambassador at Constantinople, as also letters to his brothers in that city, requesting their interference in favour of the imprudent Greek. Thus much we learned while tchelebee John was yet with us. The Turk, who was captain of the steamer, and who, though a great coward, did not appear to be a bad fellow, understood our appeals, and as we were getting out of the gulf insisted that the tufekjee should remove the handcuffs from the prisoner, who had no longer any chance of escaping.

We never ventured into a steamboat managed by Turks without being very thankful when the voyage was over. I can scarcely tell now how this crowded, dirty, greasy, oil-besprinkled boat escaped being set on fire, for, below deck and above, fore and aft, sailors, engineers, passengers, were all smoking pipes and knocking the *atesh* hither and thither without the least attention to the ignited charcoal.

At about 7 A.M. on the 23rd of December, in foggy, drizzling, cold, wretched weather, we came to anchor in the Golden Horn, at the New Bridge. I had been disgusted at the perfect indifference which the Armenian Christians on board had shown to the sufferings of the Greek and his poor old mother. As the passengers began to land, the tufekjee again handcuffed his prisoner. The mother came crying to me. I wanted a drogoman to speak with the tufekjee; and as he was standing close

to me, I politely asked the Armenian who had so willingly interpreted for the colonel, to render me and the poor Greek this little service. He flatly refused, saying that it was no business of his, that he had nothing to do with Greeks, that he was a Rayah subject, and that the Mussulmans might take offence. I believe that there was not an Armenian on board but would have seen the Hadji bastinadoed, there on the deck, with calm indifference, if not with real pleasure. Such is the love which these Christians bear towards one another! So likely are they to *amalgamate!*

A very dirty dark man, wearing a sort of Frank dress, and a thoroughly roguish countenance, came up and offered his services for the landing and passing of our baggage. He spoke pretty good Italian, and was not at all afraid of acting as my drogoman. By his means I comforted the distressed mother, and soothed (that is, backshished) the tufekjee, who was to carry the Hadji to the Seraskier's prison in Constantinople. I told the poor woman to go at once to the counting-house of the Messieurs C—— in Galata, and to lose no time in showing herself at the French embassy; and I gave her a little money, being quite sure that they would need *piastres* before they got out of this scrape, even if the business should take the most favourable turn. At the very first opportunity I mentioned the matter to Lord Cowley, who found, upon inquiry, that the French legation had succeeded in procuring the liberation of the Greek.

The Frank whose services we had retained, cleared our portmanteaux and bags by *backshishing* two old Turks at the head of the bridge. Having deposited

our effects in good old Stampa's shop in Galata (I have said before that there was no doing anything without Stampa), we knocked up our friend J. R——, who lived in this part of the Christian suburbs. Here we learned that the bad weather of which we were complaining—having been soaked to the skin on our way from the bridge—had been prevailing at Constantinople for many weeks, and that they had scarcely had three fine days in succession since we took our departure for Asia Minor on the 7th of September. The season had been unusually wet and cold. While we had been enjoying such uninterrupted fine weather, they had been shivering here. September, which is usually a fine month at Stamboul, had this time been a month of rains, mists, and fogs. In a straight line, the Brusa plain is scarcely more than sixty-five miles off, and our difference in latitude and longitude had never been considerable; but we had been sheltered by mountains from the clouds and winds of the Black Sea, which rush through the narrow straits of the Bosphorus as through a funnel, and sweep across the neighbouring low-lying promontory of Thrace with unmitigated fury. I still shudder at the recollection of the north-easters we endured, and had to endure, with very little intermission, until the close of April! The cholera was now *very* prevalent, and had been so ever since the middle of September. Doctors did not agree whether it was the *real* Asiatic cholera or not; but if it was a pseudo-cholera, it *killed*, and that quickly. More than six hours did not often intervene between the first seizure and cramp and death. It had been most destructive in the lowest quarters lying along the Port, and amongst the

poorest of the Turks, and the very poor Greeks and Armenians, whose ordinary food is scanty, and of very bad quality. The disease had gained great strength since the commencement of the long, long Christmas fast, when the Greeks and Armenians eat neither fish nor flesh, but live upon bad vegetable messes, and trash of the very worst kind, keeping up the flickering flame of life by drinking a more than common quantity of ardent spirits. Of the well-living Franks, not a man, woman, or child had as yet died of the complaint.

We climbed up to Pera through rain and sleet, slush and indescribable filth, and re-occupied our old quarters near the dancing dervishes, which were as cold and damp as they were hot and suffocating in summer time. Except in the semi-subterranean kitchen, there was not a fireplace in the whole house. The deficiency was badly supplied by iron-plate Dutch stoves, and an occasional pan of charcoal, neither of which ever failed to give me the most distressing headaches, with pains in the eyes.

In quitting Asia we had taken leave of fine weather, and of all approach to comfort.

CHAPTER XIX.

Constantinople — Turkish Ministers and Reformers — Difficulty in seeing them — Backshish — Dishonesty of the Turks in the Capital — Vast number of Servants kept by Pashas — Vice and Crime — Visit to Ali Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs — Mustapha-Nource Pasha — Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier — Lack of Hospitality — Turkish Diplomatic Dinners — In-door Life of the great Turks — Buffoons and Dervishes — Sarim Pasha, Finance Minister — The House of a Turkish Effendi — Aversion to the Society of Europeans — Emin Pasha, and a Combat with Dogs — Prostrations of an Armenian Seraff — Turkish Correspondence — Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery —A Red Indian wanted — Mehemet Ali Pasha, and Anecdote of him — Marriages of Sultanas settled by the Armenians — Political Economy — Indolence of Men in Office — A Plan for improving Agriculture and reducing the Rate of Interest — The System of the Seraffs: its fatal consequences — Sultan Mahmoud's Execution of four of the Dooz-Oglous in one morning.

I NOW saw some of the *reforming* ministers and a good many of the *great* men who had been brought into office by Reshid Pasha, the present head of the reform school. Although there was no Ramazan or Bairam to interfere, access to these magnates was not so very easy, for they nearly all lived across the water in Constantinople Proper, and the only time you could see them in their houses was between the hours of eight and ten in the morning. It was therefore necessary to rise very early and turn out in the cold, damp, raw air, and wade through the mud in a pair of mud-boots, or ride a miserable hack-horse at the risk of breaking your legs The distances were often very considerable; the road was always detestable and dangerously slippery. One

morning the snow lay so deep behind the Seraskier's Tower that it came over my knees. Then every great man had his regular and crowded levee; and one was sometimes kept to wait and shiver, among a strange motley crowd, in a cold saloon or ante-chamber. That I was never kept waiting long was, I believe, principally because the hungry attendants, who live upon such donations, always expected good backshish from Englishmen, and were seldom disappointed. Nor were these visits a light tax upon the purse. Wherever I went a dozen or so of servants followed me to the head of the stairs or to the foot of the stairs, enunciating the dissyllables "*backshish.*" From a *very* great man's house I could seldom get free under 50 piastres. Every time Lord Cowley went to visit Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, it cost him 500 piastres. His Lordship was only Minister Plenipotentiary. From Sir Stratford Canning, who had the full rank of Ambassador, a higher *backshish* was expected.* One payment did not make you free of the house; at least I used to be followed to

* At the Courban Bairam, when the heads of the Rayah Christian churches paid their annual visits of ceremony and congratulation to the chiefs of the Turkish government, the Armenian Patriarch, on quitting the house of little Ali the Minister for Foreign Affairs, gave 1000 piastres as backshish; the Minister's major-domo put on a sulky countenance, and told him that this was too little; and the Patriarch thought himself obliged to increase the sum, and did increase it on the staircase. This fact was communicated to me by an Englishman, who was an eye and ear witness.

As a still greater sum would be expected at the Grand Vizier's, and as the Patriarch was bound to visit many other pashas, this annual tax must have been a very heavy one. The chief of the Catholic Armenian church, the Greek Patriarch, and the head Rabbi of the Jews were equally bound to pay these annual visits. The 'Journal de Constantinople' inserted accounts of the visits as striking proofs of the cordiality which existed between Mussulmans, Christians, and Israelites.

the stairs at a second and even at a third visit; and whenever I failed to pay the tax I found sulky looks at my return, and a very general disinclination to announce my arrival to the great man. Nor did the payments end up stairs or on the stairs: down below, by the gateway, there was always some old Turk who took charge of the mud-boots which are kicked off before you ascend, and this functionary always looks for a contribution; and when you have done with him there is very generally a *concierge*, or gate-porter, to hold out his palm. It was bad economy to use stint with this part of the household. Dr. Lawrence Smith, an American geologist in the service of the Porte, growing weary of these taxes, levied upon him when he was going about the business of the Government, drew tight the strings of his purse—and lost three pair of mud-boots in the course of as many weeks. Now, a proper pair of these boots—a strong, water-proof, snow-proof pair, with which you could fearlessly stride through muck and mire—cost 200 piastres. Our geological friend found it cheaper to give five piastres to these functionaries. His last and best pair was lost, or rather stolen, at the konack of the Seraskier Pasha, or commander-in-chief of the army, where he had left them under the eyes of a couple of sentinels, who were at their post all the time he was up stairs, and who very much enjoyed the spectacle of his having to walk off through the mud and slush in a pair of thin under-boots. These thefts—of which we heard many other instances—were undeniably perpetrated by Turks, by Constantinopolitan Osmanlees, who were showing their advances in European civilization by picking and stealing. *Many* persons engaged

in business and keeping houses of their own assured us that they could no longer put that trust in Turkish honesty which they had been accustomed to do ten or twelve years ago. My old friend Mr. B—— attributed all this decay of morality to the changes which had been forced upon the Mussulman people, and which had upset or confused all their old notions. "You would have them Frankified, and now they steal like Franks. You would alter their old religious precepts, now they are fast getting into no religion." I believe that the universal spread of poverty had a good deal to do with this new habit of pilfering. But to return from stealing to *backshishing*—it is idle for the Turkish dignitaries or their friends to pretend that they are ignorant of the evil practice, for they cannot but know that men must eat and drink to live, and that they pay their hosts of servants hardly any wages. More: in the *greatest* houses, where the highest backshishes are paid, to avoid the violent quarrels which were constantly occurring about the division of the spoils, the Pashas had ordered and ordained that all the money received should be put into one box, and divided in fair proportions at the end of every month by the head servant of all, or steward of the household. I *know* these facts for a *certainty;* I know them as well as I can be said to know anything not tested by the evidence of my own senses; I had my information from parties *immediately* concerned in the monthly distribution—parties from whom I learned many other particulars (known to very few foreigners) of the *interieur* of these households. The practice obtained and was regularly established at the Grand Vizier's, and at the Reis Effendi's, the first of these

Magnates having, as I have before stated, more than 300 idle servants and retainers, and the second having about half that number, and both being men who had no private fortune, and who had made their way from low stations. And these men had seen the simple domestic arrangements of Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State in England and France, two of the greatest and richest countries of Europe; and all these idle, unproductive, vicious retainers were kept on foot in the capital —not merely in the two houses I have named, but in fifty other houses—when the provinces were going to perdition through default of inhabitants and agriculturists! Sultan Mahmoud once employed the whip to drive the faithful to the mosque; a scourge ought to be used to drive these useless vagabonds into the country or unto some profitable occupation. The morality which prevailed among them was of a sort not to be described by any English pen. What else could be expected from such a system, or from the heaping together of such crowds of men, for the most part young, and for the greater part of the day having no earthly business to do? I heard stories—well authenticated accounts—which I believe are not to be paralleled on earth, unless it be in Persia. Some things I saw with my own eyes. I could never go through the halls and ante-rooms of one of these little men great in office without a loathing and sickening at the stomach. It came to this—I could not take my son with me—and I was more than once advised not to do so. I asseverate all this with the solemnity I would attach to an oath upon the gospel. I was not prepared for this awful state of things—it broke upon me by degrees. My former intercourse with the

Turks (in 1827-8) had indeed convinced me of the existence of the most degrading of vices, but I had then no notion of the extent of the turpitude; I had now been led to believe that there was an improvement on the past, and I had grasped at the idea that the rights of nature were vindicated. I take the existent and (as I believe) augmented abomination against all the treaties of alliance and defence, against all the political combinations of Western Europe, against all the schemes that ever were, or ever will be, entertained for the preservation and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and I boldly say that that Empire cannot be maintained—that the opprobrium of man and the curse of God will sink it into a pit as deep as the Dead Sea.

My first visit, on the 26th of December, 1847, was to the second person in the Cabinet. I am not aware that I need conceal the name:—it was to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had been a short time previously so well known in London as Ali Effendi and the Sultan's Minister Plenipotentiary, and who, for writing some of the most wearisome state papers that ever were penned about the Greek Mussurus quarrel, was about to be advanced to the dignity of a Pasha. He had begun life in poverty and obscurity; he had been taken into the service of the Porte, as a little clerk, and had had greatness thrust upon him by Reshid Pasha, whose right-hand man he was. I had met him in London; I was the friend of some who had been his closest friends, and I was the bearer to him of a very particular letter of introduction from Prince Callimaki, who had succeeded him at the court of St. James's. Since the days of the witty Neapolitan Abbé Galiani, who called him-

self the *échantillon* of a diplomatist, there has never been so tiny a man employed in diplomacy as this Reis Effendi: he was a pigmy in height, and marvellously thin—he was what the Italians call a *comma* (*una virgula*); there was not substance enough in him to beat out into a semicolon. He spoke French with ease and even with accuracy, so that our *tête-à-tête* was not disturbed by the necessity of employing the distressing machinery of a drogoman. He understood every word I said to him as well as I understood all that came from his lips; there was no mistake or possibility of mistaking. I pin him to his own words. He received me very courteously in a wretchedly cold and miserable room, he wearing a warm furred mantle, and I having cast off my top-coat in the ante-room; but he was far more pompous than I could by any possibility have anticipated—the coming tails of a Pasha had turned his head, and although his big house was but an awkward, dirty barrack, the state and circumstance by which he was surrounded had visibly affected him. He was no more like the poor, humble katib or scribe of the Porte, or like what I had seen and heard of him in England, than Sancho Panza, in his government of Barataria, was like Sancho when in his native village or following Don Quixote on his own dapple donkey. *Tempora mutantur, et nos!* . . . . He knew that I was a literary man, that I had written a work upon Turkey which had made some noise at the time; and he expressed a hope that I could now write another and a *much more favourable* one, seeing that civilization had made such progress in the Sultan's dominions since I was last here. I told him, with all suavity, that I should be too happy

to report any real progress, that I had come from England with the hope of being able to do so, and that I had the greatest respect for Sir Stratford Canning, who had proved himself so good a friend to Turkey. He had heard that I had been residing and travelling more than three months in the great Pashalik of Brusa, and he wanted to know what I thought of the state of that country. "*Avec moi vous pouvez parler, Monsieur, sans gêne—sans ménagement.*" I was certainly not *gêné*; but I told him the truth with as much politeness as was compatible with frankness and honesty. I was not yet quite sure that the truth would not be acceptable to him. If it proved otherwise, I could have nothing more to do with him. To an honest Minister I might suggest that which would be of use to the country, particularly as such great men had great difficulty in getting at the truth. I felt that as an Englishman, as a member (however, obscure) of a nation which had made great sacrifices to support this tottering Empire, and which had contracted a treaty and obligations that might call for still greater sacrifices, and even involve her in a war, I had a good right to deliver my sentiments freely. This Minister had asked me for them. I was not diplomatizing, but if I had been so engaged I should certainly have acted upon the principle that "truth-telling is the very acmé of diplomacy."* My mind, too, was full of the wrongs and sufferings I had witnessed over in Asia, and I had not quite dismissed the thought

* "Well, Dunsford, you are very candid, and would make a complete diplomatist: truth-telling being now pronounced (rather late in the day) the very acmé of diplomacy."—FRIENDS IN COUNCIL: A Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. London, 1847.

that an honest statement might lead to some measure of redress, more especially as the greater part of these wrongs might be set right without pecuniary or other injury to the ruling powers. Wherever I could bestow praise, I gave it warmly; but I put no softening varnish upon the pictures of woe and horror. I told him of the miserable state of the peasantry, of the iniquitous proceedings of the Farmers of the Revenue, of the effects produced by the enormous rate of interest; of the torturing of the poor Greek at Billijik, and of the outrages offered to the industrious Christians of that town; I related the whole of poor Yorvacki's story, sparing neither Mustapha Nouree Pasha nor Khodjà-Arab. As he was to see the Vizier this morning at the Porte, I put Yorvacki's petition in his hands. He listened with an appearance of attention, and made some remarks which induced me to believe that he was sincere and in earnest. He rather frequently exclaimed, "That is bad!" "that is very unjust!" "that is contrary to the *Tanzimaut* and our existing laws!" "that must be remedied!" He said he thanked me for my information, and felt assured that I gave it as a friend to the government. He did not show any vulgar ill-humour, like the Pasha of Brusa; if he felt any, he for the time concealed it perfectly. His remarks proved that he was no administrator. He said that, as to the Farmer-General system, it brought a higher and steadier revenue to the Porte than the old system had done. As to the distresses of the cultivators of the soil, he said that in some parts of the Empire they were *rather* overtaxed; but that there was going to be a government commission to revise taxation, upon the principle that

the poorer districts should pay *less* and the richer *more* than they were now doing. As for the rate of interest, he thought that at some time or other government would establish a National Bank, with branches in the different pashaliks; but this was a matter to be approached with great caution, as, according to the Koran, *Mussulmans could not take any interest on money lent.* He felt that the resources of Turkey lay in her agriculture; he knew that this was in a most backward state, but the government had created a Board of Agriculture, and was paying handsome salaries to its members, and although these gentlemen had not *yet* done anything, it was to be hoped that they soon *would* do something. He was quite sensible of the value of roads and railways; he had seen what wonders were done in that way in England; he was fully aware that nothing could be done for the inland countries without roads; and he thought it a great pity that the Sultan had spent so many millions of piastres in trying to set up manufactures, instead of employing that money in making roads, and in promoting agricultural improvements; but then the Sultan was very fond of seeing things manufactured in his own dominions, and the Armenian Dadians, who had great influence with the sovereign, were all for manufactures, and were promising to be very soon able to make everything at home that Turkey wanted. He excused the Pasha of Brusa's heart at the expense of his head: he said that he was a man of very limited intellect, and far in the rear of his epoch—*très borné, et excessivement arriéré*—but then he was *strongly supported* at Constantinople; and, though he had no genius, he had so much talent for intrigue, that it was

much better for the present government that he should be at Brusa than that he should be near the Court! I very naturally concluded from this that there was but slight chance of getting redress for Yorvacki or any one else, and not the slightest of Mustapha Nouree being removed from the Pashalik that he was ruining.* At my leave-taking the Minister for Foreign Affairs showed no lack of courtesy, inviting me to return to his house, telling me that he would introduce me to the Vizier whenever I chose. I never saw the little man's face again: he had seen quite enough of me! The next time I called he was engaged—was very busy—was just going to the Porte; and as I had the means of knowing to a *certainty* that all this was untrue, I never returned. I did not need his introduction to Reshid Pasha; I might have been introduced through our Embassy, but even that was not necessary, for the Vizier's house was always open (at the usual early and uncomfortable hours) to Frank travellers, for whose compliments and praises Reshid had a voracious appetite. But seeing that nothing at all came of Yorvacki's

* Mustapha Nouree was, however, recalled some sixteen months after this conversation.

In a letter dated Brusa, 14th May, 1849, one of my friends says—"I think you will be glad to hear that our Pasha has at last been replaced. He was recalled about a week ago, and is replaced by Riza Pasha, the rival of Reshid, and the once noted Seraskier! Mustapha Nouree goes to Constantinople, but he will there retain his enormous pay of 75,000 piastres per month! This is like hush-money: they are afraid of him over at the Porte. Every one is making a holiday now, and rejoicing at the prospect of being so soon quit of this Pasha. I am glad we get rid of him, as the country was suffering so cruelly by his extortions. Whoever comes cannot govern worse; but I have no great opinion of Riza Pasha. Riza and his people will no doubt proceed to eat up the little that Mustapha Nouree has left us."

petition, hearing every day some fresh account of the corrupt and wretched manner in which the affairs of government were managed, and finally getting evidence (which I will relate hereafter) in the highest degree unfavourable to the Vizier's private character, I kept away from his Konack. I never saw him but once, when he was returning through the filthy streets of Tophana from a conference with the Sultan at Dolma-Baghchè. He appeared to be a very different man from what he was when in London; he had grown obese, and his complexion had become muddy. He looked gloomy, uneasy, sulky; but this may have proceeded from the fact that he was then on the point of being thrust from place and power.

Wherever I expected most attention, I met with the least; and wherever a Turk had been the object of unusual hospitality and kindness on the banks of the Thames, he was pretty sure not to make the least return to an Englishman on the banks of the Bosphorus. I was forewarned by old English residents that this would be the case, and so I certainly found it, without one exception worth mentioning. If these Turks had risen rapidly in the world, they did not like to be reminded of their former humble stations; and if their *kismet* had not been favourable, they did not like to exhibit their present humiliation. Those who treated me with the most politeness and gave me most of the information I wanted were Turks I had never seen before, to whom I brought no letters, and to whom I introduced myself as an English traveller. But the exercise of hospitality—beyond the giving of a cup of coffee with the pipes—seemed to be utterly unknown to

all of them except two or three. Once or twice in the course of the year the Grand Vizier and the Minister for Foreign Affairs gave a grand dinner, and drank champagne and toasts with their Frank guests; but these were public, *diplomatic* dinners, and although they might show to what a degree the Ministers of the Commander of the Faithful were emancipated from Mussulman prejudices, they were described to us as most awkward, comfortless affairs. Reshid Pasha gave a banquet to the American Minister, Mr. Carr, and Dr. Davis, some time after the Doctor's arrival in the country to take charge of the Sultan's Model Farm; and toasts were there drunk to the health of the Doctor, the success of the enterprise, and the prosperity of agriculture, by the great reforming Minister, who allowed the Doctor's health to be destroyed by anxieties and disappointments and the contrarieties put in his way by a gang of Armenian plunderers. And in the month of February (1848), when Monsignore Ferrieri arrived at Stamboul, as the *first* Nuncio from a Pope to a Sultan, Aff Pasha, the Reis-Effendi, gave him one diplomatic dinner, at which wine was drunk in profusion and a great hollow show made of *religious toleration*. But these men never had (for Christians or Franks) private friendly dinners, or anything like what we understand by the word society. On their return from the Porte in the afternoon they shut themselves up with their creatures, dependents, and flatterers; with them they dined, and with them they passed their evenings, until it was time to withdraw into their *harems*, where they remained until levée-hour next morning. After their levées they went to the Porte, and from the Porte they

came home to do as they had done yesterday. This was their habitual life. You could never see them in their houses except early in the morning. You might indeed see them at the Porte, where their principal occupation appeared to be smoking. I believe that neither Reshid nor his man Ali indulged much in that sort of amusement, but other great Pashas enlivened the after-dinner hours by calling in professional buffoons, and filthy old dervishes who could tell the most smutty stories. In the detached government offices it was not rare for some of the Pashas to take this solace in the day-time, and in what are considered business-hours. The Mint and the Treasury, which are both situated within the second gate of the old imperial (and now deserted) palace, the Serraglio, was haunted at all times of the day and nearly every day of the week by an old dwarf of a dervish of the peripatetic order, who was excessively filthy in his person and still filthier in his conversation. Both were so insupportable to English senses, that our friend J. R——, who was employed in the Mint, used to bar the door of his rooms whenever he saw him approaching. Yet this concrete of filth and obscenity was almost constantly to be seen in the Treasury seated on the same divan with Sarim Pasha, the Minister of Finances, who had been for a considerable time the Sultan's Minister Plenipotentiary in London: or if the dervish dwarf was not with the Minister of Finances, he was pretty sure to be found seated at the elbow of old Tahir Pasha, the director-general of the Mint, of whom mention has been made in the second chapter of the present work. However important the business to be transacted might be, or whatever might

be the quality of the persons repairing to the offices of these two great government officers, if the dervish chanced to be with either, he kept his seat of honour in perfect ease and confidence. It has often been noticed by travellers in the East that these vagabond dervishes can unite a reputation for sanctity with the profession and practice of the most open and revolting profligacy, and that a fellow can be a saint and buffoon all in one. If he has a touch of insanity, or acts as if he were lunatic, he is only the more respected and cherished by your true Turk. If to the wild legends of Mahometan superstition and the dogmas of intolerance he can unite a varied collection of dirty stories and all the gossip of the day, he is a companion for a prince, and one of the best mediums of obtaining favours from, or exercising influence over, the great men with whom he associates so familiarly. This fellow who monopolised the Mint and Finance departments was very fat, being about as broad as he was long; he had a hideous countenance, and the complexion and carbuncles of a long-confirmed drunkard.

With such sociable tastes as these, with their harem system, and their other thoroughly barbarous arrangements (*a system and arrangements departed from by none of them*), it may be fancied that these members of Reshid Pasha's reforming government were not at all disposed to cultivate European society, or to give access to their houses to men like me. I might possibly have extended the number to *three*, but it was only from *one* Turk in the service of government that I had friendly invitations, such as are given in civilized countries—and even this good and clever man, superior as he was

to all the Mussulmans I knew, did not dare infringe the established usage of women or the laws of the harem (which, in reality, are not strictly *laws of the Prophet*). We were at his house rather frequently; we dined there and we slept there—for to return from Constantinople Proper to Pera after a late dinner and in the night was an enterprise attended not by much positive danger, but by a very positive toil and discomfort—we heard the voice of his wife, we saw and played with her child, but we never saw her even under the yashmac; we never so much as caught a glimpse of the skirt of her feridjee: and this was in the house of one who was decidedly the most enlightened, most Europeanized, and *witty* Osmanlee I ever encountered. In his sitting-room were Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Locke; and the Effendi read with ease these works in their original English, and took in the spirit of them—and his one wife (he was too wise to have more than one) was shut up in the harem! Even the Turks who had long ago set at defiance the rules of the Prophet, who publicly drank the prohibited juice of the grape, *and to excess*, and who laughed at the Koran as "a creed outworn," had not willed or had not dared to change their harem system.

As general conclusions, I fancy that the opinions of a Perote who had been behind the scenes, and had lived much with great Turks (as well of the new school as of the old), were reliable and substantially correct. "Take my word for it," said he, "these Turks have a natural aversion to civilized society. They may get on pretty well with Franks born and bred in the country like myself; but with English travellers or any other European strangers they are *gênés*, constrained, and uncom-

fortable. Their habits of life are so different from yours; they have no taste for your amusements! They are frequently obliged to act a part all day, but when the evening comes they leave off acting and become natural. They now wear clothes like your own, because so it has been commanded by the reforming governments. But do you think they like these tight frock-coats and pantaloons? Not they! They long for the evening hour when they can throw them off and put on their old loose Turkish garments, and cross their legs under them on their own divans. So with the European manners they may have acquired in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or here in Pera by associating with Franks. Your manners no more suit them than your clothes; both are *gênantes.* Then they like buffoonery, which to you would be unintelligible or insupportable; and they like servility and flattery, which they are not likely to get from you. They are also conscious that you regard their harem system and their seclusion of women with disgust, and as things giving the lie to their pretensions to civilization. In the houses of the Ambassadors and in the other Frank houses which some of them frequent, they see your ladies and the manner in which they are treated. It is my opinion that until these great Turks unveil their own women and allow you to see them when you visit them, they ought not to be permitted to see, and sit and talk with *your* ladies. When they enter a Christian house the ladies ought all to retire. For the common cause of their sex they ought to do this; and, for their own accounts, they would do it, if they did but know how these great Turks talk about them. Those who are not powerful

are very timid; and those who have been educated in England or France, or who have travelled much in Christian countries, know full well that they are suspected Mussulmans and that sharp eyes are watching them. Depend upon it, those you may have known in London are afraid of being seen very often with you at Constantinople."

Admitting the rationale, the facts were still rather unpalatable. There was, in particular, one Turk I had to see, who had lived *long* in England, and who had received extraordinary attention and hospitality, and in a great measure from literary men, and on account of a promise of ability that was in him. When in England he was what a Frenchman might call *un pauvre diable*—he was recommended neither by money nor by birth—he was a nobody when he arrived. At Cambridge, where he showed some mathematical talent, he was much noticed and patronized; and he received a gratuitous instruction, as also many acts of kindness. He had left England a few years ago, professing the warmest gratitude. Since his return to Constantinople he had gone through a great variety of grades in the civil departments, and through some grades that would not in other countries be occupied by civilians. He had been shifted about from place to place in the true Turkish fashion, and this fashion always involves what we should consider anomalies and contradictions, notwithstanding our own strange usages of appointing men to be Lords of the Admiralty who know nothing about a ship, and Secretaries of War that know not the composition of a corporal's guard. By kismet, or by intrigue, he had always changed places for the better,

as far as his own interests were concerned. He had been superintendent of a Mussulman university, which had not yet been created; superintendent of military schools; and, if I remember right, he was, when we first arrived at Constantinople, president of what was called the Council of War—he being a man as warlike, or as well versed in military matters, as our Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay. But of a sudden this unmartial man had passed from the grade of a bey to that of a full-blown pasha; and, a few days before our return from Asia, had been appointed Seraskier of Roumelia. At our return from Brusa, the ex-Effendi, or Bey, was, of course, a very high potentate, yet it took me and those who were my guides a vast deal of trouble to find out where he lived. On the Pera side of the Golden Horn nobody could tell us; and in Constantinople Proper, as far as information went, we were not much nearer the mark. At last, after a long hunt through the thinly peopled Turkish quarters of Constantinople, and two serious combats with the unowned dogs, I found out the way to this great Emin Pasha. He lived in a big, tumble-down, wooden house, in the rear of the Serraglio, in a most desolate quarter, where the dogs were more than usually numerous and noisy. It is a common saying that these mangy curs know a Frank by his dress and walk, and cannot help barking when they see a hat. Hats or Franks of any kind were very rarely seen in this dismal part of the city, and fearful was the barking and yelling of the dogs when Tonco and I entered it. Two soldiers of the imperial guard highly enjoyed the music, or the sight of the annoyance it gave to me; and they hounded the curs upon us by making

certain sounds between their teeth. We were on foot, when a pack of forty or fifty of the brutes charged down a steep and dirty lane upon us. I knew by long experience, obtained now and in former years, that these mongrels will never bite unless you turn to run away; but their noise was most distressing, and there was one big, tawny dog among them, bold and forward, that showed formidable teeth, and that seemed to have the intention of using them on the calf of my off-leg. No sensible man ever ventures out in Constantinople without a big stick or a hunting-whip: I had a good, hard, heavy staff in my hand, and I applied it with such happy effect on the impudent brute's nose, that he turned tail and fled up the hill. He returned no more to the charge, but the rest of the pack, encouraged by the two soldiers, followed our steps, yelling and threatening, until we came to the ruins of a house or two which had been burned down in some recent conflagration. "Now," said Tonco, stooping down and picking up some stones and pieces of brick, "we have munitions of war!" I furnished myself in the like manner, and, after a hot fire of some two minutes, we beat off the foul-tongued Lemures. By the time the combat was over we looked something like a couple of bricklayers' labourers. In this plight we reached the dingy abode of the grand dignitary of the Ottoman Empire. Son Excellence was not at home. We were received by his tefterdar, or locum tenens, who was sitting smoking in a dirty rickety room, with about twenty other Turks, all belonging to the Pasha's household. In a corner of the room, near a window, there sat an old Armenian counting over money, and he was the only man that

was doing anything but smoking. It was a bitterly cold day. An immense pan of burning charcoal was in the room; all the Turks had on fur pelisses and their inseparable scarlet fezzes; and as they sat round the tripod, solemn and silent, and every man with his tchibouque, they might have been taken for priests of some unknown worship engaged in their mysterious rites. The Lieutenant was stately, but sufficiently courteous; and there was a secretary, a young Osmanlee, who had been educated at Paris, and who spoke French very well. They gave us tchibouques and unusually large cups of coffee. The coffee was so wonderfully fine, that I believe that it must have been real Mocha, which one rarely tastes now-a-days in any part of Turkey. The French China coffee-cups were strongly perfumed with some Turkish scents, of the nature of which I am unacquainted. This perfume, and the excessive strength of the coffee, had a very pernicious effect on my nerves and empty stomach, for on going on these pasha-seeking expeditions it was necessary to start from Pera long before our breakfast-time. After some little conversation, which on the part of the Turks consisted of little more than a series of stereotyped phrases, which they keep in reserve for all Christian travellers, and which mean absolutely nothing, I left a particular letter (of which I was the bearer from England to the Pasha), said I would call again in a day or two, and took my departure, leaving the Osmanlees all smoking, and the Armenian still counting his money. In the hall there was a crowd of menial servants waiting to be *backshished*. I was glad when I recovered my mud-boots and got out into the streets and the cold reviving

air, for what with the essence of coffee, and the perfume, and the fumes of the charcoal, and the smoke of a score of pipes, all going at once, my nerves were all ajar, and my head was swimming.

When I returned I found his Excellency at home and visible. He received me with great pomp and ceremony, in a spacious and very cold saloon covered with splendid Turkey or Persian carpets, and exhibiting French time-pieces in or-molu frames, and other luxuries, which the great Turks most affect, and a large bookcase full of English and French books, richly bound, a sight I never saw in the house of any other *great* Turk. But greatness had come too suddenly upon the once humble and modest Emin: his rapid rising in the world had turned his head, and appeared to have had the effect of obliterating all recollections of the past. He did not seem to remember that he had ever been in England, that he had ever been a poor student, that he had ever received acts of kindness from men whose slighted attention was an honour. He was seated on a broad divan covered with the richest damask silk of a turquoise blue: he was dressed most effeminately in loose shalvars and flowing robes, wearing over all a costly mantle, all skin and fur within, and bright pink-coloured Cashmere cloth without: he had diamond rings on his fingers, his Nishan, or Order, was all blazing with big diamonds, and the amber mouthpiece of the tchibouque he was smoking (as well as of that which was handed to me) was richly mounted with diamonds. Perhaps he intended to dazzle my weak mind; *certainly* his Armenian seraff must have been determined to give him a splendid outfit! He was fast

forgetting his English. He was growing very fat—as nearly every Turk does when he becomes a pasha—and there was an air of languor and listlessness about him that was exceedingly disgusting. He, too, gave me the unmeaning stereotyped phrases. When I turned the conversation out of the regions of compliment he had very little to say, and he did not say that little like a man of talent. He dwelt in generals: he saw, or pretended to see, all things *couleur de rose*, bright as his own vestments, shining like his own diamonds: the Ottoman Empire was civilizing itself, the regular army was increasing in number and efficiency, a good many Turks were now studying mathematics, Sultan Abdul Medjid was the best of sultans, Reshid Pasha was the greatest of viziers, and so on. To every question I put to him he either gave me an evasive answer, or he told me that which *was not true*. Thus he gave a false account of the number of regular troops in Roumelia, and exaggerated other items in a way which almost provoked me into an incredulous smile. I saw it was useless to offer any remarks about the state of the country in this quarter, and my discouragement was made perfect when he spoke of *statistics and political economy*, and told me, with a solemn face, that the science of public economy was now well known at Constantinople, and that the Porte acted according to its principles! He was going to take his departure for Monastir, his head-quarters in Roumelia, in the course of a few days (he did not go for a fortnight); his house was in disorder, but if I should take Monastir in my travels he would be glad to see me in his konack. This, with the pipes and the coffee (served again in

scented cups) was the extent of Emin Pasha's hospitality. But nothing remained of what he was; he was now a most Turkish Turk, puffed up with his own importance, gravitating to the old Mussulman ways, and living in all respects like a "three-tailed Bashaw." A fat, oily, Armenian seraff, who had furnished him with money for his outfit, and who, no doubt, had aided him in getting his very high appointment, came into the saloon, and humiliated himself most vilely before this man of yesterday—this gaudy creature of his own making. First he was announced by a fellow in a gold-laced jacket; when told he might enter, he prostrated himself at the threshold of the door; when in the middle of the room he knelt again, and brought his forehead to a level with the carpet; when near the edge of the divan where we were seated, he made another prostration, and actually kissed the skirts of the Pasha's mantle; and when he sat down on his heels upon the carpet, his aspect and demeanour were most abject. In this way do the very greatest of the Armenians always behave before Turks high in office. The French-talking secretary, who had told me he was always longing after the pleasures of the *Palais Royal*, brought in a scrap of paper, a despatch of not more than six lines. Emin glanced his eye over it, said it was full of errors, and called for pen and ink that he might correct it. He soon gave up the task in despair, threw the paper on the ground, and told the secretary that it must be re-written. In the excitement of the moment he told me what I take to be the *only* truths I heard from his lips. He said that the Arabic character was perplexing, and very ill suited to the Turkish language;

that there was hardly a Turk in the Empire that could write his own language correctly, and that serious misunderstandings were constantly occurring in government correspondence. I afterwards heard that another very great pasha always sent some trusty servant to explain *vivâ voce* the contents of the letter or despatch of which he was the bearer. I have seen Turks of literary reputation spend half an hour in making out the meaning of two or three lines of MS. The seraffs write Turkish in the old Armenian characters, which are capable of conveying every Turkish sound, and are clear and simple. But these Armenians cannot write Armenian; and the Turks will persist in using the ill-adapted Arabic characters, because the Koran and all its commentaries are written in them. I believe that Emin, Seraskier Pasha of Roumelia, and I, the author of these volumes, like Cowper's hasty pair of birds—

> "Parted without the least regret,
> Except that we had ever met"

here in Stamboul. Although the story has been told before, I will repeat an anecdote which places in a strong light the domestic arrangements prevalent among these reform-and-new-school Turks. A few years ago Emin and his friend Dervish Effendi (now also a pasha) married two sisters, and being both very poor at the time, they lived in the same house: yet Emin never saw the face of the wife of Dervish, nor Dervish the face of the wife of Emin.*

* I am informed—though only by English and foreign journals and public report—that both Rayahs and Turks were dissatisfied with this Emin Pasha's administration in Roumelia, and that during his residence at Monastir serious insurrections broke out among the Bosniaks and Bulgarians.

It

My friend —— Pasha, who had promised us so much of his company when the Ramazan should be over, never came or sent to us at all. We saw him two or three times at his office, and received from him a cold civility and pipes and coffee. The only service he ever rendered me was stepping across a courtyard to facilitate my introduction to Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, and one of the Sultan's brothers-in-law, to whom I had a letter. Achmet Fethi—called by some of the English "Fatty,"—was very fat and heavy: I believe he was not more than forty-five years old, but he looked much older: he had been thin and low enough at one time, but he had begun to fatten on attaining to office; he had swelled in proportion with his political greatness. He had been married some seven or eight years to a Sultana, one of the daughters of the late Sultan Mahmoud. His origin was *very* obscure; but I believe he was *not* an emancipated Georgian slave, like Halil Pasha, who had the honour of marrying another of Sultan Abdul Medjid's sisters, or *half*-sisters, for Mahmoud, it was said, never had two children by one and the same woman. Although very much inflated, as well morally as physically, he appeared to me to be an easy, good-tempered, and well-meaning man. He was said to be generous to his friends and dependents, very fond of luxury and expense, and awfully deep in debt to the Armenian seraffs. He, too, had travelled, and he could

It appears that Emin has recently been removed from Monastir to Damascus, "in order to reform administrative abuses there, and to introduce and establish throughout Syria the benefits and blessings of the Tanzimaut."

Very probably, while I am writing this note, he may have been removed to some other place, or to some wholly different office.

speak a little French. I found him at the usual occupation of pipe-smoking. He gave me the usual compliment of tchibouque and coffee, and instructed one of the officers of his staff to give his orders that we were to be admitted into the grand artillery-barracks above Pera. He seemed to take some interest in agriculture, and *to understand nothing about it.*

He spoke of manufactures as the true means of enriching the empire. He had sundry manufactories of his own. "If Mussulmans could make all things for themselves, why *then* they need not buy," &c., &c. His few other remarks betokened no knowledge or ability of any sort, and he preferred keeping to the stereotyped phrases. His reception, however, was kind, and I was induced to repeat my visit after a few weeks, in the hope of being of some service to the Sultan's model farm, and to my friend Dr. Davis. The doctor, driven to despair for want of labourers, had conceived the project of importing some emancipated negroes from South Carolina, to add to his four industrious and intelligent blacks. I went to Achmet Fethi to explain this scheme, and the advantages derivable from it. Forty or fifty free negroes, trained to the cultivation of cotton, would render the model-farm immediately profitable, and would show the people of the country how to work; their pay and maintenance would cost comparatively nothing. The Grand Master of the Artillery seemed to listen so attentively, and to assent so readily, that I thought I had made a perfect convert of him; that he would lay the case before his brother-in-law the Sultan, and that my friend's mind would be set

at ease by having a good supply of efficient, controllable labour. A short time after this, my second visit, the great Achmet Fethi Pasha drove down to the village of San Stefano. Though within a mile and a half of the Sultan's model farm, he did not give himself the trouble of going to it. He sent for Dr. Davis, and was very kind and courteous to him. When the doctor was expecting that he would say something about the free black labourers, he told the Doctor that he had been assured by some Franks, that in America they had a race of people that were *quite red*, and had *square heads*. The Doctor said that there were wild tribes called "Red Indians," and that some of those tribes flattened and squared the heads of their infants by applying pieces of wood to the skulls. "*Pekè*—Well!" said the Grand Master of Artillery; "could you not bring over one of those red men? The sight would afford much amusement to the Sultan. It would be a surprise to him! I should like the Padishah to have a *red man*." The poor Doctor was taken all aback. He told the brother-in-law of the Commander of the Faithful that these red men were rather difficult to catch, but that if the Ottoman government would arrange for the importation and employment of free negroes, he had no doubt that he should be able to bring over a Red Indian, with a squared head, in the same ship with them. "But Blacks are not rarities in Stamboul," said Achmet Fethi; "we have plenty of Blacks; the Padishah has plenty of them in his own house. But a *red* man! Ah! that would be a surprise and pleasure to him!" All this scene, which lasted about half-an-hour, was as dramatic and droll as an act in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." My worthy Ame-

rican friend spoke no French at all, and if he could have commanded all the terms of agriculture and natural history, I much doubt whether the Pasha could have understood *ten* of them. The Doctor had with him a very competent drogoman, but this man was not allowed to speak because Boghos had a lout of a son, one Arikel, who had been some time in England, and who murdered Queen Victoria's English, and all the Dadians were anxious that this youth should show off before this very great Pasha. Therefore Arikel was drogoman. Dr. Davis spoke of the great benefits to be derived from growing (on the model farm) artificial grasses, trefoil, lucerne, clover, etc. "*Pekè*," said the Pasha, "but what is the use of clover? What does that give?" The Doctor said, among other things, that the cows which fed upon it gave an increased quantity of milk. The Armenian lout left out the cows in his translation, and told the Pasha that that particular grass gave a wonderful deal of milk. "Mashallah!" said the Grand Master of the Artillery, "but this is wonderful! Docteur Dāvees grow much of that grass! Milk from grass! it is most wonderful!"

I had a letter to another of the illustrious brothers-in-law of the Sultan, which I never presented. I tore it in pieces and threw it into the fire when I became fully acquainted with the atrocities of the man to whom it was addressed. This was Mehemet Ali Pasha, reputed one of the handsomest men in the Ottoman empire, and at the time of our arrival Capitan Pasha. He stood convicted of two foul and horrible murders, and of murders perpetrated by his own bloody hand. He gave his adhesion to the reform school and Reshid

Pasha, and then intrigued against him; he revelled in the vice which is as repugnant to the Koran as to the Gospel, and yet he affected to be a zealous Mussulman, and turned his house into a Propaganda Fidei for his own purposes. I throw his antecedent atrocities into a foot-note.*

A very short time after our arrival at Constantinople, in the beginning of August, 1847, this beau-frère of the Sultan was suddenly dismissed from his post of Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral and Minister of Marine; but he was as suddenly restored in the spring of 1848, and when we left Constantinople in the month of July of that year, he was still Capitan Pasha. These sudden and capricious-looking changes and restitutions could hardly ever be understood except by those who lived within the walls of the palace or had confidential relations with some of the Sultan's chamber-

* This Mehemet Ali Pasha had a young and beautiful Circassian slave who was found one day talking with a handsome Georgian youth, who was also his slave. His jealousy was roused; he watched the Circassian; he detected her conversing through a latticed window with the Georgian, who was in the garden beneath: he rushed upon her, stabbed her, and nearly cut her body in two with his sharp yataghan. The Georgian, hearing the screams in the harem, and conjecturing the cause, sprung over the garden-wall, and fled for his life. He repaired to Riza Pasha, who was then in power, and who had been the great protector of his master, Mehemet Ali. He told his story; he vowed that nothing but a few words had ever passed between him and the unhappy Circassian, and he implored protection. Whether the rogue Riza was sincere or not was very doubtful, but in a few days he solemnly assured the Georgian that he had interceded with Mehemet Ali, that his master had forgiven him, and that he might now safely return to his house. The youth returned, and was kindly received by his master; but, a few evenings after his return, as he was working in the garden, his head was cut off. Some said that Mehemet Ali only gave the sign to two of his cavasses, and stood by while the deed was done; but it was more generally believed that he gratified his vengeance by being himself the executioner.

lains or black eunuchs. I once asked a native Perote, who knew a great deal, why Mehemet Ali had been turned out of office in August. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Eh! Mon Dieu qui le sait! Quelque intrigue de Palais!*" I asked him why he had been restored to office in April. His answer was still, "*Eh! Mon Dieu qui le sait! Quelque intrigue de Palais!*" Mehemet Ali could never go to sea without suffering dreadfully from sea-sickness: except at a distance, he hated the sight of a ship, and he was altogether about as well qualified to be Chief Admiral as was his ill-favoured and ill-tempered wife the Sultana. Two or three years ago, when the Sultan was to make a short cruize in the Black Sea, the Capitan Pasha grew sick as soon as the ship got through the Bosphorus, and fell into a most unmanly panic as soon as she began to feel the waves and wind of the Euxine: the Sultan fell sick; all the great men lay sprawling; the Court astrologer said they were mad to expose the Commander of the Faithful to such sufferings and perils; and so, when they had advanced about two leagues above the Giant's Grave, it was "about ship," and all the grandees came back to one of the imperial palaces on the Bosphorus rather more dead than alive. Before being Lord High Admiral this depraved man, Mehemet Ali, had been Grand Master of the Artillery, and, as I was assured by some of his own officers, he knew as much about artillery as he did of ships. He was a man of the lowest extraction, the son of a small, miserable shopkeeper in Galata. The beauty of his person attracted the notice of the late Sultan Mahmoud himself, or of some of those execrable, unmanned men

who purveyed for him. The ragged boy was taken into the palace and *educated* among the *itch oghlans* or pages. Such creatures are nearly always provided for in the highest offices of the state. This was the beginning of the greatness of Mustapha Nouree, our Brusa friend; such, with slight variations, was and *is* the history of half the Magnates of the *reformed* Ottoman Empire. The Grand Master of the Artillery is, by right of his office, Governor of Tophana, where the great trade is driven in Circassian slaves, and where much money is to be derived by "occult means" or by connivance in crime and participation in corrupt jobbery. By these means Mehemet Ali had amassed a considerable sum of money; his household and his establishments were among the most numerous and most sumptuous in the city before he became brother-in-law to Sultan Abdul Medjid.* I was told, however, that before such alliance was brought on the tapis he was in debt with the seraffs, and that before the alliance was completed and the marriage presents made and the three days' marriage feast paid for, this debt was swollen to an enormous amount. The choice of husbands for the four daughters left by Sultan Mahmoud (all of them the offspring of purchased Circassian slaves) was directed by money and liberality

* From Lord High Admiral this very incompetent and depraved man has been turned into Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. At least I conclude that the Mehemet Ali Pasha, lately named Seraskier, can be none other than this precious brother-in-law of the Sultan. It may be conceived how such a man would conduct a war against the Russians, and how valuable a co-operator he would be with English and French generals and admirals, were we ever to plunge into so mad a scheme as a war against Russia, Austria, &c., for the support of the Turks, *and in alliance with the French.*

and beauty of person. The four husbands selected were all handsome men, and reputed at the time to be wealthy: I believe in one, if not in two cases the greatness was thrust upon them against the grain. A Turk must submit to many privations before he can marry royalty, and when he is married he is, within doors, little better than the slave of the Sultana; but no man could safely refuse the mighty honour when proposed to him—he must take it and pay enormously for it; the women of the Serraglio and all their guardians, whether black or white, must have their presents; all the *mabainjees* or courtiers must have theirs, the pages must be gratified, some of the ulema must be propitiated, and *backshish* must be distributed among the two thousand and odd hundreds of beings that form the standing household of Abdul Medjid. Here, as a matter of necessity, the Armenian seraffs come into play. These usurers, as I have said before, have their hands in everything: from the purchase of a cargo of Newcastle coals for the use of the Arsenal, to the marrying of a Sultana—nothing can be done without the Armenian seraffs! These alliances flatter pride, and, by giving a close Court connexion, increase the means of State intrigue. But the honoured Pasha must discard all other wives and concubines, and if the sister of the Sultan bear him *male* children, *they must all die the death!* Mehemet Ali had a beautiful wife, and one that was said to be fondly attached to him; but he put her away to marry the puny, sickly daughter (the youngest) of Sultan Mahmoud. Of all the four brothers-in-law of the Padishah, he was the man to feel it least; but one abomination and horror has

been spared him—his imperial wife has had no children —he has not had to connive in a damnable infanticide, in the destruction of his own offspring. The man was twice a murderer, he was notorious for other guilt, and the history of his early life was such as has been intimated rather than described, when he became the husband of Abdul Medjid's half-sister. Previously to this grand alliance, our Ambassador, Sir S. Canning, filled with disgust and horror by his double murder, had ceased to invite him to his house on those occasions when (as I conceive by a monstrous mistake) the heads of government and leading Pashas are brought into the society of Frank, and even of English ladies, and treated as civilized men. This exclusion was a moral lesson; the impressions derivable from it might not extend very far; Mehemet Ali might have been rather pleased than otherwise at not having to wear a mask for a few hours at the British Embassy; but still it was a moral lesson, and it grieves me much to add that, after the imperial marriage, it was considered a point of etiquette or policy to invite Mehemet Ali to the house of the representative of Queen Victoria. I should think that this necessity (considered as such in diplomacy, though not by me, nor by other men, whose opinions are worth much more than mine) must be the most painful ordeal through which an English ambassador or minister can be driven: to a man of the purest life and the highest principle—to a man of acute sensibility, like Sir Stratford, I should fancy that it must be a downright torture. And can an unsophisticated Englishman conceive such a tableau as the upright and worthy representative of his virtuous Queen being, at his own table, balanced on one side by

a man like Mehemet Ali Pasha, and on the other by some great Turk not much better?

Mehemet Ali I would not see. I saw two or three other Pashas of the highest rank, and found them as fat and dull as Achmet Fethi, without a tithe of his good-nature. The Grand Master of Artillery made no great pretensions to science or knowledge of any kind; but I found some who had the conceit of the Minister for Foreign Affairs without any of his ability, and who, like Emin, told me that the Porte now well knew the principles of political economy and acted up to them. "*Nous connaissons les principes de l'économie publique,*" etc. I could not help saying to one of them, that I saw no proofs of this knowledge or this action; that I could not take as proof their laying heavy export duties on their silk and other produce, in their fixing maximum prices, or in their vain efforts to force on and establish manufactures before they had got their agriculture out of its primitive, rudest state, and *before they had made a single road.* The great man said that it was to be expected that I, as an Englishman, should feel some jealousy at the progress Turkey was making in manufactures, and should not approve of establishments which would soon render the country independent of England for her supplies. His political economy evidently resolved itself into the short dogma which was neatly expressed by an Italian friend:—

"*Vendere sempre e non comprare mai.*"

To one grandee, who spoke of the enormous expense of the army, I suggested the plan of a local militia, which I had discussed in England with Colonel Tulloch and some other military friends who were well acquainted

with the East. The Pasha, who said he would take it into consideration, very probably forgot all about it by the morrow. The *insouciance* of these men was marvellous. So was their indolence. Whether in their houses or in their offices, I could never see them engaged in anything that looked like work or real business. During their office hours they sat in state, cross-legged on their divans, and smoked. If the people who came into them were of sufficient importance, they were helped to tchibouques, and they smoked. Few words passed between them. If a paper required the signature, or rather the seal of the Pasha, his seal-bearer dipped his seal in ink, prepared it for the impression, and held the paper to his hand. Few of these great men were learned enough to read that which they signed.

I had put together some notions as to the means of organizing cheap Turkish schools for the poorer classes, but I saw it was useless to present them; and my countryman and friend, Mr. Sang, who had been five years in the service of the government, and who was admirably qualified to form and direct a system of education, had been thwarted at every step. In five years the only thing he had done for government had been to calculate the eclipse.

While travelling in Asia, and witnessing day by day the deplorable state of agriculture, and the ruinous effect of exorbitant interest, I had devised a scheme, and had thought of laying it before Reshid Pasha. I had not been three weeks back in Constantinople ere I was thoroughly convinced that this reforming vizier was no better than the rest of the pashas, and that it would be utterly useless to suggest any such means of improve-

ment. If afterwards I spoke of the scheme to one or two men connected with the government, it was to hear what they would say about it, and not with any hope of their adopting it. The project was simple and obvious. Upon certain conditions, and prudent arrangements, money might soon be procured from England at 10 per cent., and an impulse given to agriculture, and good examples set in road-making, and in European activity, order, and neatness. A company might be formed, to be called "The Anglo-Ottoman Agricultural and Agricultural-Loan Company." If the Porte would allow such a Company to buy and hold in its own name one extensive chiftlik or farm, if it would sanction the settlement on that farm of fifteen or twenty decent intelligent English families, and if it would permit the Company to take the same security for loans which were now given to the Rayah Armenians, I believed that such a Company might easily be formed in London, that it would confer inestimable benefits on Turkey, and that it would lead to the establishment of other such associations in France, Switzerland, etc. I disclaimed any exclusiveness, or jealousy, or monopolizing spirit. Let every advanced country in Europe, if it would, have its chiftlik and its little colony (too little to cause any umbrage), in some part or other of Turkey; and let it send such settlers as would do honour to itself and show a good example to the Turks, who have never properly seen what they ought to do, and who really do not know how to begin anything in agriculture, building, or road-making, in the right way. I would have an English model village, and a *real* model farm—say somewhere beyond the malaria range—in the magnificent plain between Mohalich and

the gulf and port of Pandermà. Besides English agriculturists I would have two or three English carpenters, one or two good English wheelwrights, two good smiths, and one or two other useful artizans. I would also have a man well acquainted with the science of breeding and improving horses and cattle. All these men should have their apprentices or pupils—Turks, Greeks, or Armenians. Twelve or more young men of the country —to be changed every two years—should be kept on the farm; and the farm and the view of the implements in use, and of the improvements effected, should be at all times open to the farmers of the country. To these last exclusively, and not to any other class, loans should be made. It would gladden their now breaking hearts, it would put a new life into them to have to pay only 10 per cent. for advances; and in process of time this interest might be brought down much lower. The Sultan's model farm at San Stefano was costing him enormous sums; his ill-considered manufactories were swallowing up many millions of piastres annually. My model farm would not cost the Sultan or the country a *para*, and it would soon be the means of pouring annual millions into his treasury. If other similar establishments were authorized, and properly conducted, if a few such model chiftliks and small colonies were allowed to take root in different parts of the Sultan's Asiatic and European dominions, each district which had one of them might be expected to improve, and the improvement would gradually spread from one district to another; roads would be made, and the produce of the interior would find its way to the coast without being eaten up on the journey. Everywhere rich and

beautiful lands were lying uncultivated. Everywhere the cultivated parts were mere patches. With money at easy interest, and with roads to a market, the people would assuredly extend their tillage. Crushed by the Armenian seraffs, checked by the want of roads, they could only languish in poverty, and become every year less and less capable of paying the contributions to the state. For only three years the Anglo-Ottoman chiftlik should be exempted from all taxes and imposts whatsoever, in order that a liberal development might be given to the making of roads, draining, planting of trees, erecting of neat and substantial buildings, and other improvements. But after such period the farm should pay the ushur like any other chiftlik in the country, as also the salianè, etc., but upon a fixed, equitable principle. The Company should be free to sell its produce in the best market. For the police: the resident director, or two of them, should have some such authority over the colonists and native labourers, as is possessed by a county magistrate in England; and all serious disputes and litigations should be referred, not to the Pasha at Brusa, and the British consul there, but to the Porte and our Embassy at Constantinople. If willing, subjects of the Porte, Osmanlees or Rayahs, might have shares in the Company; and the Vizier and the Reis Effendi for the time being, or any two other ministers of the Porte, might, in right of office, be patrons or presidents of the Company, with the faculty of examining accounts and all proceedings. Details of the architecture of this castle in the air would be tedious: the above is a broad sketch of the fabric. The Turks knocked it down at once, by declaring that it was con-

trary to their religion and usages, and opposed not only to their laws, but to the laws of England, France, etc. Before a foreigner could purchase and hold land in England he must be naturalized; and without holding land he must be subject to English law so long as he lived in England. In Turkey, by the capitulations granted in former times to different nations of Christendom, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, etc., could and did live in Turkey without being subjected to Turkish law; but it would be too much to expect the Porte to allow them to purchase and hold estates. A Christian Rayah might hold land as well as a Mussulman, but to be a landed proprietor a man must be the Sultan's own subject. No doubt such a Company as I contemplated might have an extensive chiftlik for a very little money if they chose, but they must hold it in the name of a Rayah subject, as many houses and gardens at Constantinople and on the Bosphorus were held. I told one of these men that no Company of Englishmen or Frenchmen would invest capital on such a fiction. I endeavoured to explain to him that the advanced and over-peopled countries of Europe stood in a very different position from Turkey, that wanted people, capital, good example, and almost everything else except fertile soil and fine climate; that, in the circumstances, the Porte might safely make a few exceptional cases, in order to try an experiment which would cost them nothing, and which might be attended with vast benefits to the country. Franks could not be expected to give up their nationalities and become Rayah subjects of the Sultan. They could not even live under Mussulman law. Long ago the Turks had made one great and

general concession; for more than two hundred years the Frank Christians settled in the country had been allowed to live under their own laws, as administered by their embassies and consulates. The total number of Christians so living, in the whole empire, was immense. Could not the Porte go a little further, and allow a few respectable men—for whose morality and uprightness of intention they might have the guarantee of the friendly British government—to hold a little land in their own names? Such men might come and live in the country, free of all its other laws: the exceptional cases might be strictly limited. "No!" said my Turk, "if Europeans were to come among us in that way, and to hold estates, they would soon drive us out of the country!" I told him that it was better to be driven out than to die out—as the Turks were now doing. I translated for his edification the fable of the dog in the manger. "You are doing nothing yourselves," said I, "and you will allow nobody to do anything for you. You have one of the finest countries in the world, and you leave it as a wilderness, making hardly any use of it yourselves and excluding all others. But you cannot continue your exclusion long. If you cultivate your soil, there is a market for your produce in Christendom; if you do not, others must have the country that will. There is a law of nature stronger than the law of nations. There are considerations before which European jealousies as to occupation, and treaties of guarantee, whether *bipartite*, or *tripartite*, or *quadripartite*, will evaporate like water in your burning sun. The old countries of Christendom are all getting overpeopled. We are annually throwing off shoals of colo-

nists to the remotest regions of the earth, to the antipodes. England, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and nearly every country you can name, all want room; and they will and must have it! While your Mussulman population is decreasing, our peoples are increasing at an immense annual ratio. You are not at the antipodes. By steam-navigation we from England can reach some of your fairest and most fertile provinces in thirteen days; from the southern coast of France, and from Italy, you can be reached in four or five days. Christendom will not be starved out, nor will emigrants long continue to seek room and homes in the distant corners of the earth, when Turkey is so near to them, so enticing, and *so defenceless.*" My Osmanlee said little more than that as *he* would not be allowed to hold an estate in England, so *I* had no right to complain of not being permitted to hold one in Turkey. The Turks are uncommonly fond of this *quid pro quo* style of argument. I have had some of the unsoundest principles, some of the grossest follies existing in the administrations of the old European countries, thrown into my teeth as triumphant justifications of Ottoman blundering and mismanagement.

I never talked to a Greek of the country or to an Armenian (unconnected with the seraffs), or even to a Mussulman if he were unconnected with the Porte and free of debt to the Armenians, but received with approbation every part of my project. *They all agreed that nothing could be done in agriculture unless the rate of interest were greatly reduced and good examples set to the people.*

The Armenian seraffs are leagued together; they

have got nearly all the money of the country into their hands; they, and they only, really regulate the finances and all other business of the empire; they have over all the great Turks the power which the creditor has over the debtor; and they have most determinately but blindly made up their minds to keep up the enormous price of money. I will here quote the opinions of a very able Englishman, who had studied the subject on the spot during fourteen years. My friend Mr. L—— in his correspondence with a London journal, had repeatedly and severely criticised the seraff-system. An Armenian published in a Malta newspaper an apology for the seraffs. His letter—otherwise worthless—provoked the following rejoinder from my friend:—"The occupation of the seraffs is notorious:—they are neither more nor less than usurers,—*usurers in the worst and widest signification of the word.* The 'Barings of Turkey' lend out their money at the *moderate* rate of 8½ piastres per month on every Turkish purse, or 500 piastres, which amounts to 20 per cent. per annum! There is scarcely a servant of the Government that is not down for more or less in their books. But the 20 per cent. per annum on their advances forms the least part of their gains. The time comes when each of their clients is enabled, through their money and their intrigues, to purchase a place or a Pashalik in the interior, and necessarily in the absence of anything like hereditary riches among the Turks, none but such as have their support and are involved beyond redemption in their toils, can have the remotest chance of advancement. An honest and uncontaminated Turk never for a moment dreams of such a thing. Well, with the day

of appointment to a place, the long-expected harvest of the seraff begins—the hour of wholesale plunder is at hand. Not satisfied with charging the money he has actually spent in these secret negotiations, he puts down enormous items for imaginary presents of amber mouth-pieces, jewels, &c. to ministers, *mabainjees*, &c., and—on the imaginary not less than the *bonâ fide* disbursement—substantial and accumulated interest is, to the last para, required. Under these circumstances, he of course takes care not to lose sight of his debtor, so that every Turkish beast of prey that goes forth to the provinces is accompanied by his Armenian jackal! Now, perhaps, the amiable correspondent of the Malta Mail (his travels in this country having probably not extended further than from Stamboul to the Princes' Islands) may here inquire, what mischief can possibly arise from transactions so pleasant and so profitable as these? If he likes, I will explain it to him—I have with my own eyes seen the consequences of these usurious measures. I have seen (in the year 1846-7) villages ruined and depopulated by hundreds—nay, I have witnessed the progress of depopulation itself. I have seen families in the depth of winter, men, women, and children, half or wholly naked, shivering with cold and perishing with hunger, driven from their habitations in the Pashalik of Mosul, and seeking refuge from the tender mercies and *paternal* government of the Porte, even in the territory of the ruthless tyrant Bedr-Khan-Bey! The man who was chiefly instrumental in bringing Mosul to its present forlorn and desolate state, was Keritlu Oglou Mehemet Pasha. Would you wish to know what has become of him? His story is instructive, and I shall copy it

verbatim from the correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' under date of the 4th of October:—

"'Denounced by the European consuls and convicted before the Council of State, of the most horrible crimes, he was degraded from his rank and title, stripped of his ill-gotten wealth, and sentenced to an ignominious death. But the Sultan's clemency was appealed to, his life was spared, and the sentence of death commuted into one of exile. In less than three years *that* also has been remitted—he has returned to Constantinople; nor is that all—his rank has been restored to him, and —will it be believed?—all this is but preparatory to his being invested with another Pashalik! Thus it is certain more villages will be ruined and their inhabitants set adrift, either to die in the woods, or to join the wandering and robber tribes of the desert. For heaven's sake let the Sultan keep some of his compassion for his unoffending subjects! Neither must it be supposed that the case of Keritlu Oglou is a singular or a solitary one. A great majority, not only of the provincial Pashas, but also of the Cabinet Ministers, have at one time or other been guilty of the grossest malversation. By what means then, you will ask, do they contrive not only to escape punishment, but recover their lost rank and places? The whole secret of the matter is, that they are over head and ears in debt, and that which in every other country tends to overwhelm a man, here has the contrary effect of buoying him up. The Armenian seraffs or usurers, who are all powerful, must, in order to refund themselves, find places for their debtors, however criminal, and hence *the system of universal impunity.*' To the above-mentioned fact, there would be others

innumerable of a similar nature to add—but I shall confine myself to the recent appointment to the Pashalik of Diarbekir of Askar-Ali Pasha, the monster in human shape, who, at the earnest remonstrances of Sir Stratford Canning, was ejected from Tripoli for the cold-blooded murder of his prisoners the Arab chiefs and their children—to the appointment of Izzet Pasha, who had been guilty of every species of rapacity and peculation in Roumelia. Both these men had accounts to settle with their seraffs, and it was necessary therefore, no matter with what danger or prejudice to the Sultan's subjects, that they should be replaced. The abominable nature of the system may be conceived when it is known that *almost every Turkish functionary is in the same predicament*—that few, very few can succeed in extricating themselves from the clutches of these usurers —and if some of them, such for instance as Negib Pasha of Bagdad, do, after a long career of spoliation, become eventually the creditors of their seraffs—the latter suffer scarcely any detriment thereby, as they continue to be their agents, and the whole traffic of corruption continues to pass through their hands. Vainly are Firmans issued almost monthly, prohibiting bribes and presents of every description. Through the secret channels, or the *cloaca* rather, of the seraffs, the tide of venality circulates unseen. Presents and bribes are no longer made openly—sums of money are secretly transferred from one functionary's account to another's —and a system of mutual connivance and accommodation prevails among the whole body of the seraffs—it is one vile mass of putrefaction, and at the head of it and the Armenian nation are the 'ancient and distin-

guished family of the Dooz Oglous.' It is the shecrest nonsense to say that *they* have nothing to do with the system; without *their* support and co-operation it could not stand for a moment."*

This exposition proceeded from a gentleman who was better acquainted with the condition of the country than almost any Frank in it, who had recently returned from a most extensive tour in the Asiatic provinces, and who, as I have before intimated, was so friendly to the Ottoman Empire that he might almost be called a Philo-Turk. If the reader will attentively consider his straight-forward, uncontradicted, and undeniable statements, he will have a perfect clue to many mysteries otherwise inexplicable. The Armenian scribe who provoked this exposure must have sorely repented of his folly. In concluding his very long letter, my friend said:—"While this sort of combination lasts, there can be no hope of regeneration or prosperity for the Ottoman Empire. How is it possible that capital can flow into legitimate channels, while through polluted ones, like these! such enormous profits are secured? It is well known and it has long been felt that the great desideratum in this country, both for commercial and agricultural purposes, is a National Banking establishment. The Minister of Finances, Sarim Pasha, has, since his accession to office, most strenuously exerted himself to realize such a project, but in every instance have his endeavours been defeated by the sullen ill-will and stubborn opposition of the seraffs. And indeed, if we take into consideration the circumstances I have explained, we can feel no surprise at

* 'Malta Times,' November 30, 1847.

their opposition. Their occupation would undoubtedly suffer from anything in the shape of fair competition and reasonable profit. I know it to be the deliberate opinion of a gentleman employed by the Porte to introduce agricultural improvements here (Dr. Davis), that no branch of industry can thrive, that the growth of cotton and farming in general, which, with the natural advantages of the soil, ought to be so lucrative in this country, can have no chance of development while capitalists are allowed to demand so ruinous an interest on their advances. Who can doubt therefore but that the continuance of this system will be tantamount to a sentence of perpetual sterility on the productive powers and the resources of an empire which, above all others, has been blessed by nature? It is time that the Armenian incubus should be shaken off. In former times there might have been some excuse for such a system. If the profits were great, the risks and danger were greater. If Sultan Mahmoud, 'of glorious memory,' occasionally condescended to smile upon the Dooz Oglous, they must remember that he could also frown. That frown was death! With the playfulness of the royal tiger, have they forgotten the deadliness of his spring! If so the tombstones of 'that ancient and distinguished family' will surely serve to refresh their memories. It is true that under the sway of the present merciful monarch the lesson they might derive from them has in great measure lost its force."

On one fine morning in the year 1824 Sultan Mahmoud beheaded two and hanged two other members of this great banking family of Dooz Oglou, his wrath having been kindled against them not less by the intrigues of their

rivals of the Eutychean Armenian party than by the detection of sundry frauds and flaws in accounts. Seraffs are neither hanged nor beheaded now-a-days let them do what they will; but it is striking and perhaps comforting to remark how very few of these rapacious men, who give their whole life and heart and soul to money-getting, acquire large fortunes or leave them in the end to their children. Their avarice is constantly overreaching itself. After the Dooz Oglous, the Tinghir Oglous, and the Dadians or Baroutjee Bashis, I do not believe that there are at this moment above *six* Armenian families in Constantinople really and substantially wealthy. And the end of these men is not yet. Before we left the East the Dadians were in difficulties.

"As the partridge sitteth *on eggs*, and hatcheth *them* not; *so* he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."*

* Jeremiah xvii. 11.

CHAPTER XX.

Constantinople — Winter at Pera — Fires! — Streets of Pera and Galata — Lady Mary Wortley Montagu — Terrible Climate — Christmas and New Year — An Effendi — Another Fire! — Pera Noises — Poisoning Dogs — Emeutes de Femmes — Dearth of Fuel — Fighting for Charcoal — More effects of the Maximum — Scarcity of Provisions — Sour Bread — Dr. Millengen made Baker to the Sultana Validé — The Cholera and its ravages — Board of Health — Journey to San Stefano — Dr. Davis — Comparing Notes — The Greek Epiphany — Baptizing the Cross — Go to Macri-keui — Colony of English Workmen — Idleness and Dissipation — Mechanics' Institution at Macri-keui — Preaching — Building an Iron Steam-boat — Mr. Phillips of Hastings — Waste of Money by the Armenians — French, Belgian, and German Mechanics — Mining — Armenian Generosity.

I SCARCELY think that the reader will have been dazzled by the pictures of greatness exhibited in the preceding chapter. It will, however, be a relief to me to proceed to humbler matters.

We found Pera still blackened by the smoke of the fire of September. In some places they had run up wooden houses on the sites of those which had been burned, in other places they were yet building; but great gaps remained as the fire had left them, having here and there a brick chimney, or a fragment of a brick wall, left standing. In the streets where the building was going on there was no passing without peril to eyes and limb, for what was narrow before was made more narrow with ladders and scaffolding; and careless fellows were carrying planks and poles on their backs, and others were sawing and chopping out in the

street, and the fellows on the scaffoldings over-head worked in so slovenly and reckless a manner that some of their materials were frequently falling in the streets. Now and then a whole scaffolding came down. Long ago an imperial ordonnance had been issued to the effect that whenever a fire gave the opportunity, the streets were to be widened, and that, as a means of preventing the rapid spread of conflagrations, there should be a strong partition wall, built of brick or masonry, between every two or three houses. But the order was already a dead letter; they were building exactly where they had built before, and not one new partition wall could I discover. So long as they run their houses up with wood—chiefly with deal planks, which dry in the sun and become as combustible as tinder—partition walls, and even broader streets, will have little effect in checking fire: I have seen the flames spread like an arch from one side of a broad street (the only broad one in *all* Pera and Galata) to the other, and where they failed to set the opposite houses in a blaze, that work was done by showers of sparks and embers, and fragments of burning wood wafted by the strong wind. But, by increasing the breadth of the streets and letting in fresh air, Pera might, no doubt, be rendered sweeter and more salubrious. The filth and the smells of the place were altogether indescribable. The Grande Rue de Pera, as it is ludicrously called, was scarcely passable without mud-boots. In creeping along over the rough pavement, close under the houses to avoid the pool in the midst, we were constantly stumbling or slipping. It was work to dislocate the ankles. Here and there there were holes in the pavement two or

three feet deep, large enough to admit the feet even of an Armenian hamal, and admirably calculated to break legs. At night, with the most careful servant and the brightest lantern carried Pera fashion, close to the ground,* it was very difficult to avoid these traps, for they were filled with mud and slush, and the rest of the pavement was under the same materials: that which had been blinding, suffocating dust in summer, was now mud. I mentioned walking ankle-deep in dust on the fashionable promenade "Le Petit Champ des Morts;" that promenade was now three feet deep in mud—in some places much deeper—and, for more than three months, the only way of passing along it was by clinging to the walls of the houses on one side, or to the iron railing of the burying-ground on the other. And this was one of the great thoroughfares of Pera, and Frank merchants and mighty drogomans had houses abutting upon it, and the pleasant prospect and odour of the filth close under their front windows! Down in Galata and Tophana matters were still worse. The steep descent from the diplomatic to the commercial *Christian* suburb was really perilous; a part of it—below the Galata tower, built by the Genoese—was down a flight of shelving steps, steep, rugged, and irregular, with

* Before leaving London we had been assured that the greater part of Pera, as well as of Constantinople Proper, was well lighted by gas. Except a wretched oil-lamp, hung out by a string, here and there, in the grand street of Pera, there was no night-lighting at all. True, they had brought out, at good salaries, two English gas-fitters, and some pipes and some of the necessary machinery; but these men were never set to work, and the machinery was intended wholly and solely for the illumination of the Sultan's new stone palace on the Bosphorus. One of the gas-fitters took a fit of disgust, and went home to England without getting his arrears paid. The other, whom we left at Constantinople in July, would have charge of twenty-five lamps—*if* the gas-works should ever be set up at the palace.

many of its stones loose and rolling. In one respect it was the *facilis descensus*, for if you had fallen you might have rolled down from the Catholic church (where they set up a triumphal arch for the Pope's Nuncio) down to Stampa's shop, which is not much above the level of the Golden Horn. To get at this queer staircase we had to cross (by very muddy paths) part of the smaller cemetery and the fosse of the old Galata fortifications, wherein there was an accumulation of unnamable filth; and beyond this ditch there was a gateway and an old Circassian gate-keeper, who told fortunes, and carried on a pretty active trade in charms and spells: then you passed a guard, usually composed of raw recruits that were learning to shoulder arms, and below this Turkish guard you walked through an avenue of blind or maimed beggars, some being Greeks and some Turks; this avenue led you to the Catholic church before mentioned, where we never failed to find a collection of dead rats, dead dogs, or other abominations; and immediately beyond this commenced the *facilis descensus Averni*. In the long-lasting bad weather it was almost the business of a day to go cautiously down to Galata and get safely back to Pera, the distance either way being not above a mile. The native savages managed it with more ease than we could, but in spite of their practice the man that went down in the morning never thought of returning before evening, or until his business of the day was done. Except the poor masters of English vessels who had business at the consulate, and who were dragged up and down in hot weather and in cold—because the consular office is not where it ought to be—very few men made the

journey up and down, or down and up, more than once in the twenty-four hours. There was another way down from Pera, but it was round-about, and ran through some of the narrowest and most pestilential of streets — streets, moreover, considerably infected by thieves and pickpockets. Our friend, Dr. L. S——, preferred that way until he was lightened of his watch one day, and exposed to more serious hazard on another. The weather continued to be deplorable. Heavy rains and thick, cold fogs! The atmosphere clung about one like a wet blanket that had recently been dipped in iced water. On the 5th of January, nearly the anniversary of the day on which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote, or on which she afterwards pretended to have written, the glowing lines about the gentle, warm winter at Pera, we had the snow lying knee deep, and as no care was taken to clear it away, and as no thaw came to our relief, the snow was not much diminished in depth for ten days. When it began to melt, the effect upon wayfarers was sad; no boots could resist the cold solution under foot, and over-head the dissolving snow came down on your hat or cap, and often found its way between the collar of your coat and your shirt. Here no man thinks of sweeping the snow from his housetop, and there are hardly any pipes or spouts to carry either rain or snow from the tiles to the street. Several times we were nearly knocked over by great lumps of dissolving snow, which fell from the eaves upon our heads. When all this snow melted and ran off towards the Port the effect was most miserable, for the melting ran like a mill-stream under foot, and the liquids came down from the housetops like miniature cataracts—and right

upon you; the streets being far too narrow to allow of escape by running into the middle of them.

"Here summer reigns with one eternal smile!"

Fie! Lady Mary! Fibs! The climate of this place was in your time what it now is, and what it ever has been. You may have had one bright, sunny day up in Pera on the 26th of December (Old Style), 1718, but you could not have had a succession of such days any time from the beginning of November to the beginning of April; and for weeks together you must have been as cold and shivering as your frail and sensitive poetical correspondent at Twickenham, without having, even in the Ambassadorial Palace, one-half of his comforts. The winter of 1847-8 was rather longer and more severe than usual; but a winter at Constantinople, exposed to the storms of the Euxine, has always been a season to be dreaded. Two lines in Ovid give a far more correct notion of it than the verses of my Lady Mary. *I* found the place as inhospitable (ἄξενος) as it was cold—

"Frigida me cohibent Euxini littora Ponti,
Dictus ab antiquis *Axenus* ille fuit."

Having to move about a good deal, and not having within doors a single comfort, it will easily be imagined that our sufferings and vexations were not trifling. That odious Dutch stove could not be lighted in our room without the certainty of a headache. On the coldest days we were obliged to take refuge under cotton quilts and bed-covering. The first winter our witty friend T—— spent at this city he received, on Christmas-day, a letter from some relations in England, who sent him the wishes of the season, and envied him the pleasure of passing it in a warm and sunny climate.

"And here was I," said T——, "in a wretched wooden house, sitting with two great coats drawn one over the other, and two pair of cloth pantaloons, bending over a pan of charcoal, and shivering with cold; and there was deep snow in the streets and a fog from the Black Sea as thick as a London fog!" His friends had probably been reading Lady Mary W. Montagu; or perhaps they merely bore in mind the latitude of the place, and had never given attention to the other physical circumstances which affect climate.

Our Christmas and New Year were perfect in their wretchedness — cold, damp, foggy, and most noisy. Greeks went about the streets fiddling and singing the vilest ditties we ever heard. They did this to collect money from the Franks; and as they adhere to the O. S. and keep these festivals twelve days after us, we had a repetition of the noises when their Christmas and New Year arrived, and when they played and sang on their own account. It was fearful to hear them! Their singing was like yawning set to music. A numerous band used to choose our dinner hour for their performance, and posting themselves close under our windows they fiddled and sang all the time we were at table. On Christmas-day we had an escape from this martyrdom of the ears, for we dined down in Galata with our friends J. R—— and E. G——, with a party of Englishmen which included one very joyous Turkish Effendi, who drank half a bottle of rum before dinner, considerably more than a bottle of champagne during dinner, and the rest of the bottle of rum with the dessert. He frankly told us

that he was a Bektash, and had no religious scruples whatsoever. After dinner, when we as good Englishmen and in duty bound stood up, glass in hand, to drink health to Queen Victoria, he stood up with us and hipped and cheered with the best of us; and when that toast was drunk he filled a goblet to the brim with strong Port wine, proposed the health of his Padishah Abdul Medjid, and emptied his goblet before he resumed his seat. At a late hour, when the amusements began to flag, we had the spectacle of a grand conflagration, on our side of the water, at Beshiktash, near the Sultan's palace. We sat at the windows and enjoyed the sight, as people always do in this country if the fire be not in their own quarter.

We had this amusement frequently; a week never passed without a fire down at Tophana, or at some village up the Bosphorus, or over in Constantinople city, or across the strait in the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. At Tonco's the breaking out of a fire was always announced to us with great glee, as something to enliven the evening or night; and heaven knows how many houses we must have seen consumed from a look-out at the top of that dwelling, even before the dread Fire King came to Pera (in the month of June) and left a great part of it cinders and ashes. When the conflagration is at all considerable the great Pashas and Ministers of State turn out to it, to superintend operations, and to give their directions or misdirections. One morning the Minister for Foreign Affairs was not to be seen, *because* he had been up all night at a fire. Only imagine Viscount Palmerston thus engaged as a matter of official duty! Our noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs has lighted a

good many fires in Christendom: I wish he could be sent among the Turks to help to extinguish a few.

The noises in our quarter of Pera were as distressing as in the summer time. We had the same incessant cries, and bawling, and squabbling in the streets and on the burying-ground by day, and the same yelping, yelling, and howling of unowned dogs by night. Indeed, the canine colony in our corner of the Turkish cemetery had considerably increased since the month of August; and about a dozen litters of pups were now boarding and lodging among the turbaned stones just under the windows of our sitting-room. Wearied and worn out by having sleep murdered by dogs and pups, our very chemical friend, Dr. L. S——, resolved to murder some of them outright. By an ingenious distribution by night of strichnine, he reduced the number by about a dozen. But what was that among so many? Then the dead beasts were left to decompose close under our noses; and then the Turks, dwelling a little below us on the cemetery, began to grumble and curse at the Christian dogs for their barbarity. The American Doctor was advised to desist. He, however, consoled himself by believing that his strichnine had silenced some of the biggest and loudest of our Lemures; and I also fancied that I missed some "sweet voices" in the nightly chorus.

It was not about dogs or strichnine, but we had one day a terrible fracas at our corner. The part of our ground-floor which faced to the burying-ground, and looked towards the tekè of the Dancing Dervishes, was occupied by M. Wick, a Swiss bookseller, a quiet and very respectable man, although he did sell his French

books at enormous prices.* A drain or sewer, which passed under the house, instead of performing its office, had taken to depositing its filth in the bookseller's store-room, which was immediately underneath our sitting-room—and hence *some* of the odours with which we were infected. As his property was in danger, Monsieur W. resolved to get the drain mended. He applied to the Turkish police for the indispensable permission, and obtained it, though not quite "free, gratis, for nothing." One morning he proceeded to operations: two Turkish labourers and two Greek masons soon dug a broad, deep hole out in the street, and got to the level of the sewer, a Turkish cavass or policeman being on the spot, and presiding over the interesting labours. Some Turkish women, living on the slope of the hill, near the lower end of this immense burying-ground, called "The Little," got scent of what was going on up above, and arming themselves with sticks and stones, they trooped up to the spot, yelling and making use of language fouler than the sewer. They said that the accursed ghiaours were going to empty their filth into the water-courses of the faithful—to contaminate and poison all the fountains of the true believers who lived down the hill. In vain were they told that the sewer had no communication with any water-course whatsoever. They rushed like furies into Wick's shop, threatening the unlucky bookseller, and made him run away and hide himself; they fell upon the presiding cavass with

* Once, when I remonstrated with him about his prices, he said, "If I did not put high prices on my books I could not live. I sell so very few. Did you ever see a Perote reading? They care nothing for books in this country. I live chiefly on travellers like yourself. If more do not come, I must go."

their tongues and sticks, and he ran away; they thrashed and pelted the two Turkish labourers, and the two Greek masons, and they ran away. There was then a suspension of hostilities and a retreat, but the Megæras only went down to Kassim Pasha and the other abominable purlieus of the Bagnio to bring up reinforcements. We had been out visiting the disgraceful British hospital, and were returning home and were near our own door, just as they returned to the burying-ground and the *causa belli*, the big hole. It was the 25th of March of that luckless year 1848; and we had had for twelve days the news of the February revolution of Paris, and all the people we met were talking and dreaming of nothing but revolutions and changes very perplexing to monarchs, and many pseudo-Frenchmen and a great many real Italians were in an ecstasy of delight, and incessantly predicting that revolutionism and republicanism were now most assuredly going to make, *à pas de charge, le tour du monde!* At the first glance I really thought that revolution had come to Constantinople, for the Turks, when disposed for mischief, always put their women in the van. Verily revolution and democracy were fitly represented by these she-devils. They crowded the narrow street, they covered the edge of the cemetery, which is there an elevated ridge with a street and a road running beneath it, and they stood up among the tombstones gaunt and ragged like spectres that had started out of the graves, and, against all theory and law of ghosts, had made themselves visible by broad daylight. There were at least twenty Meg Merrilies among them. Wild were their gesticulations, most obscene and beastly was their

language. In their excitement they let their yashmacs or handkerchiefs fall from their faces. Some of them were young, and had infants in their arms. After watching them for a time in the street we went up stairs, and watched them from our windows, expecting that some police force would arrive and disperse them. They screamed, shrieked, and hooted; they capered among the tombstones and the cypresses; they became more and more furious; they threatened to break our windows; they threatened to do impossible things to our mothers and grandmothers, our wives and sisters; they would put us into the hole if we did not instantly fill it up. Such a continuous stream of abuse and of obscenity, with action suited to the words, I had not yet witnessed. And there was a large guard-house filled with Turkish soldiers close at hand, at the distance of only a few yards; and all the while a Turkish officer of that guard, instead of putting down this revolt of women, instead of checking their torrent of insult and beastliness, encouraged them by standing among them and laughing very heartily in our faces. Also a black officer, a hideous-looking Nubian, came up from the same guard-house and joined in the sport. The guard had not been changed for months: those officers knew right well that there were Englishmen and other Frank travellers living in this house; they well knew us all by sight, and so did every one of their men, as we were constantly passing and re-passing their quarters; and they could not but know the ordonnances which so strictly forbade the use of opprobrious language towards Franks or any other Christians; yet there they stood approving it, and heard us called ghiaours, *kupeks*,

pezavenks, and much worse. They were officers of the *Imperial Guard!* The Megæras gained a complete victory: a man from the Turkish police-office solemnly told them that the hole should be filled up, that the sewer should not be touched; and thereupon they took their departure, waving their bare arms in the air, shouting and screaming, and giving us more dirt to eat. The hole was closed while we were at dinner. How the poor Swiss engineered to save his books I know not; but I do know that from this day the atmosphere of our dwelling was fouler than before. No notice was taken of the disgraceful scene we had witnessed, or of the insults to which we had been exposed. Lord Cowley had gone, and Sir Stratford Canning had not yet come; the other foreign Legations had too many Revolutions in their heads to be able to bestow a thought on this *émeute de femmes*. While the subject was fresh in our minds a good many stories were told of recent female rebellions.

Previously to the *affaire* Wick we ourselves witnessed a female commotion; but in the beginning it was not more than what is technically called a *demonstration*, and at the end it hardly amounted to an émeute. We had not been back in Pera much more than a week when we found that there was a dearth of charcoal. All cooking operations are performed by means of charcoal; no fuel is consumed in kitchens except charcoal; and *even in civilized* Pera very few houses could be warmed except by the mangals or pans of charcoal; while in the Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Jewish quarters, both on this side and over at Constantinople and at Scutari, and all the way up the Bosphorus,

charcoal was the only fuel that could be used either for cooking or warming. An immense quantity had been consumed at the circumcision fêtes; an unusual consumption had taken place through the early beginning and the great severity of the winter; and that which had tended in a far greater measure to our present scarcity was the fixing, more than a year ago, a very low maximum price — a price so low that many of the woodcutters and charcoal-burners had given up the business as unprofitable. At short distances from Constantinople there was wood and forest enough to make charcoal for the whole of the charcoal-burning portion of Europe; but it could not be made in wet and snowy weather; from many of these places it could not have been brought without a dreadful expense for carriage; and then these nearest places did not enjoy the right of making charcoal at all, and no man in them could have thought previously of making it for the *fixed* prices, even if he had had the necessary licence. The article rose to a terrible price in Pera and also over in Constantinople Proper: the *crescendo* movement continued until the price of charcoal per *oke* was nearly as dear as the bread we ate, and considerably dearer than the common bread; and until charcoal was not to be obtained for any price. In the streets of Pera and Galata people went about from house to house begging for a little or offering extravagant prices for a little. Tonco was reduced to his last handful, which was not enough to cook the dinner for the day. "You can serve me in this emergency," said he; "you know Ali Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; if you speak to him, he will send us one

of his cavasses, and with the aid of a Turk I shall be able *to find* charcoal somewhere." After laughing at the idea of applying to a Minister of State on such a subject, I declined the embassy; but as a young Englishman in Ali Pasha's service came over to see us, Tonco spoke to him, telling him of course there would be a backshish for the cavass. The young man assured him that his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs was as badly off for charcoal as we could be; that for three days his cavasses had been hunting about Constantinople for that fuel; that yesterday there was not enough in the house to light his Excellency's mangal, and that his dinner had been cooked at a fire made of sticks and brush-wood. As this dearth happened when the weather was coldest, the poor people suffered exceedingly. The day on which the deliberations took place up at Pera it was sleeting, snowing, and blowing as in Siberia. Wood was scarce, and presently became enormously dear. The Turkish women over in Constantinople collected in great numbers, waylaid the Sultan as he was going to mosque, and told the representative of the Prophet that they and their children were perishing for want of charcoal.

At last, on the 7th of February, three steamboats were taken off other duty and sent down the Sea of Marmora and across to Asia to tow to the Golden Horn a few charcoal-boats that were detained by contrary winds. On the following day, as I was crossing the New Bridge, I saw an immense crowd at the Constantinople end of it, and heard a terrible shouting and screaming. It was all about charcoal. Three small undecked vessels laden with the precious commodity

had just arrived, and Turkish men, women, and children were scrambling and fighting for the fuel, while poor Armenians, Greeks, and Jews were looking on with envious eyes, not daring to join in the scramble. Even the women were rushing into the cold water in their exceeding great eagerness. It was to be noted, however, that no woman or man in this scramble was allowed to get more than a very small quantity. A Jew, standing shivering at our side, looked at the charcoal just as a poor glutton in London streets might look at the viands of a cook-shop. "The Turks will get all the charcoal," said he, "and not a morsel for us Israelites!" I told him that there was Tanzimaut establishing an equality of rights, and that he had as much right to go with his paras and get some of the fuel as the Turks could have. "Misericordia!" said the Jew: "I should get beaten and have my clothes torn off my back if I were to go among those Mussulmans! Tanzimaut says one thing and Turks do another. What is Tanzimaut? Dirt!" In a house close at hand, in a wooden gallery overhanging the port, sat that *very* great man Izzet Pasha, the controller of *droits réunis*, who was charged with regulating the supplies and fixing the prices of wood, charcoal, &c. He watched the proceedings with an air of great dignity, smoking his tchibouque and giving his orders to a whole host of cavasses, who would allow nobody to carry away more than a very small basketful. Other boats came in, in the course of a few days, but the supplies were altogether inadequate to the demand, and in our quarter charcoal rose to 2 piastres the oke. There was a scarcity all through the winter, and indeed

till the month of May, when the horrible roads or tracks of the country became passable. Over at Brusa there was an abundance; but how could it be carried down to the coast? Still nearer, in the thickly wooded country behind Selyvria, between the Propontis and the Euxine, there was or there might have been an immense quantity of charcoal; but then there was the same difficulty of conveyance, and the arbitrary proceedings of government and their insane maximum had discouraged and checked production. At Kirk Klissia, or the Forty Churches, in the midst of those woodlands, there were many Turkish charcoal-burners, and a numerous and industrious Greek population, who had been accustomed to traffic a good deal with the port of Selyvria on the Sea of Marmora. Selyvria alone might have been made a depôt for the capital, from which it is distant only some thirty-six miles, or a common voyage by sea with the country vessels of some seven hours. A *carro* or *aruba* load of charcoal weighs 300 okes. For this quantity government last year had arbitrarily fixed the price at only 40 piastres for the market, taking all that it wanted for its own use at 36 piastres. Now, the poor people paid a rent to government for the privilege of cutting the wood in the forests; then they had the labour of converting the wood into charcoal, and then the toil and expense of a journey of two or three days, over the worst of roads, with a pair of oxen, to Selyvria. How then could they make any profit or live by such industry? In many instances that which was taken for the use of government was not paid for at all, or such deductions were made by the different men in authority concerned in

the transaction, that the poor men, instead of getting 36 piastres, did not receive 16; consequently the trade had been in good part abandoned: the same effect had been produced by the same measures in other places.

But for the unusual abundance of game, we should have been as badly off for food as for fuel. Beef was rarely to be procured at all, and mutton rose to a price that was quite fearful to the poor. In January and February, this meat, of the very worst quality, was nearly as dear as our very best mutton in London. It was four times the price at which it used to be sold in 1828; but, since my former residence, nearly every commodity or necessary of life had risen in price in about the same proportion. Such beef as we got was black and otherwise indescribable. The mutton, when raw, looked as if it had been cut or hacked from animals that had perished of disease or famine, and when cooked it was tough, coarse, stringy, and flavourless. The severe cold was at once a friend and an enemy, for it brought down an immense quantity of game, and especially of woodcocks and wild ducks. During three months our principal food was woodcock; pheasants, however, occasionally appeared upon table, and partridges rather frequently. But for the diabolical cookery of the place we should not have fared so very ill; but Tonco's cook, a dirty, obstinate, pig-headed Armenian from Diarbekir, would send every dish up swimming in that rancid, foul cart-grease which goes by the name of Odessa butter. Our bread was always sour and frequently very gritty: it is made with leaven which turns acid upon the stomach: when two days old it is so sour as not to be eatable. Some of the

Perote families made better bread in their own houses, but the bakers form a powerful esnaff, and their corporate privileges and the right of poisoning people are not to be interfered with. Many times representations had been made by medical men and other Europeans that sour leaven is a bad compound, very injurious to persons in delicate health, and that they would make far better bread if they would only use yeast, of which there was a plenty in the country. But this was contrary to their religion or to custom, which is now about the only religion left among them; Mussulmans had always made their bread with leaven, and ought always so to make it; it was their adet: in Frankistan they made their bread with yeast, that was their adet; but could the Franks pretend that Mussulmans were to make bread after their fashion? By reasoning like this Dr. Millengen, physician to the Sultana Validè, had often been defeated, not merely in this, but in his efforts at still more important improvements. This winter, however, that high and mighty dame, who *ab origine* was a bought Circassian slave, had a long, and alarming, and all but fatal sickness. In her convalescence her stomach rejected nearly all food. Seizing the favourable opportunity, Dr. Millengen recommended light, sweet bread made with yeast. Long and solemn deliberations were held; astrologers were consulted; but it was finally agreed that the Doctor should himself and with his own hands make and compound some of his Frank bread with flour furnished to him out of the Sultana Validè's own stores.* The loaves were pre-

* Nothing can pass through the hands of Turkish placemen or courtiers without plunder. A certain quantity of flour was named to the Doctor,

sently made; the Doctor ate of them in the presence of the Sultana's eunuchs and chiefs of her household, to show that there was no poison in them. The chief eunuch and chamberlain also ate and pronounced the bread to be good, and after some other exorcisms or ceremonies, a fine white slice was presented to the Sultana, who ate and declared it to be most excellent. The bread sat lightly on her stomach and without any acidity. Dr. Millengen was extolled to the skies, and by imperial rescript, pompously announced in the Sultan's own newspapers, he was authorized to have ovens of his own, and to sell bread made in his own fashion, without regard to the esnaff. The Doctor took premises in Pera, not far from the medical school at Galata Serai, put into them some intelligent Greeks, and left them to make the bread with yeast, and to sell it. It was the best bread in Turkey. I believe his bakehouse was burned down in the great fire of June (of which more hereafter), but he was free to build another; and when we left, in July, Dr. Millengen was, or had the right of being, Head Baker to the Sultana Validè, as well as Hekim Bashi to her Highness.

The cholera did not grow better. It was far worse

with which he was to make a given number of loaves; but before the Sultana Validè's flour reached his hands it was reduced by one-third.

In the same way, of rations for three horses allowed him by the Validè, the Doctor never got more than two. On the recovery of that august personage, her son, the grateful Sultan, ordered the Doctor a present of 100,000 piastres, but the sum paid to Dr. Millengen was 70,000 piastres. The rest of the money had stuck by the way in the hands of the chamberlains, &c.

Dr. Millengen was a great favourite at court, a perfect master of the Turkish language, and well acquainted with the tricks of the country. Other men fared far worse than he.

about the middle of January than when we arrived on the 23rd of December. The cold did not stop it, nor did the heat of summer afterwards. As well as I could judge, it was a malady altogether independent of temperature. It was very destructive in January, and very destructive in July; but I am disposed to think that it was rather worse in the hot months (on account of the enormous quantity of big raw cucumbers consumed by the common people, without vinegar, oil, salt, or any condiment whatsoever) than in the winter months. Long before the terrible disease began to kill Franks, I was made aware that it was committing ravages. My inquiries carried me down rather frequently to Kassim Pasha, the Arsenal, and the foul regions that surround it. I hardly ever went without meeting hurried Turkish funerals, or hearing some story of disease and death. The lower part of the cemetery was beginning to look like a ploughed field, so numerous were the recent graves. Attempts were made to conceal the truth. Two or three of the pashas employed in the Arsenal affected to treat the visitation as a trifle, and even denied that the deaths were numerous in that unhealthy hollow; but I learned upon better authority that the hospital was crowded, that ever since the month of October the deaths had been very frequent, and that a great number of the soldiers and marines quartered in the Arsenal barracks, and of young men dragged over from Asia to be trained as sailors for the Sultan's fleet, had perished, and were yet perishing. These victims were mostly buried between night and morning, when nobody was stirring. There was no doubt now of its being the real Asiatic spasmodic cholera; but it did not

rage fiercely for a season and depart, as it has *generally* done in India. It lingered about the city and suburbs many months, being now active in one quarter and now in another, and often returning to the quarter which it had seemed to have deserted. When its fury abated in the Arsenal and the suburbs lying along the left bank of the Golden Horn, it raged terribly over in Constantinople, in the Greek quarter of Psammattia, on the shore of the Propontis, near the Seven Towers, at the distance of nearly four miles from the Arsenal. From Psammattia the disease took a leap across a ridge of hills, and fell upon the quarter of the poor Jews; but when the Greeks of Psammattia were flattering themselves with the hope that the cholera had left them for good, the monster was back again among them. There were intervals when one might really have believed at Pera and Galata that the disorder had ceased; but as we moved about a good deal in other parts, we were convinced that it was actively at work, and thinning the poor ill-fed population at a fearful rate. Where medicines were administered in time by skilful Frank doctors, there were many recoveries; but no medical assistance was provided for the poor. The mendacious newspapers proclaimed to the world that a paternal care was taken of all classes; that government was unremitting in its efforts to succour the afflicted and check the disease; and that the enlightened Board of Health met in frequent consultation, and daily displayed the greatest zeal, activity, and skill. That enlightened Board was presided over by a young renegade Greek. I believe the "Board" did assemble some two or three times at the Galata Serai; but what good a set of careless, ignorant men could do

by smoking their tchibouques together at the top of the Pera hill, was not easily discovered. The belief entertained by the Frank respectabilities that their bowels were safe, was shaken by the sudden seizure and death of a Swiss merchant, who was a fine strong young man in the morning, and a corpse before night. He died down in Galata, where he had resided; but cholera marched up the infidel hill, and into the most aristocratic quarter, and took in its grip sundry Franks, as if they had been but poor ill-fed Turks, Greeks, Armenians or Jews.

On the 14th of January, after a visit to the filthy Arsenal, I felt very unwell, but I had none of the well-known symptoms of cholera, and certainly neither I nor my son ever felt any alarm on our account; but the frequency with which funerals of Greeks and Armenians were now passing our corner, with the faces exposed, and the nasal chaunting of the attendant priests, had a saddening and depressing effect upon the spirits, and altogether our discomfort at Pera was great.

On the following day I resolved to go to San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, to visit our friend Dr. Davis. The stormy weather did not permit our going by sea. The sleet and rain, and a portmanteau to carry, did not square with a journey on horseback, so we hired a vile Turkish aruba. This vehicle was partly windowed up, but nearly all the glasses were broken; and it was partly closed by curtains, but the curtains were ragged, and kept constantly flying out in the wind. Of all our miserable journeys, this was about the most miserable. We set off at 2 P.M., and did not reach the place of our destination until 5, the total distance being

barely eight miles. The creeks were all swelled into great rivers; the extensive hollow between Macrikeui and the Model Farm was almost entirely under water, looking like a lake. In the open country, and along the cliffs which flank the Propontis, the wind and the rain assailed us most pitilessly. It blew a hurricane, and every gust came in upon us through the broken glasses and the spaces which the curtains ought to have secured. The sky of this region of "eternal summer" was as cloudy and black as any English sky; thick mists rolled over the plain and broad hills on our right, and the Propontis on our left was covered by a dense fog. We were on the storm-track: we were crossing the path of the north-easters that were charging down from the Black Sea.

> "In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
> Barbarus Æolis nunquam hoc in carcere passos."*

In the dusk of the evening—cramped, stiff, wet, and cold—we entered the village of San Stefano.

We had left alarm and sadness behind us, and we found fresh sadness here. Dr. Davis, who had been disappointed, and kept in a constant state of uneasiness and fret, had suffered a very severe illness, and had *lost the sight of an eye.* He was still suffering, but he and all his family were rejoiced to see us again. They gave us an hospitable reception, though put to it to procure the wherewithal, there being quite a dearth here, and communication with Constantinople being almost cut off. Last autumn, Mr. N. Davis, the Doctor's brother, had been to Nicomedia, and had made a little tour in Asia Minor in search of trees to plant on the Model Farm.

* Juvenal, Sat. x.

His notions as to the state of the country, the backwardness of all agriculture, the effects of oppressive and irregular taxation, and the crushing effects produced by the Armenian usurers and their enormous rates of interest, coincided with mine. We had not been in communication—we had made our observations in different parts of the country; but when we compared our notes they agreed *in toto*, as did also the conclusions to which each of us had separately come.

If we had run away from cholera, we were very soon convinced that so short a flight was useless. The evening after our arrival, as we were sitting down to dinner, Dr. Davis was hastily summoned to the house of a rich Armenian in the village. He soon returned, declaring that if he had ever seen a case of cholera he had seen one now. The patient, who lived just across the street, was a young girl who had come a few days before from Constantinople. The Doctor administered opium, which had been proved to be very effective in the earliest stage of the disease. The poor girl lingered two more days and then died. Mrs. Davis was greatly alarmed, not for herself, but for her dear little children. No other attack was, however, heard of in the village for some weeks.

I went repeatedly to the dismal Model Farm, where hardly anything had been done in the right way, where all the plans of the Doctor had been upset or deranged by the cupidity, jealousy, and hatred of the Armenian, Boghos Dadian. The weather continued to be boisterous and cold. We had in-door resources: Bishop Southgate came in almost every evening with his rich stores of Turkish information; and the merry Minister

of the United States, with his admirable stories of American life, was generally with us both morning and evening.

On Monday the 17th of January the Greeks celebrated their Epiphany. They began by times. At the second hour after midnight a fellow went through the streets of the village beating the rough pavement with a heavy club, like a "*Yangin var*" man of Constantinople when a fire breaks out. About half an hour later some men at the Greek church beat with sticks and mallets upon the suspended iron plate which serves in lieu of the Turk-prohibited bells. This monotonous clatter, at a very few paces from our bedroom, continued for some time. Next we heard a priest singing psalms through the nose in the street. Our sleep was pretty well murdered, but I did contrive to doze for two or three hours, and can give no account of what passed in that interval. At sunrise we were started out of our beds by new and much louder noises. All the Greeks of the village, formed into loose processional order, were following their priests to the margin of the Sea of Marmora, which flowed close under one of the fronts of the Doctor's house. The priests were psalmodizing most nasally; the people were talking and laughing as if they had some good joke in hand. There was no solemnity or seriousness, but the very antithesis of solemnity. The priests appeared to be far gone in raki: we were assured by a closer observer that one of them was very drunk. They occasionally stopped the psalmody to take their share in the merriment and laughter. These priests advanced to the end of a short, rotten, wooden jetty,

which projected into the Propontis. Some of the laymen got into a caique and pulled it a few yards ahead of the jetty; then a burly priest, after saying a prayer and making some signs, threw a crucifix into the sea, and instantly three of the fellows who were in the boat plunged into the water head-foremost after it. It must have been a chilling immersion, for the morning was bitterly cold. Perhaps it was on this account that so few of the Greeks dived; but the smallness of their number was noted by some as a proof of the decay of orthodox devotion at San Stefano. The man who succeeded in finding the cross and fishing it up from the bottom of the sea was hailed with many shouts.

It was a tame business, the plungers being so few, and there being no struggle in the water or under it. When the performers used to be many, and the zeal and emulation very great, it was not unusual for one or two of the divers to get drowned. The recoverer of the cross was conducted to shore, and then to the church, in a sort of rude triumph, a priest supporting him on either side chanting through his nose, the rest of the men halloing, the women and children screaming, and all the dogs of the village barking. To-day the recoverer of the cross must drink raki with every Greek in the place, and receive the compliments of all, and until this day twelvemonth he will be styled and denominated Agios Hovannes, or St. John. This strange ceremony is called "Baptizing the Cross." It is performed, in precisely the same manner, at all the sea-ports and at every sea-side village. The place where it is done with most éclat is the very large village on the Bosphorus called Arnaout-keui. We

were there ten days before this festival of the Epiphany, and saw a great number of Greek vessels lying at anchor, and waiting for the blessed day. They were bound for the Black Sea, but would not trip their anchors until after the Baptism of the Cross. It was, however, this year observed at Arnaout-keui that the plungers were neither so numerous nor so enthusiastic as in former times; and there, as at San Stefano, the falling off was attributed less to the cold weather than to a decay of religious feryour. There had been years when the mariners of Arnaout-keui had gone mad with the excitement, had grappled with one another under the water, had fought and clawed and scratched for the possession of the cross, and the man who secured it, half-suffocated, had come to the surface of the waves with the emblem of salvation in his hand, with a blackened face and with blood streaming from face, body, and arms. A frightful and revolting picture All the better educated Greeks were now ashamed of it, and indeed disgusted with the whole of the ceremony, however quietly it might be managed; but too many of these men in getting rid of superstition had avowedly got rid of nearly every religious belief. "*C'est que nous lisons le grand Voltaire et tous les philosophes Français*," said one of these Greek gentlemen to me.

On the morning of Friday, the 21st of January, we took boat and left San Stefano for the village of Macri-keui. This place the Armenian Dadians had promised the Sultan they would convert into a Birmingham, a Sheffield, or a Manchester, or rather all three in one; and they had brought about fourscore men from England to manage all these works. As we landed the

heavy rains re-commenced, drenching us to the skin. Between the landing-place and the village, we had to walk through two or three hundred yards of the usual mud and filth. This brought us to a row of new houses entirely occupied by English workmen and their families. In the course of the many visits I afterwards paid to Macri-keui, I found that there were *a few* honourable exceptions—a few men who had brought with them, and preserved under very adverse circumstances, English neatness, comfort, and order—but it struck us very forcibly that these dwellers in the "English row" had done nothing to set an improving example to the people of the country. The lane in which they lived was as muddy and dirty, and as much strewed with abominations, as any part of the village; their houses—certainly roughly and badly built for them by the Armenians—were as dirty and disorderly as those of the natives. At last, covered with mud, and streaming with the rain, we found out old H——'s baraque, a comfortless, wooden, Turkish built house. The old woman was rather an alarming personage, with sharp, inquisitive eyes, and a very lupine expression of countenance. In a country where there are no inns one is often obliged to throw oneself on the hospitality of unknown people, without the formality of introduction or recommendation; but in this case we were furnished with a letter from Dr. Davis, and the people (whatever they might be besides) were *English*. Never, among poor Turks or Greeks, had we found so much vulgarity, selfishness, and inhospitality, as we met with under this roof. There was no going away through that pitiless and unceasing storm; having come, I did not like wholly to lose my time and

trouble; and at the moment I knew not where to look for other quarters. The old man was a few shades more civilized than the old woman. He was a respectable sort of master blacksmith, or working engineer, which had, I believe, been his original calling at home. He might even have been an able man in that way, but he was old when he came to the country, five years ago, and it now appeared to me that he was not very far from his dotage, and that he was perfectly indifferent to everything, except to his pay and other emoluments. Yet this was the man that the Sultan, at the instigation of the Armenians (to whom he was all submission), had delighted to honour, while other Englishmen in his service, men really eminent in science and in their professions, like Mr. Sang and Mr. Frederick Taylor, had been left almost unnoticed, and with insufficient salaries that were *most irregularly paid.* Old H——'s salary alone was 1000*l.* a-year English money, and he had allowances for house-rent, for provisions, for keep of horses, etc., which did not fall short of 300*l.* a-year; and then he got more money by doing little jobs for the great pashas, and good commissions on traps and nicknacks he imported for them from England; and in addition to all this he had I know not how many sons and sons-in-law, idling about the place, or scampering about the country with horses, on snug salaries of from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a-year each. I scarcely know what I said to one of these worthies when he remarked to me that Turkey was "getting a sprinkling of manufactories!" Before he came to Turkey, old H—— received from Sultan Abdul Medjid the Nishan, or Ottoman decoration, richly set in diamonds, for having done some work for the

Porte: and since his settling at Macri-keui he had received, from the same bountiful but blind prince, three gold snuff-boxes, richly set in diamonds. With great pride the old woman showed us these imperial gifts, and told us how the Padishah had given one of the boxes with his own hand, in presence of all the great pashas, assembled for the occasion, and in order that they might see and understand what respect and honour were due to the director of these imperial fabrics.

This director-in-chief exercised no moral control over his men, the far greater part of whom much needed some such control and the force of a good example. As good English mechanics they could work with no heart when they knew that what they were about was ordered to be done in the wrong way, and must end in a ridiculous failure. A good many of them had been here for months, and had never been set to work at all, because their factories were not ready for them, or because the machinery had not yet arrived from England or from France, or because there was no coal to burn, or because there was no raw material wherewith to work. These men were loitering and drinking all day long in the punch-shop and Greek coffee-houses, or playing billiards at a table which a speculating Greek had set up for the accommodation of the English colony. On our first arrival at Constantinople, in August, 1847, we had been struck by the superscription on some English newspapers—"To the British Mechanics' Institution at Macri-keui." Good old Stampa could tell us little more than that there had been an inauguration dinner in the preceding month of May, and that he sometimes received newspapers to be forwarded to the

Institution. On inquiring about it on the spot, we found that the whole affair had gone to the dogs. Mrs. H—— said, "Our men likes billiards and punch in the evenings, much better than them sort of things;" and Mr. H—— laughed and nodded his head assentingly to the elegant proposition of his spouse. We had learned from Dr. Davis (and from others that were at it) that the inauguration dinner had been an affair of some éclat; that a good many Englishmen came down to it from Constantinople; that the company dined out in tents pitched in a field, there being no house open to them in the village capable of receiving them; that sundry speeches were made, and toasts drunk, to the success of the British Mechanics' Institution at Macri-keui. There was something in the idea and locality to hit the imagination, the attempt seemed honourable, and if it had been properly carried out, might have been productive of some good. But properly speaking there had never been an attempt made—there had been an inauguration without a beginning. This was Turkish fashion. The men had never had a room in which to meet or keep their books; they had only sixty volumes to commence with, and the number never rose to eighty. Mrs. H—— had them in her house, under lock and key, and sad tatter-demalions they were! It might have helped to keep the men out of the spirit-shops. Some of them were very industrious and quiet and steady mechanics when they left England (having testimonials to that effect from their employers), but they had nearly all been spoiled and disordered in this head-quarter of disorder. Even those who had been fairly set to work were often left in idleness for weeks at a time, and as for their pay it was always

three, four, or five months in arrear, and whether they worked or played made no difference in their getting their salaries. There was an utter dearth of amusements and pastimes, and the only things that were cheap in the country were tobacco, bad wine, and ardent spirits. In their drunken freaks they often got into mischief. One night a small party of them thrashed an entire guard of the Sultan's regular troops. They all seemed to be abandoned, both by Embassy and Consulate, as lost sheep, or as fellows scarcely having a claim upon British protection. I knew myself of several complaints which were justly and reasonably founded, and for which they certainly ought to have obtained redress. During Sir Stratford Canning's long absence they never obtained any redress whatever. No one took heed of them. The British chaplain, Dr. B——, had been dead some eighteen months or two years, and his place was not filled until within a week or two of our departure from Turkey. The English chapel at Pera had been burned down, like the English Palace or Ambassadorial residence. They were rebuilding the palace (at an *immense expense*), but nothing was done to restore the place of worship. It was a long and comfortless journey from Macri-keui; but I believe that if there had been a chapel and a clergyman of the Church of England (as there ought to have been), many of these men would have attended regularly on the Sabbath mornings. Old Mrs. H—— had indeed taken charge of their spiritual welfare, for she belonged to some dissenting sect—I know not which or what—and had at one time been a sort of she-elder to a conventicle somewhere about Limehouse or Rotherhithe. There were three Scotch

missionaries belonging to the radical and all but revolutionary Free Kirk party, settled in Constantinople, but their mission (in which I could discover no sign of success) was to convert the Jews of that city. One of them, however, came occasionally to Mrs. H——'s house, and held forth in "our drawing-room." The American missionaries at Constantinople, who were three times more numerous than the Scotch, sent down one of their body to Macri-keui rather more frequently, although their attention was absorbed by the conversion of the Armenians. Neither the Scotch nor the American missionaries could condescend to use the magnificent liturgy of the Anglican Church. Then Mrs. H—— had other and far less legitimate preachers and expounders of the Gospel, certain laymen, without education and without any definable sect or set of religious opinions—men pretending to have had "calls;" and when there was no missionary one of these self-appointed ministers harangued the mechanics. There was a recently imported Nottingham stocking-weaver, who was very soon discovered to be the greatest and cunningest reprobate of the whole colony. He was a perfect master of the shibboleth and farrago of the low conventicle: he explained, in a manner quite satisfactory to Mrs. H——, that he was a "chosen vessel," that he had had a "call," and Mrs. H—— had him up to preach and expound.

The American missionaries were men of very sober lives; some of them carried their abstinence to the uttermost pole of teetotalism. Sermons were delivered against the vice of drunkenness, and a total abstinence from all fermented liquors was earnestly recommended. The high priestess of this tabernacle declared herself a

convert; but *then* she dealt largely in English bottled porter and ale, in rum and brandy likewise, and as one who had been of the congregation (at the hearing of proofs demonstrative that water was the best drink for man) was about leaving the house, Mrs. H—— took him aside and told him that she had received a good supply of beer and brandy by the last steamer from England, and that she would be most happy to furnish him or any of his friends. And, in effect, the longest carouses, the most disgraceful excesses committed at Macri-keui, were upon beer and spirits sold to the men by the wife of the director of these imperial manufactories.

On Saturday the 23rd of January we walked from Macri-keui to the iron-works at Barout-Khaneh, and to an iron steamboat which was building on the bank of the creek not thirty yards beyond the walls of the great powder-works. The sparks from the tall chimney of old H——'s steam-engine were flying about on one side of the powder-mills, and here were the chimneys of one furnace and two forges! It was difficult to conceive how it happened that the whole of Barout-Khaneh was not blown up. There had been terrible explosions in former times, before the powder-mills had such inflammable neighbours. The iron boat looked like a reel in a bottle. They were building it in a place which had no exit to the sea except by a narrow mouth choked up by a sandbank. "This boat," said Mr. Phillips, the builder, "will cost the Sultan five or six times the sum for which he might have bought a good iron boat in England. When she is finished—if that day ever comes—they will have to spend a large sum of money in clearing out the mouth of this choked creek

so as to get her afloat in the Sea of Marmora. And then I must send her out without her engines. She ought to have been built at the Arsenal on the Golden Horn. There are fifty good places for the purpose, without any impediments, where she might have been launched from the stocks into clear deep water without any expense. I told the Armenian Dadians that this was not a place for such building; they told me that that was not my affair, that my contract only bound me to build the boat, and that they would have it built here! Those men will never hear reason. I cannot understand them." I, however, understood why they had selected this *cul-de-sac*, this unsightly and perilous hole. It stood within their regions—it was within the kingdom of the Dadians, which extended from the land-walls of Constantinople to their other powder-works at St. George, on the lake called Ponte Piccolo, five miles beyond San Stefano. Over all this region the Dadians were lords paramount. This was also the reason of their fixing the Model Farm where they did, instead of allowing Dr. Davis to choose out of a hundred spots that were far preferable. If the iron boat had been built at the Arsenal, the work would not have been under the control of these grasping Armenians, and they would get no diamonds, or honours, or favours when she was launched. Forges, furnaces, buildings, outbuildings, ship-yard, everything had to be made for the building of this *one* boat, whereas at the Arsenal there was everything ready made, with most abundant room. It is not at all likely that they will ever build another boat in this hole, and so many thousands of piastres will have been wasted. The iron of the boat

was English, every inch of it; but the poor, deluded Sultan had been given to believe that it was made from Turkish ore and prepared here by old H—— under the auspices and scientific superintendence of Hohannes and Boghos Dadian and their sons and nephews. For showing a little iron which he had *really* made, old H—— had gotten diamonds. The master-builder, the workmen, and the materials upon which they worked, and the tools with which they worked, were all English. The keel, the ribs and knees, and all the parts requiring skilful blacksmithship had been brought from England, Mr. Phillips not being able to get them forged here. She was more than half a ready-made craft. Then where the honour and glory of building or putting her together here? And where the use? Neither Turks nor Armenians were learning how to do such work themselves. *Greeks were never employed by the thoroughly Armenian Dadians.* The Turks, who were to learn, found that it was hard work with very little pay, and decamped: the few Armenians who remained, worked as by *corvée*, standing in dread of the far-reaching power of the Dadians, and getting most miserable pay. Mr. Phillips had only four English workmen with him; and these poor fellows really did all the work. It was a laughable or a sighable sight to see the degree of assistance afforded to them by the Armenians. These four Englishmen had received no pay for the last four months, and some of them had wives and children in England to whom money ought to have been remitted. By their written agreements all these mechanics were to be paid monthly. They could get no redress at Pera, being told by the consul

that, seeing that they had entered into the service of the *Turkish government*, he could not interfere on their behalf. But theirs was not military service, Turkey was not to be considered like any civilized Christian country, and surely by engaging to work for two, three, or more years in these manufactories, the men had not forfeited their quality or their rights as British subjects. Moreover, their contracts, one and all, were signed by Hohannes Dadian; and it was competent to the British consul to remonstrate with that Armenian or his representatives. This irregularity of pay alone was enough to demoralize the colony. When, after long privations, the men got money in a lump, they rushed into excesses. Mr. Phillips bitterly regretted ever having come to the country. He was a most respectable man, very intelligent, and, in his own profession, *eminent:* he was a native of Hastings, but had long been employed at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and in other yards, where some of the most beautiful of modern vessels have been built. Like Dr. Davis he was kept in a constant fret, and like the Doctor he had a serious attack of illness. When we left the country in July he had been suffering for nearly two months under a most violent attack of ophthalmia. At the time of this, our first visit, to the iron boat, he was lodged in a large, deserted, half-ruined kiosk, built by Sultan Mahmoud, which, together with a small mosque, stood on the other side of the creek. A more desolate and comfortless lodging can hardly be imagined. About a score of other British subjects were waiting for the completion of the manufactories at Zeitoun Bournu; and these were joined in the course of the month of February by

two or three score of Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans. The pay of all these men commenced from the day they signed their contracts in Christendom. The money thus wasted must have amounted to an enormous sum. But, whether the men worked or not, it may be said that every piastre spent on these imperial fabrics was thrown away! Had the government been rich and the country prosperous, this would still have been a deplorable waste; but the condition of the country was such as I have described, and with very little metaphor it might be said that every piastre was squeezed from the blood of a beggared people.

While we stayed with Mr. P——, there came in a Northumbrian mining engineer and a Cornwall man of the same profession. The first had been engaged by Hohannes Dadian to seek after and open coal-mines, and he had been three or four months in Turkey doing nothing: the second was to seek for and work copper-mines, and he had done just as much as the first. Neither of these very intelligent and practical men had ever (while we stayed in the country) the labourers, the machinery, or tools necessary to make a beginning. During ten months the most that they did was to make two or three assays of ore, and two or three short trips with young Arikel Dadian, who pretended to be a geologist and mineralogist, and who was always expecting to find *gold*-mines. It would be very difficult to calculate how much money the Sultan had been made to spend in discovering mines and coal-beds which were well known to European travellers before he was born, and for working mines which had never been worked at all. It was only recently that practical men—men like

our Northumbrian and Cornwall friends, who had worked in mines in both hemispheres—had been imported: previously the Dadians had brought only *scientific* men. There was our friend Mr. Sang, the engineer, who was a good geologist, and who had been five years in the country without having had the opportunity of doing one useful thing to earn his considerable salary. He came out as a civil engineer; he came to make roads and drain pestilential marshes, and not to discover mines. But the very first thing to which the Armenians directed his attention was to a pretended discovery of gold in a valley above the Lake of Ponte Piccolo. This gold-mine of Hohannes Dadian was worse than King Corney's, for his Milesian majesty's gold all turned out to be lead, whereas the Armenian's turned out to be nothing at all. There was our friend Dr. Laurence Smith, the American philosopher, who had been here these eighteen months doing nothing on a large salary, and whom we left six months later doing nothing; then there was a French geologist and mineralogist who went away about this time, after making a few excursions and pocketing much money; and now there remained this coal-mining engineer, this copper-mining engineer, and other practical working miners, all with good salaries and all with their hands tied! Over in Asia we had seen sure signs of mineral wealth almost everywhere, and good traces of coal in many places. Our Northumbrian acquaintance told us, that if he had been allowed and provided with the necessary means, he would have begun working a good coal-mine either in the island of Mitylene (Lesbos) or at Chatal-Tepè, about twenty-five miles from Lampsacus, and

fifteen miles in a direct line from the Sea of Marmora. "I wanted," said he, "to begin by making *a road*; but the Armenians told me that this would cost a deal of money, and that the coal could very well be carried down to the sea *on the backs of mules and asses!*" This coal-field—of good bituminous coal—if not first discovered, was for the first time carefully examined, by Dr. Smith, on the 31st of December, 1846. In the course of a very short geological tour our American friend made several interesting discoveries. Between Kumalà and the Dardanelles, near the Scamander, close to the village of Karagialà, he found the substance meerschaum (exactly like that of Eski Shehr) in the midst of basaltic rocks. He would have made many other excursions, but whenever he wished to go, the Armenians told him that his presence would be wanted at Constantinople. These unintelligible manœuvrers absolutely put it out of the power of any man to do anything for the country or for the government that was paying him. I used to think, at times, that the great object of the Dadians was to throw discredit, through some of its subjects, upon every civilized nation. Before importing Americans—to be condemned to inactivity and uselessness — they had imported men from well nigh every country and state in old Europe. One of their objects must certainly have been to gratify their bloated vanity by seeing gentlemen of education dancing attendance on them, and by having the opportunity of insulting and humiliating them. For some time they had treated Mr. Sang as if he had been but a menial servant, summoning him to their presence at all hours, to put the most ridiculous and frivolous questions, by means of a rude

running footman of their own unmannerly race, who never did more than pronounce the coarse Turkish monosyllable "ghel" (come). The manner in which they behaved towards the poor mechanics they had entrapped was to the last degree unfeeling. The poor Germans and Belgians and French had come at very low salaries to this now very dear country; they had been promised comfortable lodgings all ready for them; they were thrust into an immense unfinished barrack at Zeitoun Bournu, without windows to the rooms, without fire-places or fuel, with the wet streaming from the new walls, in which the stupid Armenians had worked with mortar mixed with sea-water, which would never properly dry. In a wretchedly cold and damp day in the month of February I saw many of these men thus lodged. They were sleeping on the bare boards; some were suffering from rheumatic attacks; all were cursing the hour on which they first saw the face of Hohannes Dadian, who had been man-hunting throughout Europe. Some of the Germans could not bear it: they got the little money that was due to them and took their departure for their own countries. By means of their guilds and close connexions with all their brother-artizans, and through their *wanderschafts*, these men would not fail of making their case well known in Germany. The Dadians would entrap no more Germans. As the English mechanics have no such close union and extensive correspondence, they ought to be publicly warned of what they have to expect in going to Turkey. Taking their number, the ratio of mortality among the English workmen alone had been fearfully high.

This sad story and the preceding remarks have car-

ried me a long way from our honest Hastings man and his cold lodging in the imperial Kiosk. Before we left that place a fresh storm commenced, and it was too late to think of returning to Pera. We were again unwilling guests of a very unwilling hostess. Old H—— was, however, in great glee. He had been up in Constantinople; he had seen Achmet Fethi Pasha, and another great Pasha, and he had been assured that the Sultan had made up his mind to have iron roofs and iron flooring for an entire apartment in the new stone palace that was building for him on the Bosphorus. The Sultan also wanted some iron toys to be cast immediately. "In short," said this enlightened improver and introducer of useful arts, "I must give up my iron-foundry entirely to fancy-work for the new palace, and for the Sultan. This will get me great favour." "And I should not wonder if it got you a new gold and diamond snuffbox," said Mrs. H——. Dr. Davis had been waiting many months for some castings for his farm machinery, and for the iron-work of his excellent little ploughs which the Sultan had ordered him to distribute. He had written and sent messages to Macrikeui until he was tired out, and now he had requested me to speak to H—— on the subject; but what chance was there that this old man, who sailed with the wind, and who was the vassal of Boghos Dadian (the Doctor's persecutor), would be moved by my representations? or how expect that the man who had to make iron roofs and cast-iron curtain-pins for his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, would condescend to divert his attention to the forging of ploughshares? He said he would think about it.

We were told that the steamboat of this morning had brought out *seventeen* more English artizans, of whom six or seven were people from Nottingham, who wove stockings and elastic drawers; and that an Austrian steamer which had come in from Trieste two or three days ago, had brought *four* German cutlers, who were to make penknives and razors in the imperial fabric at Zeitoun Bournu! *Eh! vogue la galère!* If this does not save the Ottoman Empire, what will?

CHAPTER XXI.

Constantinople — The Dancing Dervishes at Pera — Sultan Abdul Medjid and his Compromises — Rudeness of Turkish Soldiers — The Sultan's Brother, Abdul Haziz — Murders of the Male Children of the Sultan's Sisters — Dreadful Deaths of Mihr-ou-Mah Sultana and Ateya Sultana — Achmet Fethi Pasha — The Tomb of Murdered Children — Halil Pasha, the Father of these Children — Births in the Harem of four Children of Abdul Medjid — Firing of Salutes — The Sultan's Mother — The Sultan's Prodigality — Sarim Pasha the Finance Minister — Sir Stratford Canning — Changes in the Government — Reschid Pasha and Riza Pasha — Increase of Immorality — Modern French Literature in Constantinople — French Journals — Turkish Ladies — Profligacy and Bigotry — Domestic Life —Amusements of great Turkish Ladies.

ALTHOUGH such near neighbours to the dancing or twirling dervishes, we did not give them much of our company. The holy brotherhood, however, did not seem to lack society. They danced or twirled on Tuesdays and Fridays, and on those days we invariably saw a crowd of arubas and saddle-horses in waiting in the burying-ground and in the street of Pera. The Sultan came several times, and each time on a Tuesday. On Friday the 31st of December we went in to see the performance, which struck me as being tame and dull, compared to what it used to be twenty years ago. The twirling of the dervishes barely lasted a quarter of an hour, and never reached that rapidity which turns the head of the spectator, and is considered by the devout as the state most favourable to holy inspiration. There were several austere old Turks, and some members of the Sultan's household, among the spectators; and all

these individuals were known enemies to what is called reform. As usual, a great many Christian Armenians were assembled in the Tekè. We gave the old door-and-shoe-keeper a five-piastre piece, and he in return gave us a pressing invitation to repeat our visit frequently. On the following Tuesday, Abdul Medjid was at the Tekè with some of the greatest of his Pashas. He stayed a long time in close conference with the Sheik, or head of the house, a very aged little man, who was regarded by the devout portion of the Mussulmans as a living saint, and who was so quiet and good and kind to all men, that he was much respected even by Christians and Jews. From the Tekè the Sultan proceeded through the Grande Rue de Pera to visit the Medical School at Galata Serai. The two places were not much above half a mile apart, but *morally* they were wide asunder as the opposite poles! At Galata Serai nearly everything was an innovation, and almost everything an attack on the prejudices of the people. There, against the law of the Prophet, they opened and dissected human bodies; and the place had acquired a reputation for irreligion which I afterwards found to be well merited. At the Tekè of the dervishes all was old and orthodox, and thoroughly Turkish. The Sultan was constantly balancing matters in this way—complimenting old prejudices before venturing to visit and applaud the new institutions. He would on no account have gone to the new School of Medicine without previously going to the old house of the dancing dervishes. The compromise may have passed with the unthinking mob of Turks, but it was severely criticised by men of higher condition—the Old-School Mussulmans much

censuring him for going to Galata Serai, and the New School blaming him for visiting the Tekè. One of the latter said, "The Court is always involving itself in contradictions. Tekès and Colleges cannot exist and prosper together. Anatomy and twirling are opposites. Every visit the Sultan pays to these dervishes is an encouragement to the ancient superstition, and a discouragement of the sciences which we are trying to introduce. If the zealots who are constant attendants at the Tekè could have their way, they would burn Galata Serai and all its professors." We again saw Abdul Medjid as he came this Tuesday morning out of the Tekè. He looked very thin, sallow, and sickly; and it seemed to be with difficulty that he mounted a tall, heavy, under-bred horse.

On another Tuesday, in the month of February, it was announced that the Sultan was coming up to visit the dancing dervishes with unusual state. He was preceded by a regiment of the imperial guard, who formed in line on either side the narrow filthy street. Commander Lynch, of the United States' navy, who was then going to make his curious survey of the Dead Sea, which had never been surveyed before, had come up from Smyrna to obtain the necessary firman of the Sultan, and had brought five of his officers with him—good-natured, inquisitive young men, who were eager to get a glance of Constantinople and all its glories. As our windows commanded a view of the Tekè and its approaches, they assembled at Tonco's, and at the proper time we went together to the paved courtyard of the Tekè, and there waited among the crowd. Some of the imperial guard, commanded by a black officer,

were doing the duty of policemen in the court, and keeping back the crowd so as to allow a broad avenue for the Sultan and his courtiers. They did this duty very rudely and very awkwardly. They were constantly using their hands, which a soldier never ought to use. The American officers were all in uniform, and their neatness and smartness presented a striking contrast to the dusty, dirty, slovenly appearance not only of the officers of the Sultan's guards, but also of his great Pashas. One of the Turkish clowns, bare-necked, slipshod, and absolutely filthy in his attire, laid his broad paw on the breast of one of Captain Lynch's officers to thrust him still farther back. The blood came to the young American's face. For a moment I thought we should have a scene, and that he would have knocked the fellow down. It was of no use speaking to the ugly Nubian officer, who had evidently no more manners than his man, and knew just as little the respect due to a uniform. Luckily Abdul Medjid did not keep us long waiting. He was met at the gate as he alighted from his horse by the old green-robed Sheik. He walked up the avenue towards a staircase which leads to the Sheik's private apartment, preceded by some of his household, and followed by some of the greatest officers of the state, having on his left hand the Sheik, who carried a small silver *encensoir*, in which perfumes were burning. All the Americans were eager to see the great Eastern potentate. "Which is the Sultan? Which is the Sultan?" I could not *point*, but I explained by words. Captain Lynch was astonished. "That shabby-looking man in the skull-cap and plain blue mantle, the Sultan!" One of the Lieutenants said that he looked

like a New York Jew in bad health. Another of the party, a handsome young midshipman, who had not understood my words, and who could not for his life conceive that any man in the procession which had passed us could possibly be the Ottoman Emperor, stood stretching his neck, and gazing towards the gate, in expectation of some splendid apparition of robes, turbans, ostrich plumes, and dazzling jewels, several seconds after the Padishah had disappeared within the apartment of the Sheik. When told that if he had watched the procession, he must have seen Abdul Medjid—that he who had walked at the right hand of the Sheik was the very Sultan—his surprise and exclamations were amusing; and, indeed, a more pitiful appearance could not have been made than by the Padishah and his suite. This morning he halted, and almost staggered, as he walked the few yards which intervened between the gate and the stairs. One of the officers said that he looked like a man who had taken "too much" last night.

There was a prevalent report that Abdul Medjid had addicted himself to the vice which had killed his father; but I was assured by some who knew the truth, if they chose to tell it, that he drank neither wine nor spirits. As to the *other* cause of debility and premature decay, I never heard a doubt expressed about that. Some said that he was subject to epileptic fits; and his whole appearance certainly went to confirm rather than shake this assertion. Still, however, his countenance was most gentle and prepossessing. I pitied him as I thought of the accursed system of Oriental life into which he had been initiated as a mere boy, and from which there was not the slightest hope that he ever would or could free

himself. Before he was twenty years old, the puny stripling was the father of *eight* children, borne to him by different women in the imperial harem, in the course of little more than *three* years! Of his younger brother, Abdul Haziz, who will be his successor, nothing was ever seen or heard. He was a mere state prisoner, closely shut up in a harem, like the princes of the blood in the old times, or before reform and Reschid Pasha were things known or spoken of. At first there were a few flourishes in the newspapers about this "excellent and enlightened" young prince, and of the affection which existed between him and his imperial brother; and the visits which the Sultan paid to his state prison were pompously inserted in the Court intelligence; but this had ceased long ago, and the name of the captive was now never mentioned. He might have been dead and buried, and yet not more completely forgotten. A very different line of conduct, in his regard, was recommended by some who believed in the practicability of reform, and in the sincerity of the intention. These advisers thought that the time had come for changing the whole serraglio system; and that the best pledge that could be given to the world of improvement and advancement in humanity and civilization, would be to adopt this change. Let there be no more imprisonments of the princes of the blood, no more barbarous murders of the male children of the sisters or of the brother of the Sultan, and the nations of Christendom would cease to regard the Ottoman court with an involuntary horror. The thinking part of Europe would not believe that Turkey was in the fair road of reform so long as this revolting system obtained. Destroy it,

and you remove a most pernicious, demoralizing example at home; live like the royal families of Europe, and they will really admit your pretensions to be classed among civilized princes. You cannot quote the passage in the Koran that recommends the immuring of the Sultan's brother, or that enjoins the horrible infanticide you practise! You can make the change without infringing one single positive law of the Prophet! Language like this was held to several of the leading reformers, and to men in the highest offices. I believe that a distinguished diplomatist, a thoroughly right-hearted and high-minded gentleman, and the sincerest friend the Turks have ever had in diplomacy, had spoken in this strain to Reschid Pasha; and that to the Sultan's own ears he had given a gentle recommendation that his unoffending, unfortunate brother should be set at liberty, and allowed at least to live like other Mussulmans. It was not indispensable that this brother should hold any military rank or command; but he ought to live among men, and not among eunuchs and slaves and women. He might be sent to travel in Europe, which, besides producing other beneficial effects, would form and enlarge his mind, and fit him for the duties of government. If the Sultan were to die to-morrow, and were even to leave a dozen of male children, his poor brother would be brought from his state prison, and put upon the throne. How fit would the captive be to reign? What knowledge of the ways of men, what aptitude for reform, what energy would he bring out of that latticed harem?

I found that there existed in some quarters a vague idea of Abdul Haziz being a much handsomer and

cleverer man than his brother Abdul Medjid; but people are always apt to praise the unknown at the expense of the known, and to give a blind expectant preference over the reigning prince to his untried presumptive heir. These people had no intercourse with the state prisoner; they had never seen him since the death of his father Mahmoud, when he was about thirteen years of age, and they had not seen him often during the lifetime of that Sultan.

Among the thousand mystifications which have been resorted to since the beginning of Reform, attempts have been made to conceal or deny the damnable fact that all male children of the Sultanas are destroyed. The barbarous, the execrable practice, which is altogether contrary to the Koran, is still carried into effect with merciless, unrelenting exactitude. This has been explained in a recent English work,* but superficial, careless readers do not seem to be aware of it. The atrocious details ought to be repeated, for the government and the people of England *ought* to know fully what system it is we are bolstering up in the East.

Some time before the death of the late Sultan Mahmoud all Constantinople rang with this horrible story.—His eldest and favourite daughter, the "Sun-and-Moon Sultana" (Mihr-ou-Mah Sultana), was married to the handsome Saïd Pasha, who had risen from the lowest to the highest rank. Aware that nothing could save her offspring, *if* a male, from the common doom, and thinking to please her father Mahmoud, the young princess, resolving to destroy her infant before it

* 'Three Years in Constantinople; or, Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844,' by Charles White, Esq., vol. i. pp. 321—325.

saw the light, placed herself in the hands of one of the many hell-dames who practise the art to which I have so repeatedly alluded. I have said that the health is often destroyed by these hags, but here life itself was destroyed—a twofold murder was committed. The constitution of the Sultana was too weak, or the potion too strong—Mihr-ou-Mah died in horrible convulsions. When the whole of the case was reported to him, Sultan Mahmoud, iron-hearted as he was, wept like a child, and for a long time he would not be comforted. It was said that in the first paroxysm of his grief he most solemnly swore that no more lives should be thus sacrificed; but he soon followed his daughter to the grave and no alteration was made—not of the law, for it was no law, but an abomination contrary to all law—but in the *adet* or custom. This tragedy was the theme of conversation in every Christian embassy at Pera in the year 1839. In the year 1842, Ateya (the Pure) Sultana, another daughter of Mahmoud and half-sister of Abdul Medjid, who had become the wife of Halil Pasha, was declared *enceinte.* She had previously been delivered of a male child, *and the child had been murdered.* Then, the young mother had nearly gone mad; now, she hoped and prayed for female offspring—for a daughter whom she might nurse at her breast and rear and love. But, a second time, she gave birth to a son, a fine healthy child. Her husband Halil, high in office and in Court favour, borrowed large sums from the Armenian seraffs and distributed the money among those who were considered most influential in this strangely and infamously constituted Court; and Ateya was a favourite of her

brother the Sultan Abdul Medjid, as also of his mother the Sultana Validè, whose influence has been paramount at Court ever since her son's accession. The strongest representations were made of the disgust and horror excited in Christendom by these infanticides. As the young Sultan's throne was tottering; as the Empire would have been wrested from him at the time of his father's death by the conquering Ibrahim Pasha if it had not been for the prompt succour of England; as there was now not a month's security for the integrity of that Empire except in the alliance and support of England, Austria, and Prussia, would it not be wise to put an end to a crying sin, and to conciliate the respect and affection of those great Christian powers?

The word went forth from the recesses of the imperial harem that the child of Ateya should live. For two days and nights the fond, happy mother suckled the babe at her breast, but upon her awaking on the third morning, and calling for her boy, her women burst into tears, and said the babe had died in convulsions during the night. She saw and felt the cold corpse, she fell into a delirium, and then into a mortal languor; and on the seventy-fifth day her remains were deposited in the glittering white marble mausoleum of her father Sultan Mahmoud. The child had been murdered like its elder brother. But as the tale was still more horrible than that of Mihr-ou-Mah Sultana, extraordinary efforts were made to mystify the European embassies, and more especially to persuade the British Ambassador that the child had died a natural death. If Sir Stratford Canning was deceived, I have reason to believe that the deception did not last long. And does not Sir Stratford

well know that the other brothers-in-law of the Sultan have no male children, and that not a single male infant born of any Sultana has survived its birth beyond a few hours? If in the case of the child of Ateya Sultana the hours were prolonged to two days, "was not the deep damnation of his taking off" the deeper? Was not the agony of the babe's mother the greater? Can the human mind conceive a fate more terrible than that of the young and gentle Ateya?

The second time that I was with the burly Achmet Fethi Pasha these foul and most unnatural tragedies flashed across my mind. Here was I sitting close by the side of a father bound to murder his own offspring, or to be a tacitly consenting party to such horrors. The thought made me sick at heart, and I could not get rid of it until I was out of that room, and threading my way through the narrow, crooked, crowded, filthy streets of Tophana—an operation which always required my undivided attention.

The two murdered male infants of Ateya Sultana and Halil Pasha lie buried in a beautiful little Tourbè or mausoleum in the holy suburb of Eyoub, which now, as twenty years ago, I found to be the most picturesque, the most romantic, and by far the most interesting place in or about Constantinople. In the lower part, towards the head of the Golden Horn, and the valley of the Sweet Waters, the suburb consists of streets of tombs and burying places, intermixed with cypresses and roses and other flowers and flowering shrubs: it is all and always silent and solitary: turn which way you will, you see nothing but the memorials of the dead. On one of the very first fine days of spring we spent a

whole morning among those tombs. Many which were new or most carefully kept in the summer of 1828 were now soiled and neglected; but there were very many which had been recently erected, and these were most carefully and scrupulously tended, the marble being as white and pure as when taken from the quarry, and the long gilded inscriptions shining out in the sun like waving lines of newly burnished gold. These had been erected by families now in favour and power. Let a few short years pass, and the greatness of these families will have vanished, and these fair tombs will be as much neglected as their neighbours. Nothing so transitory as family greatness in Turkey; and when a family decays, there is now no reliance on the Ulema and Vakouf. We found the mausoleum of the infants of Ateya in the longest of these streets of tombs, at the corner of another and much shorter street which descended to the bank of the Golden Horn. These tourbès have been very frequently described: every reader will remember that they are built like chapels, that they are rather cheerful than gloomy in their appearance, and that broad grated windows allow the passer-by a full and clear view of the interior. This particular tourbè is rather small, but being new, it was rather neat and pretty. A few China roses, bearing their earliest flowers, bloomed outside the marble walls. In the interior, the two murdered innocents lay side by side, under coffin-shaped sarcophagi of miniature dimensions; each sarcophagus was covered with a rich Cashmere shawl, and had at its head a tiny scarlet fez, with its pendent tassel of blue silk. As we were looking at these objects through the grated windows, our Perote guide and servant told

over again the horrible story of the murder of the infants and the death of their mother, adding, in true Perote fashion, many mysterious and undiscoverable details, with sundry circumstantial accounts of (by me) indescribable atrocities. As we turned down the shorter street, we saw, at the distance of only a few yards from the mausoleum, Halil Pasha, the father of the two murdered infants. He crossed our path rather rapidly, being followed by a servant, and three or four dirty soldiers of the Sultan's marine. Halil, now Capitan Pasha, was going to visit a rope-walk and some very unhealthy marine barracks which lie on the edge of Eyoub. Returning thence, he passed by the graves of his infants. He stopped—he entered the mausoleum. Having made a circuit, we returned to the spot when he had been within for some minutes. The interior was no longer visible: the blinds had been let down behind the grated windows. What he did in that home of the dead we know not—we hurried on—but I hope he knelt and prayed. We had just entered our caïque, and had pulled a few yards from the shore, when Halil Pasha, looking grim and sad, came down to his twelve-oared barge to return to the Arsenal. His boat shot past us: he was sitting in the stern-sheets, and was looking more gloomy than death—far more gloomy than death ever looked among the cypresses and roses, the gilded tombstones, and the marble mausoleums of fair and holy Eyoub. He took no notice of our salutation. Although we were within a few feet of him, I fancy he did not see us; I believe he saw nothing of all the objects which were crowding that most glorious port. Among the things which I shall remember until my

dying hour is the aspect of Halil Pasha, the widower of Ateya Sultana, after the visit to the tomb of his murdered infants at Eyoub.

While we were in the country, or between the month of August, 1847, and June, 1848, the Sultan had four children, whose births were announced to the world by tremendous and long-repeated discharges of artillery. The weakness and unhealthiness of the children of the imperial harem is notorious; three of these infants died before they were a month old: one of them died before the French editor of the Journal de Constantinople could set up in type the magnificent phrases he had written about its birth. I have noted in my diary, on Saturday the 22nd of April, 1848:—"Very early in the morning we are started out of our sleep by a tremendous firing of salutes. The Sultan has another son. Only last week he had another daughter! These salutes for the male child will be repeated five times a-day for seven days: for a female child they keep up the salutes only three days. Prodigious is the quantity of gunpowder thus consumed. Each salute is fired not by one but by a dozen batteries. Hark! They are blazing away at the artillery-barracks above us, and at the Arsenal below us, down at Tophana and over at the Seraglio Point, across the Bosphorus at Scutari, and up the Bosphorus from the fleet, from the castles of Mahomet II., and from heaven knows how many batteries besides! All Pera shakes! The glass rattles in our window-frames. Crash! crash! One might think that Pera was bombarded." And for seven long days did this blazing and roaring continue. I was far from England when London rejoiced for Wellington's crowning

glory of Waterloo; but I well remember our firing for the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees. Firing! That was mere pop-gun and *pateraro* work compared with these prolonged explosions for the birth of the sickly infant of Abdul Medjid! The powder manufactured for the government by the Armenian Dadians is almost entirely consumed in this way, or in firing salutes on every Friday when the Sultan goes to mosque. The far greater part of it is good for no other purpose. The atmosphere was scarcely freed from the odour of the charcoal and villainous saltpetre ere the boy died. This was in April: as we were descending the Mediterranean to Italy in the month of July, we were told that two children (not twins) had been borne unto the Sultan on one day and at nearly the same hour. I know not whether these two survive; but in all probability they do not. The puniness of this accelerated offspring is not likely to be remedied by care and affection: if females, they are but little considered; if males, they are apt to be regarded as an "inconvenient multiplication of legitimate heirs," * for, whether the birth of one of the seven Kadinns or of one of the innumerable slaves of the harem, they are all held to be legitimate. The forced abortions, now so

* Charles White, Esq., 'Three Years in Constantinople.'

This writer, who took unusual pains to obtain accurate information, says that the foul expedient of forced abortion is often resorted to as well in the *imperial harem* as in private families. After the statements I have made, few will believe that my account of the prevalence of the horrible practice requires any confirmation. It is, however, fully confirmed by Mr. White. That gentleman adds:—

"It is notorious that sundry women gain their livelihood by preparing drugs calculated to destroy life in the germ, while others enjoy a most unholy reputation for their skill in producing still births, even at the moment of travail."—See vol. iii. p. 19.

prevalent among the common people, were not unknown in former times in the imperial serraglio; and the infanticide of males was often resorted to when the reigning Sultan had two sons that were healthy and likely to live. The common calculation was that there ought to be an heir-apparent and an heir-presumptive, and that, if these two princes were hale and strong, all other male children were but a useless or a dangerous surplusage. *This is the calculation still!* The old courtiers, the eunuchs, the women, and all the indescribable elements of this unreformed, unaltered, and uncountable household are constantly haunted by the traditional terror of disputed successions and intestine wars; and, in their apprehension, the chances of such catastrophes are best prevented by keeping down the living number of male children. Then, the mothers of the first-born princes entertain a dread and hatred against all the *post nati.* These causes have aforetime led to the darkest of Serraglio crimes; and they are as strong and as unrestrained now as they were at any time. The contemplation is horrible!

I have hinted more than once that the Sultana Validè or mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid had a powerful influence in the court and government. So great was her sway over her affectionate, gentle, and weak-minded son, that she could at any time defeat whatever project was displeasing to her or her friends, and change ministers and high functionaries as she chose. This woman was originally a purchased Circassian slave. Her harem education could scarcely have developed her intellect or raised her moral character. Yet the Validè had her good qualities; like her

son, she was charitable and very generous; and her munificence was most advantageously displayed in the recent erection and endowment of a splendid hospital for the poor over in Constantinople. Many other outward acts betokened goodness of heart, if not soundness of judgment. But, by universal consent, most of the intrigues of the harem, the dismissal of one minister and the recall of another, the capricious-looking changes and rechanges in all the offices of government, and the vacillations between the new reform and the old fanaticism were attributed to her. That the rival of Reschid Pasha, the active Riza Pasha, a remarkably handsome man, was her paramour, and had been such ever since the death of Sultan Mahmoud, might be a scandal, but if so, it was certainly a scandal in which everybody seemed to believe. Reschid Pasha's friends or admirers were constantly quoting this *liaison* as the source of difficulty and embarrassment to his government. The liberty allowed to the Sultana Validè was more than sufficient for affording her the opportunities of carrying on such an intrigue. She went and came as she chose; she had her separate establishment, her separate revenues, and her separate treasurer and administrator; few women, whether Turkish or unrestrained Christians, were so much abroad as she was; still proud of her faded beauty, she took little trouble to cover her face—I believe there was hardly a ghiaour dwelling in Galata or Pera but knew her face and person. Then, wherever there is an inclination so to use them, the yashmac and feridjee, invented by jealousy, are the best of all covers for intrigue and clandestine intercourse, for they may be so disposed over the face and person that a man may

meet or follow in the streets his own wife without knowing her. Her income was large, her household very numerous, and devoted to her on account of her exceeding liberality. Her neutralized black gentlemen in embroidered frock-coats were more frequently seen about Constantinople and in the Christian suburbs than almost any other class of officials. It had been found in innumerable cases that she thought and acted with Riza Pasha, making his cause her cause; and that no party combination was strong enough to stand against the influence she exercised over her son. Riza's proved iniquities could not sink him; he floated on the favour of the Validè. Sir S. Canning, after a long struggle, succeeded in driving Riza from power, and in putting Reschid in his place; but Sir Stratford was not strong enough to obtain the punishment and disgrace which Riza had well merited, or to stop his intrigues and commanding influence, or to prevent his being a constant thorn in the side of Reschid. During his long absence in Christendom, the cabinet, which he may be said to have made, was sadly weakened. It was in a shattered condition when we reached Constantinople in August, 1847. *Then*, everybody told us that the influence of Riza Pasha, through the Sultana Validè, was daily on the increase, and that if Sir Stratford did not return very shortly, it would be impossible for Reschid to keep his ground. During the whole of Sir Stratford's absence our diplomacy was null. Except in obtaining the seal of the Porte to one or two measures (not of national import) which Sir Stratford had left all but completed, our legation did nothing and originated nothing—it was idle and without weight. We had plenty, or, rather, we had

too many diplomatic and consular agents; but the Turks never look to men, but always to a man, or *the* man. "The man" to the Turks was Sir Stratford, who had been on so many missions to the country, who had lived so long in it, who had commenced his acquaintance with it thirty-six years ago, who had shrunk with a true old English horror from everything that wore the appearance of an intrigue, and who, by his manly, dignified bearing, his straightforwardness in all things, and the purity and excellence of his character, had secured to himself an immense moral influence in this den of vice and corruption. Even if Lord Cowley had not been in constant expectation of a removal from his post, he could have done very little. His Lordship was kind to me, and I remember him with kindness and with the respect due to his *name* and rank. I mean no disrespect when I say that he was *not* "the man" for Turkey. Indeed, I feel confident that his Lordship himself would be one of the first to concur in this opinion. On our return from Asia Minor at the close of the year 1847 the Reschid Ministry was tottering to its fall. Financial difficulties came in to the aid of the Court intrigues of Riza and his party. The Treasury was exhausted by the Sultan's thoughtless generosity, by the enormous outlays for foreign machinery and foreign workmen—(all unproductive, all useless)—by the building of palaces, kiosks, and *more* barracks, by the construction of war-ships which had no *sailors* to man them; and by the maintenance of a disproportionate army and a very unserviceable fleet; and yet Abdul Medjid's passion of liberality would not be rebuked—still the word with him was Give! Give! Give! The expenses of the

circumcision-festival, though not yet all paid, had been a serious drain, having amounted to more than half a million sterling; the multiplicity of births in the imperial harem had cost immense sums, for not only are magazines of gunpowder emptied, but on such happy occasions an infinitude of presents must be made—for this is *adet*. Then again the Sultana Validè had a dangerous illness and a recovery considered as almost miraculous. On her restoration to health there were other and innumerable presents to be made: the physician-in-chief must have another Nishan set with diamonds, a new stone house, and 1000*l.* in money; the second physician must have 1000*l.*; the apothecary 500*l.*, the apothecary's assistant 200*l.*—not even the apothecary's boy who carried the medicines must be forgotten, he must have 50*l.*; and every woman that waited upon the Validè in her sickness, and every male or female of her household, must have something! We might have admired Abdul Medjid's filial piety and his open-handedness, if we had known a great deal less of the poverty of his people and of the foul means by which his revenues were chiefly raised. As it was, we could not help associating extortion and spoliation with munificence and profusion—we could not but think that if the kind-hearted Sultan could see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears what we had seen and heard in Asia Minor, he would have taken pity on his people and have saved their money. Sarim Pasha, the Minister of Finance, who had been for some time Minister Plenipotentiary in London, and who really knew something (though not much) of finances, or at least of accounts, took the alarm, as coffer after coffer became a vacuum;

he remonstrated; he explained the necessity of conjugating the verb "to save" instead of the verb "to give," but it was of no avail—he only made himself enemies at Court. One rough day in the month of April, when the imperial Treasury was a perfect void, old Sarim came to a desperate resolution: he swore he would resign without permission obtained or asked for; he swore that he would no longer be Minister of Finance without any finances to administer; and, quitting his office in the Serraglio, he went home to his own house, and shut himself up in it, saying that the Sultan might do with him what he liked, but that to the Treasury he would never return! In the course of that afternoon and evening the report ran through all Stamboul and its adjacencies that there was no longer a Minister of Finance, that there were no longer any finances! The next day the Sultan called into his own presence the Vizier Reschid Pasha, Sarim Pasha, and Rifat Pasha, then President of the Council. Abdul Medjid, though much embarrassed, showed no anger against Sarim, who, for a certainty, would have lost his head if Mahmoud had been Sultan. He proposed an arrangement *à l'aimable;* Sarim and Rifat must change places, and so the Cabinet would not be disturbed. Sarim gladly stepped into a post where there was no money to count and next to nothing to do; and Rifat, who had previously filled all manner of places requiring very different qualifications, who had been ex-officio "everything by turns and nothing long" in the true, unvaried Turkish fashion, who thought that if *kismet* gavẽ him any particular place, *kismet* would give him also the qualities necessary to fill it, and who was so bold and enterprising

a man as not to be deterred even by the awful spectacle of "empty boxes," became Minister of Finance. Some money crept in from the provinces, and other sums were procured from the Armenian seraffs; but the crisis destroyed the Vizier's *prestige;* and in a very few days Reschid Pasha, with his man Friday Ali Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was dismissed upon a pension. Then Riza Pasha, who had been for some time doing nothing as President of the Board of Trade, etc., was restored to his old post of Seraskier or Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and Sarim Pasha, to the astonishment of most people and to his own discontentment, was made *Grand Vizier!* These changes would not have taken place if Sir Stratford Canning had been at hand. His return had been so often announced and so strangely delayed, that the Turks began to think he would not come at all. It was curious, it was very amusing to watch the effects produced by his gradual approach when it really took place. So soon as it was known that Sir Stratford was fairly on his journey, Reschid's house was filled with visitors, and the Journal de Constantinople dwelt with choice phrases upon his many excellent qualities and the respect and affection the Sultan bore him. When it became known that Sir Stratford was really at Athens, Reschid was reinstated in the Cabinet without a portfolio, and when Sir Stratford had been only a few weeks at Constantinople, Reschid was again made Grand Vizier, Ali Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc. In short, all that had been done in April was undone in June and July.

Before these sudden changes were effected, but not before I saw they were coming, I asked a man of the country,

an experienced, sensible, acute old man, what he thought of them. "It is all one," said he; "whether Riza is up and Reschid down, or Riza down and Reschid up, it is all the same to the country. The one cannot govern worse than the other—or better! Neither of them can be more than a part of a bad and complicated machine. Neither of them can alter the system of government, or check the influence of the Serraglio, or create honesty and good faith where none exist, or awaken conscience in men who have no conscience, or rouse a feeling of honour and patriotism in men who never knew the meaning of such words. Sir Stratford Canning will support Reschid because he believes him to be not only the better Minister of the two, but also a good and honest man. Sir Stratford will find out his mistake. There is a difference, though it is of no consequence to us: Reschid has more of what is called enlightenment than Riza: Reschid has travelled a good deal in Christendom, has resided long in London and Paris; Reschid sometimes reads French books. He is a man of quiet habits and decent life, and not a rake or debauchee like Riza. Then, while Riza is accused of a leaning to Russia, Reschid professes the utmost dread and hatred of that power. There has not been an hour of his public life in which Reschid has not stood in awe of the Tzar's Ambassador, and has not been nearly as compliant to the will of Russia as Riza his rival; but where he can safely parade his anti-Russianism, he has done it and will do it. If Sir S. Canning has a fault as British Ambassador in this place, it is his too lively jealousy of Russia. Some people call it his Russo-phobia. Reschid's professed anti-Russianism helped him far on in the good

graces of Sir Stratford; but let the great crisis come, and it now seems to be coming*—your excellent Ambassador will find that Reschid has no more political principle than his rival."

Without believing a tenth part of the stories current in Pera, I could not but come to the conclusion that intrigue and dissoluteness were greatly on the increase. The use of the bowstring and the sack had been, if not entirely abolished, very much diminished; and no corrective had been introduced to supply its place. The Greek doctor Paleologus had his rivals in his own particular line. In many cases the atrocious and notorious vices of the husbands were pleaded as extenuations or even justifications of the frailties of these Turkish wives. The modern Parisian brothel literature had certainly contributed, and was most materially contributing, to the spread of these "pleasant vices." The women did not read French—none but a very few of the *very* highest condition could read Turkish, or tell one Arabic letter from another—but the young men who had been educated *alla Franca*, the protégés of Reschid Pasha, the pupils of the reform school, "the hopes of the country," all read French, while very few of them knew any other European language. I have noticed in an early chapter the copious importations of this Parisian literature. Moreover, they had manufacturers of it on

* This conversation took place after the revolutionary fire, kindled at Paris in February, 1848, had spread throughout Italy and Germany. We were all in consternation at the revolution of Vienna and the alarming reports received from Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia. There was not a man in Constantinople who had an opinion that was not fully persuaded that *the weakening of the Austrian empire would give great strength and preponderance to Russia—that one of the great safeguards of the Ottoman empire had been destroyed by the Vienna revolution.*

the spot, and in the pay of government. I remember few instances in which my disgust was more thoroughly excited than in reading the account which a Frenchman gave in the Journal de Constantinople of the adventures of Paleologus and his two frail Turkish ladies. It would have been better for all parties to have passed over the subject in silence; but as the great scandal had made a deal of noise, this very moral Frenchman was instructed to mystify the transactions, and *moralise* upon them. He dwelt upon the enormity of the guilt of the young Greek doctor, and upon the exceeding *rarity* of such offences in Turkey; whereas it is not the offences that are rare, but only the detection and punishment. He contrasted the conjugal virtues of the Turks with the laxity of most Christian nations; and after speaking of the universal horror and indignation of the Mussulmans at the almost unprecedented guilt of the wives of the two Effendis, he extolled the mercifulness of the government which had only condemned Paleologus to a perpetual exile. With the gravity of a Mufti, this salaried scribbler spoke of the necessity of upholding the high and strict domestic virtues of the Turks of Constantinople! And this very journal was in itself an incentive and a pander to vice. After the fashion of Paris, it published, in nearly every one of its numbers, a *feuilleton*; and these *feuilletons* consisted almost exclusively of tales of intrigue, seduction, adultery, or double adultery, not without now and then being seasoned with an infusion of the incestuous. How the bigoted Papists of Pera admitted, as they did, such a paper into their houses, or what effect was produced upon their wives and daughters by the perusal of these

hebdomadary *feuilletons*, I will not pause to inquire. I am speaking of Mussulman and not Perote morality. The *feuilletons* were devoured by all the "hopes of the country" that could make out their sense. I have seen them in the hands of the young students of Galata Serai, of the young officers in barracks, of the young Turkish hospital-mates in the military hospitals; I have seen them in private Turkish houses; and I have heard one young Mussulman verbally translating them, with great glee and gusto, to his comrades, who were not so happy as to be masters of that only medium of instruction and civilization, the French language!

Better no books at all than bad ones;* but without the resource of books, without cultivation, without any mental resources whatsoever, it is difficult to imagine how the wives of the great Turks get through the four-and-twenty hours. In some harems, as *I knew* from candid and indisputable sources, they spent a great part of the day in eating and drinking, in making coffee and sherbets and sipping them, and scolding their slaves and smoking their pipes. In the house of —— Pasha, which affected to be considered as a model establishment, they had breakfast (a very substantial meal) at about 11 o'clock A.M., and dinner about half an hour after sunset. When the Pasha sat down to table in the male and public side of the house, the meal, in most abundant quantity, was sent into the harem, the inmates of which were far from being numerous. A young man, who himself had a very good appetite, much wondered

* I am frankly and honestly stating my own convictions, but am not advancing opinions peculiar to myself. Bishop Southgate—like every one that had paid attention to the subject—was persuaded that this modern Parisian literature lay at the root of the prevalent irreligion and immorality.

how the women could eat all that was thus sent them. But long before breakfast the coffee-pot was at work, and sweetmeats were masticated; and between breakfast and dinner there was a continuous draught made by the harem upon the larder. "No wonder," said my informant, "that they grow so fat: they are eating all day long!" When the harem received the visits of the ladies of other Pashas or Effendis, the larder was always invaded by clamorous and exorbitant demands for provend. These visits were rather frequent: at times there would be two or three of them a-day. Let what would go into the harem, nothing ever came out of it but clean plates and dishes. Though no male foot dared to cross the threshold of the harem, or even to enter its anteroom, the thin wooden walls and plank partitions of the house allowed the voices of the ladies to be heard in many parts of it. Now and then fragments of conversation were caught that did not sound like sermons or homilies, and very frequently the sharp tones of the voices gave assurance that the ladies were not all of one mind. The senior matron occasionally took exercise by belabouring a female slave with her slipper or pipe-stick, and by uttering objurgations quite as foul as her lord's when in anger. The pretty embroideries, the worked handkerchiefs, the elegant turbans, and the other specimens of needle skill which charmed Miss Pardoe and other English ladies, are nearly all purchased in the bazaars, and are the handiwork not of Turkish ladies, but of Armenian *men* and women. Such of the fair ones as have been purchased slaves—procured in their infancy and prepared, or, as it is called, "educated" for the harems of rich men—seldom know more than

how to season a dish, mix a sherbet, prepare and present a pipe, and dance a lascivious dance. Nothing more helpless than the condition of these women, if, in the decline of life, their husbands fall into disgrace, or they are left in widowhood and poverty. A broken-down small-footed Chinese dame is not more helpless in the streets or by the roadside, than are these Turkish ladies in all the affairs of life. The vicissitudes of fortune, the instability of all family prosperity, has of late years afforded most abundant evidence of this helplessness, by casting loose upon the world females who had enjoyed all the luxuries of the harems of the once great and rich. It was a remark made to me, not by one but by several Frank ladies, that not one of them knew how to do anything for herself; that they knew not how to fashion or even to sew the cloths and stuffs charitably given them for clothing; that hardly one of them knew how to use the needle, or to do any single thing that was useful or necessary.

I would repeat, again and again, that this seclusion, or rather *separation* of the sexes (for the women are anything rather than secluded), is incompatible with any real advance of civilization; and that until this accursed harem system be abolished (*of which there is not as yet the slightest sign*), there is not the shadow of a hope for that social regeneration without which Turkey must perish amidst the contempt and scorn of the rest of the world.* If you degrade woman, you degrade

* It is also worthy of notice that the Turks do not shut up their female children in the harem until they are eleven or twelve years old. By nature precocious, they are at that age young women; and up to that age they are allowed to run about the house and mix with the men-servants. In the house of one of the greatest of the pashas there was a little girl—

the mother and the first teacher of the future man: the demoralization of the parent tells upon the child. The first lessons are the strongest and the most enduring of all: the child receives his first education in the harem, be he the son of a Sultan or the son of the poorest of Turks; and what are the lessons he gets there, from ignorant, indolent, and sensual women? We had many opportunities of judging, not only in the developed man, but also in the growing child. The ignorance of the women is very naturally allied with Turkish pride and Mussulman bigotry, and there is nothing new in a loose code of morality being a concomitant of fierce fanaticism. In Constantinople we often met some young Bey or Beyzidè coming out of his father's konack, or riding through the streets on his Mitylene pony, dressed in richly embroidered clothes, and attended by one or two male Nubian slaves running by his side on foot. I scarcely remember the instance in which one of these urchins passed us without muttering coarsely indecent language, and insulting us as Christians and Franks. One morning I was almost irritated by the behaviour of a great man's son, who could not have been more than *ten* or *eleven* years old. As he met us in a narrow street he spat on the ground right before me, as if to avert the effects of the evil eye or to express his disgust at the sight of a Christian dog; and, after spitting, he turned his face from us, muttering curses between his teeth, and rhetorically defiling our mothers and grand-

the pasha's only child—that was constantly talking and playing with one of those gangs of slaves and servants of whose morality I have given some notion. She was dressed like a boy, and for some time I took her for one, She was eleven years old, and a perfect adept in obscenity and in foul language.

mothers, our wives and our sisters; at all which his two hideous Nubians grinned from ear to ear, and laughed aloud. One of my companions, who was acclimated to this insolence and obscenity, said that it was *only* a child; that it was useless to take any notice of him; that he was only repeating, like a parrot, what he had learned from the women in the harem; that all Turkish children fresh from their mothers were the same; and that female fanaticism was much stronger than *Tanzimaut*, which had prohibited the use of such foul language to any Christian. We were in a Turkish quarter, and had we attempted to chastise the insolent negroes, every Turk in it would have fallen upon us. The full-grown men, who have been beaten into civility, very rarely dared to outrage a Frank in this manner; but we almost universally found the women and the children disposed to be insolent and abusive, and it was very seldom indeed that they were checked by the men or even by the soldiers on guard, part of whose bounden duty it was to preserve the peace, and prevent such shameful exhibitions. I could multiply, *ad infinitum*, authentic cases that would show the hollowness of the pretension to civilization and tolerance set up by the reformers of the day for the mouldering rotten capital of the Turkish Empire. As I have previously said, the old leaven of fanaticism lurks in many corners. I am, however, disposed to believe that the deep sense of poverty and misery has more to do with these occasional popular outbreaks than the spirit of fanaticism. The Turks hate the Christians, because the Christians, of whatsoever nation or grade—certainly without excepting the *Christian*

Rayah subjects—are incomparably more prosperous than themselves.

Except for the Friday visits to the mosques, the Sultan, during our long stay at Constantinople, very rarely left his palace at Beshiktash. I will not pretend to know more than I really do know of those *penetralia*. Everybody knew that his harem was absolutely crowded with women, and that by far the greater part of his time was spent in it. *Most* of the *very* great Pashas spent their time as he did, and were keeping their black eunuchs, just as their predecessors used to do twenty years ago. The gentleness, the amiability of Abdul Medjid, was admitted by all. Some gave him credit for a very considerable share of quickness and natural ability (which his countenance did not denote), regretting at the same time his indolence, his distractions, and his premature exhaustion. A person had been retained more than ten years to teach the Sultan French, but his imperial Majesty could not as yet construct a French sentence. For music he had a perfect passion and a very good taste. His own Turkish band, trained by German and Italian masters, executed the best of modern compositions. The rude barbaric music of the Turks was seldom heard in the palace, or even indeed in the regimental bands. Whatever noted foreign player visited Constantinople—whether pianist, flutist, or fiddler—he was sure to be invited to the palace to play for one or more evenings to the Sultan, and equally sure to get a good round sum of money, and a gold, diamond-set snuff-box. The most refined, or I should not be far wrong in saying the *only* refined amusements of the serraglio, began and ended in music.

The most sensual of all the fine arts was the most spiritual of Abdul Medjid's pastimes. From these musical soirées his women were of course rigidly excluded. If the kadinns and odalisks heard the sweet strains, it must have been at a distance, and through screens and wooden partitions.

Nothing that I could hear from any reliable source was proper to raise my estimate of the character, or intellects, or tastes, of any of the great Turkish ladies. It would be a great mistake to treat them merely as the inmates of the harem, or as recluses, or caged birds. If the Sultan's own women were caged, none others were. His married sisters, as well as his mother, were constantly abroad. The women of the Pashas and other great employés were more out of doors (in the daytime) than our fashionable and most stirring ladies during the London season: they were to be seen every day, when the weather was fine, on the Bosphorus, in the Golden Horn, in the bazaars, on the great square near the Seraskier's tower, and in the streets; they were incessantly going and coming, shopping, and paying visits; they were greater gadabouts than the belles of Paris in the old and gay time. If their graceless, cumbersome, out-of-door dresses spoiled or utterly concealed their figures, and if their loose, shapeless, yellow-morocco boots, and their awkward slippers, hid their feet and spoiled their gait, the younger and handsomer of them took good care that their yashmacs should not conceal their faces. The gauze worn by these dames of highest fashion was as transparent as the famed textile of old Cos, and it was drawn across only the chin and forehead. The bosom was exposed, as I have

already mentioned. From some of the handsomest and greatest one not unfrequently heard language which a nymph or matron of Billingsgate would not use.

Mr .... the consul of .... was walking one afternoon in that most lovely valley of the Bosphorus, called the "Sweet Waters of Asia." Near an imperial kiosk, in the midst of the valley, he saw, dancing or posture-making on the fresh greensward, some half-dozen of itinerant dancing-girls, of the lowest and most abandoned kind. Their performance was so revolting, so barbarously obscene, that he was about to quit the spot, when the Sultan's two married sisters drove or rumbled up in a *cochee*, (followed by numerous and well-known attendants,) and, alighting at the kiosk, joined some other ladies who had been witnessing the exhibition from the windows of that building. After this august arrival, and a short rest, the vile posture-makers went to their work again. Shouts of laughter, and showers of small coin, came out of the windows; the more indecent the movements or combination of movement, the louder was the laughter; and when the performance reached its utmost climax, the ladies in the kiosk applauded with voice and hand, and then threw out more money.

CHAPTER XXII.

Medical School at Galata Serai — Infidelity and French Books — Bad Hospital — Military Schools — Dervish Pasha — No Rayahs in the Army — Straining at gnats and swallowing of camels — School for Engineers — Naval Academy at the Arsenal — Mr. Sang, Teacher of Mathematics — Mathematical Books — An Anglo-Turkish Euclid — An English Renegade — Turkish University — A Medal — Difficulties in the way of Education — Military Hospitals — Tophana Hospital — Marine Hospital — Grand Military Hospital at Scutari — Diseases of Turkish Soldiers — More Materialism — Military Hospital at the Serraglio Point — Turkish Almshouses — New Hospital of the Sultana Validè — The Et Meidan — Madhouses and State Prisoners in them — Dr. Dawson and Dr. Davy — The Plague — Turkish Ingratitude.

AMONG my letters of introduction to men in office and heads of departments, I had one for Ismael Effendi, who had resided a considerable time, in very poor and humble circumstances, at Paris and at London, and who was now, through the favour of Reschid Pasha, advanced to the high dignities of Hekim-Bashi to the Sultan and President of the Medical College at Galata Serai. This Ismael was a renegade Greek, a supple courtier, and an accomplished buffoon. I could never get sight of him; he was always engaged in paying court to the courtiers, or in buffooning for the amusement of the pashas. I called at least a dozen times at the Galata Serai, in the hope of finding him there; I walked twice, through snow and slush, to his private residence, at rather an early hour in the morning: he was invisible. I left my letter, and he took no notice of it or of me. At last I took that step which hardly

ever failed me. I walked into the Medical College, spoke with some of the people employed in it, said I was an English traveller, and asked to be conducted over the establishment. The kehayah, or superintendent, though a very ignorant and a very rapacious man, was sufficiently civil, and a Turkish professor of clynica, a Stamboulee, who had never quitted his native city, but who yet spoke French fluently and correctly, was not only very polite, but attentive and communicative. I repeated my visit, and afterwards spent two whole mornings in examining these schools. I say nothing of the paltriness and perilousness of the wooden buildings, for they served only as a temporary lodging, and a spacious stone edifice, in the Grand Champ des Morts, was now almost finished, and *this* edifice was to be the Medical College. No harsh criticism could apply to the liberality of the young Sultan in providing the sums necessary for stocking the establishment with implements, museums, cabinets, and other means and facilities of study. All the last improved implements of Paris, London, and Vienna, were to be found in the Galata Serai. There was a small, but not bad botanical garden. There was a Natural History museum, with a collection of geological specimens attached; there was a very sufficient medical library, *the books being nearly every one French.* There was a good anatomical theatre, and an excellent "Gabinetto Fisico," stocked with electric-machines, galvanic batteries, hydraulic presses, and nearly every machine and adjunct necessary to teach, or to experimentalize in, the physical sciences; and all these things were of the most perfect kind, having been purchased of the best makers in Christendom; and,

thanks to the vigilant care and scrupulous neatness of some Germans employed in the establishment, they were all, as yet, in excellent order. I fear, however, that this apple-pie order denoted that they were very seldom used. I was told afterwards that except a big electrical-machine which the Turks were pretty constantly employing as a mere plaything, hardly any machine or apparatus in this cabinet was ever touched.

What first or most powerfully roused my reprobation was the grossness of two attempts at deception. By the French journalists, and by other means, the world had been given to believe:—1. That the number of resident, fixed students, was nearly double that which I found it. 2. That young Greeks, Armenians, and even Jews were admitted, each on a number nearly equal to that of the young Turks. The mudir, or superintendent, had himself told me that there were more than 700 students. I now learned from some of the students and two of the professors, that there were not 400 inmates in all; that the Turkish students amounted to about 300; that of Greek students there were only 40, of the Armenians only 29, and of Jews no more than 15! The mudir, who was a great rogue and a dirty, had assured me that, collectively, the Rayah students were rather more numerous than the Mussulmans. It was not a Rayah, but a Mussulman, who told me that the number of students had been materially reduced since this mudir's accession to the office, and who gave me to understand that the Sultan was still paying for the larger number, and that the mudir and some of his confederates in cheating were every month putting the difference into their own pockets. Not long ago the

expenditure and accounts of the College had been managed and kept by an honest, conscientious man; but such men can never long retain their posts in Turkey. This present mudir had previously been the superintendent of some mines near Salonica; and it was said that (among friends) he would boast how cleverly he had cheated the Government in that capacity.

Not only did the students pay no fees, but they were paid for studying and living in the College. Among the Turks there were none that could have paid, and, in their regard, there was a strong religious prejudice to be overcome. To entice students the Sultan had granted monthly salaries, varying from 20 piastres for the youngest boys, to 300 piastres for the maturer students. Many of them were mere children, who were doing nothing but learning French. The only really busy man in the establishment was the French master. "They must all wait for me," said he, "the rest of the professors can do nothing without me! Until these garçons shall have learned French they can learn no other science. French is the only language of science! Science cannot be taught in Turkish." In his last assertion he was not very wide of the truth. The students were lodged as well as boarded in the College. The money allowed by the Sultan was ample for a good dietary, even if the numbers had been filled up; but the food dispensed by the old mudir was of very inferior quality. Clothes were also allowed by the Sultan. The students had a uniform, or a blue-frock coat, with light-green collar and facings, with the device of Æsculapius embroidered in silver. But this fine coat was worn only when out of

doors: the students were, to the last degree, slovenly when within the College. They all seemed to be taken from very poor classes: I was told that the Turks were one and all of the lowest grades, the sons of boatmen, horse-keepers, petty dealers, bazaar-porters, and the like; and that no Turk of the high or even middle class ever sent a son to the College. A very considerable portion of the whole gave up all thoughts of medicine as soon as they quitted the College; some being taken by Government and employed in totally different services, and others, of themselves, renouncing a profession which was badly paid and led to no promotion. I was assured that scarcely one of these students, on quitting Galata Serai, was well grounded in his profession, or fit to be more than a dresser or hospital-mate. I certainly never found one, either in the barrack-hospitals or in any other hospital or establishment of Government, occupying a higher post than that of hospital-mate; and of those I heard of, who were acting as surgeons of regiments, *I heard no good.* The young men found that they could turn the advantages of their education to better account. By entering the service of pashas or other great men, as secretaries, drogomans, and factotums, they could at once get double the pay and more than double the chances of a poor hekim—they could get upon the crooked road of state business or state intrigue, with a fair or foul chance of becoming great pashas themselves. Of the *really* clever young men who had completed their term and were now out in the world, I could scarcely hear of more than two that were hekims. The Medical School of Galata Serai, therefore, does not make many doctors or surgeons.

The Sultan's journalists, on every opportunity, presented a charming picture of the union and brotherly love which reigned in the College. And was it not beautiful to see Osmanlees and Rayahs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, living together in peace and amity within the same precincts, and all united by the same studies and by the same love of science? The picture was charming, but it was not true: the students quarrelled as much as George Colman's "Holy Friars." The Turks, being so much the more numerous, bullied all the Rayahs, ate and lived apart from them, and would not associate with them; the Greeks hated the Armenians, and the Armenians the Greeks, and both united in treating the very feeble minority of poor Jews with the greatest contumely.

If Reschid Pasha's idol theory of *amalgamation* could have been tried anywhere with success it was here, with boys and striplings, who were under government and collegiate regulations, whose prejudices had not gained the stubbornness of age, and whose religious scruples (whether Mahometan, or Christian, or Jewish) were pretty well obliterated by French books and philosophism. But there was no *amalgamation*, or even the slightest approach to it. The antipathy of castes and races was as strong and violent as ever. There was a negative, but no positive: Galata Serai had given—or was giving—them *one disbelief*, but it had done and was doing nothing that could give them *one belief* and blend them together, or make a one-hearted people of them. Yet delays, interruptions, and confusions arose out of the differences of religion: the Turks kept their Sabbath or holiday on Friday, the Jews on Saturday,

the Christians on Sunday, &c.; and on these several days they left the College and went home to their families. The two French and two German professors found these three holidays in a week very inconvenient to their classes.

The professor of botany was a Turk, who had never quitted his own country or travelled in it; he was assisted by a German gardener. In a long, airy gallery we found a pretty good collection of botanical engravings, coloured, and very neatly executed at Paris and Vienna, and a few botanical drawings, which had been copied from French prints by some of the students. In the dissecting-room we found a dozen young Turks by themselves, cutting up the body of a negress. On a "side-board," close at hand, lay the uncovered and horrible-looking corpse of a negro; and in an ante-room were slovenlily scattered the head, arms, and legs, and all the *disjecta membra*, of another Nubian. As we entered, these Mussulman students were talking and laughing, were handling the black human flesh with as little scruple as if it had been mutton or lamb, and were working away with scalpels that were shorter than our silver fruit-knives. I asked one of them whether all this were not somewhat contrary to his religion.* He laughed in my face, and said, "*Eh! Monsieur, ce n'est pas au Galata Serai qu'il faut venir chercher la religion!*" One of the Greek students who was accompanying me enjoyed the Turk's sally very much, and assured me that in this College they all became *philosophes à la*

* The Prophet Mahomet says—"Thou shalt not open a dead body, although it may have swallowed the most precious pearl belonging to another."

Voltaire. I had reason to believe that they went far beyond or *below* Voltaire. "You see," said one of the professors, "how we extirpate prejudices! Did you ever expect to see Turks opening and cutting up a human body?" I replied "No!" and, feeling rather sick, walked out of the room and into the garden. I there learned from those with me that the victory over prejudice was very far from being complete. The Mussulmans out-of-doors had a horror of dissection, and neither Christian nor Jewish Rayahs could bear the idea of the body of one of their own family or their own sect being given to the hospital. At the time of my visits the cholera was carrying off daily many Turkish soldiers, and particularly in the Arsenal barracks, just below Galata Serai, and very many of the poorest Rayahs, but they never got a body from either of these classes; they never got a *white subject*, except when some miserable, unfriended, unknown Christian or Jewish convict in the Bagnio gave up the ghost; they depended almost exclusively upon the mortality among the Nubian slaves, and now most rarely got any subject except a negro or negress. But of these there was a plenty. Usually the master of the dead slave got 20 or 25 piastres for the body, on delivery at the school.

The students of Galata Serai must have had abundant opportunities of learning the peculiarities of Nubian physiology. The authorities were afraid that the soldiers might revolt if the bodies of their comrades were sent to the hospital, instead of being buried in the earth, almost as soon as dead, as the Koran prescribes. As everything is variable here, and dependent on the cha-

racter and energy of one or two individuals, it might have been different six or seven years ago, when Mr. White made his observations, but I can confidently affirm that such was the state of the supplies to the anatomical school in the spring of 1848.

Though but temporary, the room for public examinations was large and convenient, having a gilded fauteuil or a sort of throne for the Sultan, who had for several years attended regularly at the examinations. There were several good class and lecture rooms. There was also a tolerable chemical laboratory, with a fair supply of apparatus. It was amusing to be told in this last room that a good many of the Turkish and Armenian students preferred chemical to any other studies or experiments, *because* they hoped to find out the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, or to discover the *elixir vitæ*. *Alchymia rediviva!* The human mind cannot be without belief, or without something beyond this positive world! One credulity takes the place of another. See the history of the first great French Revolution! The French had never so many credulities, wild beliefs, or aspirations, as when they had made an abnegation of all religious faith. Never was there so much confidence that science might indefinitely prolong the existence of the frail body of man, as when they had voted the non-existence of a God and the mortality of the soul! Among the books in this medical library there were but too many of *that* period, or of the *philosophismizing* period which immediately preceded it, and which in fact created it. It was long since I had seen such a collection of downright materialism. A young Turk, seemingly about twenty years

of age, was sitting cross-legged in a corner of the room, reading that manual of atheism, the "*Système de la Nature!*" Another of the students showed his proficiency in French and philosophy, by quoting passages from Diderot's "*Jacques le Fataliste,*" and from that compound of blasphemy and obscenity, "*Le Compère Mathieu.*" *Les Turques se civilisent.* Yes! with a vengeance! And quite *à la Française.* And when they are thus civilized, what next?

I saw a few works in German, and there appeared to be a few translations of English medical books, but the bulk was wholly French. Cabanés's "*Rapport de la Physique et du Morale de l'Hômme*" occupied a conspicuous place on the shelves. I no longer wondered it should be commonly said that every student who came out of Galata Serai, after keeping the full term, came out always a materialist, and generally a libertine and rogue. Close by the library they had set up a German lithographic printing-press; and two Armenians were printing the skeleton forms of daily hospital returns, in Turkish. These returns, I was told, were duly filled up and sent every morning to our invisible friend Ismael Effendi, who hardly ever came near the place. Soon after our departure, this Hekim Bashi was suddenly turned into "Minister of Commerce;" and only those who are on the spot can tell how many different and opposite places the renegade Greek may have been put into since then. We were told that some elementary works, in Turkish, were in preparation, and would be printed at this lithographic press. But precisely the same information was given years ago, and not one of these books has yet appeared. The Turks are so slow and indolent, the language is so

cramped and confined, the work so difficult! To render scientific terms they are obliged to coin new words, or to introduce some Arabic word, moulding it into a new form or meaning. For scientific purposes they have indeed to make almost an entirely new language; and when this is made, it is found to be unintelligible to the students. I was told that a young man might learn French, so as to be able to read scientific books in the original, in a very little more time than was necessary to him for acquiring this new Turkish language of science. Then, again, people complained that this last language was neither complete nor fixed; that many ideas, and even simple things, could not be expressed in it; that very often the translators were obliged to retain French or Latin terms; that the new word-makers did not proceed upon any uniform system or principle, and that the terminology of one was not that of another. In mathematics, and, I believe, to a certain extent in chemistry, the learned katibs could get over the ground pretty well with the help of Arabic; but then the students had to learn this Arabic. In all other sciences the difficulty was exceedingly great.

The hospital attached to the Galata Serai was not very creditable, the rooms being small and crowded, and the patients' beds (sixty in all) abominably foul. But in the new College now building, they were to have a spacious, well-ventilated hospital, with a proper division of wards, with new beds and bedding, and all things proper. I here had additional evidence as to the prevalence of a certain disease which, twenty years ago, was almost unknown among the Turks. Under the superintendence of a Frank professor, some of the senior

students had recently performed various surgical operations. Two young Greeks were pointed out as having uncommon quickness and address, and as being likely to make excellent operators.

This Galata Serai had very different occupants when I was at Constantinople twenty years ago. I doubt, however, whether it was more moral then than now. The building was erected by Achmet III. as a place of education for the imperial pages. The father of the present Sultan converted it into a medical school; and it is said that he was so pleased with the innovation, that he traced with his own hand the original inscription which is now copied in large letters of gold over the great entrance gate,—"All who look upon this edifice will exclaim, Aferin!" (Well done). The school was originally intended as a nursery (exclusively) for military and naval surgeons; but these changing fitful administrations never adhere to any original plan.

We repeatedly visited the two Military Schools above Pera and the Galata Serai. I had brought a letter to Ibrahim Pasha, "Director-General of Military Schools;" but I could never find him, either at home or anywhere else. This was of less consequence, as he was removed to another office before the state of the weather allowed us to go out to the schools, and as I found in Dervish Pasha, one of the superintendents, to whom I introduced myself, a very gentlemanly and obliging officer. I find in my diary, under date of the 14th of March, 1848—"Hardly one pasha but has changed place and functions since we came to this country in August last. Nothing is fixed in office. Most of these changes appear to proceed from no intelligible motive,

but from mere caprice. One has scarcely done wondering at a change when another is made. There never can be any official order in any one department of government." Dervish, who was now second in authority, and who ought to have been *first*, was regular and most punctual in his attendance at the senior Military Academy: he spoke French even better than Ali Pasha, and English almost as well as French; he had spent three years in England; he had travelled a good deal on the continent of Europe, and had travelled with his eyes open; his scientific acquirements seemed to be considerable; his conversation was animated, frank, and unaffected; he had no pasha-pride or *morgue*, he was affable to all men and always glad to see a foreigner; I thought and still think better of him than of any other pasha I knew; he was the only one of them that did not deal in stereotyped phrases, or that returned honest direct answers to plain well-meant questions. I discovered but one fault in him: though a young man he took but little exercise, and was growing enormously fat, like all the rest of them. It could not well be otherwise, for he passed his days—as they all do—seated cross-legged, on a broad and soft divan. The first time we visited him we found, sitting on the opposite side of the room, a good-natured old Neapolitan officer who had been thirty-three years in the East, at Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Smyrna, and other places, and who, for the last four or five years, had been infantry instructor in this senior military school. He was the descendant of an Irish family settled in Naples, his name Mahony. He spoke of Dervish Pasha as the most enlightened, most honest, and by

far the most assiduous public officer he had ever known in Turkey. Unluckily he was hampered by two other pashas, who were receiving high salaries for doing nothing, or for doing only what was mischievous. The salaries of these two pashas, and of certain other useless officials, nearly doubled the expense of the schools to the Sultan. *More Turco!* These people have a bold genius for the invention of sinecures. Every establishment was encumbered in the like manner.

The Senior Military School, on the right of the road which leads to Therapia and Buyukderè, is a long ugly building without, but it has far-extending, pleasant corridors, and good apartments and class-rooms within; and, at the time of my visits, a most exemplary cleanliness and order prevailed throughout. The large refectory was not yet finished, but the students were taking their meals (of good quality) in clean and comfortable rooms. In a clean and spacious school-room we found at our first visit about thirty young men taking French lessons. The book in use Fenelon's Fables, which they read—for the most part with a good accent—and then rendered into Turkish, with parsing, &c. The French master was a smart young Turk, who had passed ten years of his life in Paris. In other rooms we saw some students drawing, and two of them reading and helping one another to understand Voltaire's Life of Charles XII. They had reached the part of that animated narrative where the Swedish monarch at Bender, with a handful of men, defends his house against a whole army of Janizaries and Turkish irregulars. They seemed to enjoy the incidents exceedingly. In every part of the establishment we

noticed the same scrupulous neatness and order; but the students in their vile loose, in-door, drab great-coats, looked like common soldiers, or rather like felons in gaol dresses. There was a very fair room set apart for the Sultan, with a gilded fauteuil, a European sofa covered with Genoa velvet richly embroidered in gold, French chairs, rather a splendid looking-glass, and a truly splendid Turkish or Persian carpet. The lecture-room was excellent. So was the "Gabinetto Fisico." This last large room was well provided with apparatus and instruments, English, French, and German: here we found Dr. Smith's American electro-telegraph, good electrical-machines, and all manner of appliances and means for the study of the physical sciences, kept in dark mahogany glazed cases, which stood round the room. At the upper end of the room there was a small library, consisting almost entirely of elegantly bound French books. I noticed the 'Moniteur Universel,' the 'Encyclopédie Méthodique,' 'Vauban,' 'Maximes de Turenne,' 'Foy,' &c. There were a few German and a very few English works on the military science. In this cabinet there was a sort of throne for the Sultan to sit upon during the examinations. Seated by the side of it we looked over a portfolio of drawings by the students—all mere copies from French or German engravings or lithographs, but neatly executed. Some mechanical drawings, sections of maps, and plans of fortifications, were as neat as could possibly be. Dervish Pasha frankly confessed that there had been much mismanagement, and that everything, except the collection of instruments, was as yet in its infancy; but he hoped that, if time were allowed,

the course of instruction would be improved. This school had been erected only some three or four years ago. There were now in it one hundred and one students. The majority of them were coarse and vulgar in their countenances and persons; some few had an intelligent expression, but not one had the appearance of a Turkish gentleman. They were very far from being well set up, although we were told they were pretty regularly drilled at an early hour in the morning. Old Signor Mahony said that they had very little taste for military exercises, or for any other exercise, and that the greater part of them hated the drill-ground. In age they seemed to vary from seventeen to twenty-one. Four Frenchmen were employed as military instructors; a Prussian conducted the artillery instruction. The drawing-master was a Spaniard, and very little of an artist.

Dervish Pasha very obligingly sent one of his officers with us to the Junior Military Academy, which lay about a mile to the northward, on the ridge of hills behind the Sultan's new stone palace of Dolma Baghchè. With this introduction we were free to return whenever we chose. The day of our first visit was one of the few delightful spring days we had this year. We found the mudir and the professors making *keff*—that is, they were smoking their tchibouques under a few shady trees in front of the academy, with their faces turned to a bean-field on the southern slope of the hill, where the beans were already in flower and smelling sweetly. They were very courteous, and, immediately quitting their pipes, they conducted us into the school. Here there were no long, echoing corridors, as in the superior

academy. The establishment consisted of several separate *corps de logis*, or old buildings in the Turkish style, which had nothing noticeable about them except their order and cleanliness. None of them were large. Some quadrangles were prettily laid out as gardens. There was a small mosque, *not built of late years*, attached to the school—at the Senior Academy there was none. The number of pupils was between two and three hundred. They are admitted at the age of twelve. They remain here five years, then pass to the upper school for four years, and then into the army or to some government employment, with the rank of captain. Some become engineers; some artillery, some cavalry, and some infantry officers: but they all pursue the same line of study. From the day of their entrance they are lodged, fed, and clothed, at the expense of the Sultan, receiving also a small monthly gratuity, which is increased as they advance in age. In spite of all these encouragements a good many of them get heart-sick of study and confinement, and abscond. I was told the same thing at the Galata Serai. Here there is no mixture of races or of faiths; for, in this reformed and to be *amalgamated* empire, none but Mussulmans can be soldiers. A distinguished diplomatist, who was taken into council by the late Sultan Mahmoud when his affairs were very desperate, told that sovereign that his remedy would be to allow his Christian Rayah subjects to be soldiers as well as the Turks; and that from the day he raised and armed a Christian regiment his empire would be safe. Entertaining as I do the greatest respect for this adviser, I cannot agree with the advice; for I believe that if the Rayahs were regimented, their inve-

terate antipathies would lead them to employ their arms against one another; and that, whatever the Armenians might do, the Greeks would not be long ere they fell upon their co-militants the Turks. Apart from the religious antagonism, there is a four-hundred-years'-old hatred to the Osmanlee on the part of the Greek, which no political schemes, no merely *mortal* means, will ever eradicate. If in European Turkey the Greeks were trained and armed in anything like the same proportion as the Mussulmans, the Mussulmans would be speedily driven back into Asia, for the Greeks excel them as much in daring and activity as they do in wit and intelligence. But if only a few Greek regiments were raised, what would happen in the case of a Russian invasion?—a case the Turks are always contemplating, and nearly all of them with misgivings and dread. The Greeks would fire into the Turks with whom they were brigaded, and, with shouts for the Cross and Holy Virgin, would pass over to their co-religionists the Russians. I feel as certain of this as of the physical, unalterable fact, that the river Danube flows downward from its sources in the Alps to its mouths on the Euxine. I never met with the man in the country that entertained a different opinion.

As at Galata Serai, the students were drawn from poor Turkish families: they were sons of boatmen, porters, papoush-makers, &c. One of the schoolmasters, a Perote Frank, told me that in the whole number (here and in the upper school) there were not above six or seven that could be considered as the sons of gentlemen, and that these few were the children of effendis whose fortunes were at the lowest ebb. Others told

me the reforming government preferred the rawest materials to any others, and found the children of the uninstructed, dependent poor, more submissive and ductile than the children of the superior classes. Their drawing-master, the son of a Frenchman, but a native of Pera, praised their docility, and, in general, their intelligence; but he complained that they were altogether insensible to the point of honour, or to punishment by shame. Here it was necessary to make use of the bastinado. As much might have been expected from the premises. This Frank added that they showed no inventive talent whatever, but a good deal of imitative talent, and considerable facility of execution, as well in music as in drawing. He said that whatever a Turk could do or learn cross-legged or sitting at his ease in a quiet room, he did or learned pretty well; but that there was no overcoming their natural indolence or dislike to active, stirring occupation. Pointing to the shady side of a quadrangle, where from twenty to thirty youths were sitting on their heels, doing nothing—not so much as talking—he said, "Those students have been there these three hours, and there they would sit three hours longer if they were allowed to follow their own inclinations. French boys, when out of school, must be running or jumping, or engaging in some active sport. Englishmen are quieter than we, but I believe English schoolboys are not very sedentary when released from their class-rooms: but few of these Turks ever seem young; like their old green-heads, they seem to think that the best of pastimes is to sit still and do nothing."

Regardless of the good rule that you can hardly begin the light drill too early, these boys were not

drilled at all until they were drafted into the senior school. I asked some of the professors whence the pupils in these two schools were drawn: they told me almost entirely from Constantinople and its neighbourhood, *because* military schools had been erected in the provinces—at Brusa, Kutayah, Konia, Damascus, Adrianople, Salonica, &c. Fudge! There was not one such school. Yet would I not accuse these gentlemen of intentional falsehood. Long since, Abdul Medjid had ordered that there should be such schools; and when the Sultan orders a thing *to be done*, the Turks consider that it *is finished;* and the French journalists of Pera confirm them in their illusion. By well-informed persons I was repeatedly asked whether the new military school at Brusa, or Kutayah, or Adrianople, were not in a flourishing condition? Here, above Dolma Baghchè, the favourite pursuit seemed to be drawing: I never saw the boys doing anything else. On our first visit we found, in two rooms, from fifty to sixty pupils copying French prints—fancy portraits of women as well as of men, landscapes, architectural pieces, ruins, ornaments, scrolls, flowers, fruit, wild beasts, &c. The correctness of some of these copies, and the neatness of execution, were commendable. Some of these poor fellows, who never saw any object of art until they came here, had been only six or eight months under tuition. A few of the elder pupils were working in *acquarella*, copying coloured prints with French water-colours; but most of them were drawing with charcoal, or black French chalk. Here a serious religious scruple had arisen. A Mussulman may not waste or throw away any bread—no, not the smallest

mite. If a Turk of the old school sees a crumb of bread on the floor, or even in the street, he will stoop, pick it up, and devoutly deposit it in the sleeve of his garment. Now, crumbs of bread must be used to erase the mistakes in charcoal or chalk drawings. But as these crumbs must not be thrown away, what could be done with them? After serious deliberation it was concluded that neither charcoal nor chalk was poisonous; and the pupils undertook to swallow all the crumbs they dirtied while drawing. The rule was rigidly enforced. While watching them at work I saw two or three boys putting in their mouths pieces of bread as black as my hat. The drawing-master thought that this necessity of eating their mistakes had the effect of making them more careful and correct. Other scruples, more fatal to art, interfered. The pupils were allowed to draw nothing from the round or the real, the Ulema having decided that the faithful must not draw from objects which cast shadows. The youths must thus remain mere mechanical copyists. Monsieur G——, the drawing-master, did, however, entertain some hopes of being allowed to teach them to sketch landscapes after nature. But, surely, of all men in the world the lounging keff-making Ulema will be the first to tell him that trees do verily cast shadows; nor should I be astonished if they discovered that shades are projected by mountains, rocks, and buildings. With their scruples, a Peter Schlemel—a gentleman without a shadow—would be a great God-send for Turkish art. Yet is there not hollowness and contradiction here? The commander of the faithful seems never to be happier than when sitting for his portrait to some Frank

artist: it would be difficult to say how often he has been painted, or how many miniature pictures of himself, set in gold and diamonds, he has given away to foreign ambassadors and others: a full-length portrait of him has been done by a Frenchman in lithography, and a copy of this print is found in nearly every decent Turkish house in the capital. Reschid Pasha, and all his colleagues, had been painted and repainted, and I never knew of a common Turk being at all unwilling to sit while you made a sketch of his person, face, and costume. In general, the poor Turks seemed to be delighted at the opportunity, and quite enchanted with the performance, however poor it might be. It had, however, been considered that the popular scruples on this head were very strong. The late Sultan Mahmoud had taken *energetic* measures to remove them.

Bishop Southgate says—

"The scene of the departing pilgrims seemed to me, at the moment, at least, a small proof of the remaining vigour of Islamism; but it was followed in a few days by another, which looked more like decay. On the 4th of August (1836) it was announced that a portrait of the Sultan was to be presented to the cavalry-barracks near Pera, and I thought the occasion worthy of attention. A similar honour had already been conferred on several public buildings, and it was intended that others still should share it. Before my final departure from Constantinople, in the summer of 1838, a woful misrepresentation of the royal features was to be seen in most, if not all, the barracks,—in several of the public offices, and in the cabins of some of the ships of war. Upon the day of which I speak, the Sultan himself was expected

to be present, and the crowd collected to witness the ceremony was immense. There were pointed out to me representatives of twelve different nations, among whom were Turks, Arabs, Persians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Circassians, distinguished by their different garbs and features. Then came the races of Europe, homogeneous, at least in their outward man, and here and there appeared a solitary American. I was astonished at the throngs of Turkish women, and to see them moving about at liberty, excepting some of those belonging to the harems of the great, who were seated in gaudy arubas drawn by grey oxen. . . . . After the crowd had remained for hours in the most exemplary endurance of a hot sun and clouds of dust, the approach of the cavalcade was announced by the roar of cannon, and long trains of cavalry and infantry soon appeared, followed by the Seraskier Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the army. He was a short and stout personage, with an intelligent face and a silvery beard, the same that now holds the first place in the councils of the new Sultan. After him came a beautiful carriage drawn by four horses, moving in solemn state in the van of the Sultan's body-guard. The crowd bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the royal person. But he was not there. The interior was occupied only by the likeness of himself, the portrait for which all this stir and ceremony had been created, laid carefully upon luxurious cushions, and covered with a rich cloth. The procession entered beneath the arch that led to the interior court of the barracks, where the act of presentation was performed. It consisted simply of a prayer offered by an Imaum, at

the close of which the multitude responded with a loud AMEN.

"I went away from the scene lost in reflection. 'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a palpable violation of the commands of the Koran, and a gross outrage upon the prejudices of Mussulmans, perpetrated by the acknowledged head of the religion, and the avowed successor of its founder. And it is just such as would most scandalize serious and devout Mahomedans. It is the representation of the human form, which is of all most offensive to them; and even that is not a work of fancy, which would be regarded with greater indulgence, but an actual resemblance of a living person; and to aggravate the insult to religion as much as possible, without commanding adoration, this painted resemblance is conveyed along the public ways, with military pomp and amidst the roar of cannon, consecrated by the sacred forms of religion, and set up before the eyes of all men. Even to the subjects of a Christian prince, such an act would appear like an aspiration to divine honours, but to a Mussulman it must seem downright idolatry.'" *

Like other men, the Ulema, after giving up vital principles of faith and practice, cling with a desperate grasp to the most contemptible trifles; and the reformers, who have ridden over them rough-shod, who have infringed the law of the Prophet in numberless important points, draw rein and bow the head at petty scruples like these. Some few of the boys here were wearing their uniform, which, though made of Fez-

* Tour through Armenia, Persia, &c. New York, 1840. Vol. i. pp. 79-81.

Khaneh cloth, was neat and becoming enough—blue frock coat, with red collar and cuffs, and blue pantaloons with the red stripe—but the rest were clad in villainous loose great-coats; and all were to the last degree slovenly about the feet. · The dormitories were not bad, but far from being so airy and good as those at the upper school. The refectory was very neat and clean, the diet liberal. We saw the tables laid; there were clean tablecloths, clean pewter plates, neat knives and forks, decanters, drinking glasses, Frank benches, chairs, etc. Twenty years ago such things would certainly have appeared most marvellous and unorthodox. This academy was established by Sultan Mahmoud.

On the left bank of the Golden Horn, considerably above the Arsenal, under the great Jewish cemetery, in a low, damp, close, and most unhealthy situation, there was another military school, erected by Mahmoud's cousin and predecessor, Sultan Selim, whose reforms and inroads on the Janizaries and Ulema cost him his life. Into this small, confined establishment I could never get access. I believe that hardly anything was done in it, and that the Turks were ashamed of its being seen. Some told me that there were about thirty young men studying in it for engineer officers; others assured me that there were only two old Turkish professors and five or six students, who were all obliged to run away from the unhealthy spot as soon as the hot weather commenced.

To the Naval School in the Arsenal we had free access at any time. The building, which had formerly been the Turkish Admiralty, was appropriately and

beautifully situated on the spur of a hill overlooking the docks, the shipyards, the marine-barracks, the splendid port, and the Ottoman fleet then lying there at anchor. It was a tolerably good stone building, looking very well at a certain distance. But no school was open; no instruction had been given there for many months. Halil, the new Capitan Pasha, must needs signalize his accession to office by remodelling the establishment, and by enlarging the building, which, for all useful purposes, was quite large enough before.

The place was now in the possession of Armenian masons, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, and painters, and was not likely to be evacuated by them for months to come. The additions to the building were nearly entirely of wood—woodwork tacked to the original stonework. When the wood takes fire, as it is sure to do some day, the stone will hardly be safe.*

They were spending a deal of time and money in fitting out a reception-room for the Sultan, in which there was to be a splendid sofa, a gilded fauteuil and all that paraphernalia, of which every item is contrary to the law of the Prophet. Maps, books, instruments, were all locked up in closets to preserve them from the terrible dust the Armenians were making. Nominally there were 140 students; but we could never see more than about twenty dirty youths, who were doing absolutely nothing. They were keeping up all the while a numerous and expensive teaching staff, including one or two Frenchmen. All these learned professors were receiving their high monthly salaries,

* The average life of a house in Constantinople is calculated, I believe, at seven years.

and doing—what their pupils were doing. The Capitan Pasha, who knew nothing of the sea, or of navigation or astronomy or of any other science, was in no hurry. He seemed to be contented with reflecting that he was making the building a good deal bigger, and that some day or other the Sultan would come in state to see it finished and with its first varnish on. Oh this waste, this fearful waste of money extorted from a beggared people! Here again the Armenian hoof or paw is visible. The architects, the contractors, and the builders are almost invariably Armenians, who are supported by, and go shares with, the great seraffs. These bankers, who brought every establishment of government into their debt, were constantly urging the pashas to commit new acts of extravagance; and when the Armenian creditor vigorously pushed any plan, it was rarely that his Turkish debtor could offer any opposition. Tired out with doing nothing, and being anxious to earn honourably the salary which—though irregularly—he did receive, our friend Mr. Sang, at the end of February, volunteered to teach mathematics, geography, and astronomy to the pupils of the naval school. He spoke to the Capitan Pasha, who said that it would be a very good thing; that as Mr. Sang knew Turkish so well, it would be a great advantage; but he afterwards showed a lukewarmness in the business. Some other pashas employed about the Arsenal or the fleet took up the subject with more zeal. Among these was young Mustapha Pasha, who had been (for the sake of instruction) nine years on board of English men-of-war, and who (although he never asked us to his house) was one of the very few Turks that

seemed remindful of the kindnesses they had received in England.

Mustapha represented that Mr. Sang was the very man they most wanted in the naval school, that his facility in demonstration and explanation, his quickness in illustrating a subject, his patience and his calm amiable temper would endear him to his students and render him a perfect treasure. At last it was determined that Mr. Sang should be invited to the naval school. But when the Armenian Dadians, who for the space of five years had condemned this invaluable man to a condition of utter uselessness, heard of the intended move, they raised a moaning and an outcry, protesting that they could not spare him from the imperial manufactories at Zeitoun Bournu, vowing that they could not possibly do without Mr. Sang. Now, except in giving good scientific advice which had not in one single instance been followed by the Armenians, Mr. Sang had done nothing in those factories and had nothing to do, nor was there a chance or a likelihood of his having anything to do there for the Armenians. In Mr. Thorman, another British subject, they had a most competent and excellent director at Zeitoun Bournu. As I have said before, they had never given our friend the means of doing or even of beginning any one thing in the line of his profession. He waited upon Halil Pasha and assured him that the Dadians neither had made use of him nor ever intended to do so. Halil could only reply to Mr. Sang, that the Dadians now said that they wanted him, and that he must therefore remain with them.

In the end the matter was referred to Sultan Abdul

Medjid himself. The young Sultan determined and decreed that Mr. Sang should go to the naval school. But even after this there was practically a yielding to the Armenians, and a ridiculous compromise. Mr. Sang was to divide himself or his time into two equal parts, one for the Sultan, and one for the Armenians; he was to attend three days in the week at the school, but the other three days he was to be at the manufactories, in case the Dadians might want him. Getting one room put into something like order, he commenced his tuition in the naval school about the beginning of May. He had only about twenty pupils, but they were docile and willing, and he thought that ten or twelve of the number would really make excellent mathematicians. Young Mustapha Pasha had not miscalculated the effect his character would produce on the young men: they treated him with the greatest respect, were always eager at his coming and sorry at his going. And it was in the genial nature of this quiet but warm-hearted Scotchman to take into affection all those whom he could teach and improve. Besides Emin Pasha, who had gained golden opinions even at Cambridge, several others who had been educated in Europe were said to have given proofs of a facility in acquiring mathematical knowledge. There are several Turkish books on these sciences. In the Arsenal young Mustapha Pasha showed us a *small* library that was almost entirely mathematical. We noticed the translation of an elementary French work, in one volume; a translation of a French work on arithmetic, algebra, and astronomy, in three volumes; a translation, from a French version, of Bonnycastle's 'Algebra,' and a translation of Euclid, with copious

notes, by Hussein Effendi, who flourished at the beginning of the present century, and was much patronized by the unfortunate Sultan Selim. The preface to this last work states that the translator, Hussein Effendi, had been assisted by and greatly indebted to "an English officer and mathematician," who having been converted to the true Mussulman faith, took the name of Selim, and, on account of his science, was called Selim Effendi. Mr. Sang, who had a copy of it, described this as being a truly excellent work: the redundancies were thrown out, and the general arrangement was improved; the notes, which had evidently been all furnished by the Englishman, were admirably clear and neat, betokening extraordinary acquirements in the man who had written them. On the whole, Mr. Sang was inclined to think that this Turkish Euclid was the best Euclid he had ever met with. This was the book he used in the Naval Academy. It had been printed at Constantinople about the year 1806. None of us were able to ascertain the history, or the end, or even the English name of this accomplished English renegade. In all probability he died in some corner of this barbarous capital in poverty and obscurity, such having been almost invariably the fate of Frank renegades. Or he might have perished in that slaughter of reformers and educationists which took place at the downfal of Sultan Selim. Our friend Achmet Effendi had an indistinct recollection of hearing his late father (himself a Turk of rare acquirements) speak of the English mathematician who had been disgraced in his own country, and driven from it; and in 1828, when I was making some inquiries about Selim Effendi, my old

friend Constantine Zohrab told me that he remembered in his earlier days that there was an English renegade, reputed a man of great science, who was in high favour with Sultan Selim, but who was shunned by all his countrymen, and lived like a Turk in one of the most Turkish quarters of the city. No doubt the whole story was a dark one.

Somewhat more than a year before our arrival, Reschid Pasha had recommended and Abdul Medjid had decreed that a stately university should be erected near to the grand mosque of Santa Sophia, in an open square on the site of one of the barracks of the destroyed Janizaries; that this university should be provided with the most eminent professors, and endowed with funds for the maintenance of a vast number of students, and that the course of study should be assimilated to that of the best universities in Christendom. The stone was laid with great pomp and ceremony, and with a wonderful flourishing of trumpets by the Pera journalists. Before leaving England we had read in the 'Journal de Constantinople' accounts of this splendid university of Djeb Khaneh, which had induced us to believe that we should find it, if not finished and furnished, at least approaching its completion. The stone was laid on the 1st of September, 1846: our first visit to the spot was in February, 1848. We found that the building was scarcely anywhere more than six feet above the level of the ground, and that the works had long been languishing for want of funds. A short time after receiving intelligence of the new French revolution, the Porte stopped the works altogether, and they were not resumed in July, when we took our departure. According to the original plan

the edifice was to be built entirely of stone. The architect was an Italian from Lombardy, Signor Fossati by name, who was employed at the same time in repairing the interior of Santa Sophia. With their usual flattering precipitancy, the Armenian Dooz-Oglous who control the imperial Mint, had instructed the architect to make the design for a splendid medal commemorative of the creation of the university. Signor Fossati had made a very pretty drawing, in which were represented the university (*as it was to be*), the contiguous dome of Santa Sophia, a section of the Serraglio palace, a part of the port, and some of the mosques, barracks, and other buildings on the opposite side of the Golden Horn; and this design had been put into the hands of our friend Mr. James Robertson, engraver to the Mint, in order that he might forthwith prepare a die.*

We were told of a new school over in Constantinople for the education of civil servants of Government, but we could discover neither the place where it existed nor any person who had seen it.

I could not discover or hear of any improvement in the common Mussulman schools in any place. Most of those attached to the mosques were shut up. In others little boys were merely learning to repeat the Koran by rote, under the tuition of drowsy old khodjàs who were most wretchedly paid. The funds which had

* There was quite a rage for medals and decorations. The Sultan was giving nishans to all sorts of people, including the "illustrious obscure." One spring morning he conferred that decoration on the son of his Perote bootmaker—a rough uneducated boy, who could not even make boots. The officers and soldiers who had been engaged in Kurdistan against Bedr-Khan Bey had all medals, designed by Signor Fossati, and engraved by Mr. J. R. Here the design was very simple, being merely some mountain-tops, which were to be considered as the mountains of Kurdistan.

supported the old schools were nearly all seized, wasted, gone. There was a grand new scheme of education upon paper, but it was only upon paper. There was a Board of Education, with pashas and effendis, who were receiving high salaries and doing nothing. "The truth is," said an intelligent Turk, who was himself a reformer with a European education, "we have no competent instructors to put into these new schools; and, just now, money is very scarce. Nothing can be done until we get competent Turkish masters, and these are not to be made in a day. In the Council there is a talk of establishing a few Normal schools for the training of teachers in the capital, whence, in three or four years, a portion of them may be drafted to the provinces to take charge of the schools that are erected or to be established there. The old khodjàs, with nothing but their obsolete Mussulman learning, will not do for our purpose; and then there are so very few of them left! When we get a good stock of young teachers, all educated *alla Franca*, and without any old Mussulman *prejudices*, then we shall be able really to begin to educate the people. Now, we can only talk; we have no instruments with which to begin. This is the plain truth."

Meanwhile not only the more intellectual Greeks, but also the plodding Armenians of the capital are increasing and rather rapidly improving their schools.

There were many and very commendable improvements in the military and other hospitals. The first hospital we visited was that attached to the artillery barracks at Tophana. The building was mean and bad, and, in a sanitary point of veiw, the situation was not

good; but the order and attendance were deserving of all praise. There was a proper division of wards. Those patients suffering from contagious disorders were now kept apart; all the maladies incident to poor humanity were not mixed and huddled together as in former times. The wards were clean, the sick had mattresses and bedding and iron bedsteads, the diet was good, and the physicians could order without stint that which they thought best for their patients. A Turk, of course, held the nominal rank and received the high pay, but the real medical chief of this establishment was a clever, well-informed Frank, the son or grandson of an Italian practitioner, a member of one of the very few Perote families that were distinguished by good taste and good principles. He had studied in the University of Pisa and at Florence; and besides being skilled in his profession, he was a good classical scholar. His assistants were all young Mussulmans who had studied in the Galata Serai. Some of these made tolerably good hospital mates. One of them spoke French very well, and had a decided turn for translation and literary composition. He had put into choice Turkish some of the most spicy passages of Voltaire's '*Dictionnaire Philosophique.*' A friend, who was with us, asked him what he was doing now. He was translating Voltaire's 'romans:' he had nearly done '*Candide,*' which he found very amusing and delighful.

The Marine Hospital behind the Arsenal, on one of the hills which overlook the valley of Piali Pasha, was not in such good order, but it was a model establishment compared with what Turkish hospitals had been in my time. The grand military hospital—across

the Bosphorus in Asia, in the rear of the vast Scutari barracks erected by Sultan Mahmoud—was the most spacious and finest establishment of the sort I ever visited in any country. It stands completely isolated, on a down-like, gentle elevation, having in front the beautiful expanse of the Sea of Marmora, and in the rear the grand cemetery of Scutari, with its forest of sad odorous cypresses—a scene immortalized in 'Anastasius,' and an imperishable part of the memory of every man of taste and feeling that has once beheld it. The edifice was solidly built of stone; it had no elevation, but its dimensions, in length and breadth, were imposing. This struck us, although we had just come from the vast barracks close by. The airy, open corridors were truly magnificent; and never was English drawing-room kept more pure and spotless. In the midst of the inner court—a spacious, airy quadrangle—were a curious flower-garden, as yet in its infancy, a pretty fountain, and a pleasant kiosk, where some convalescent soldiers were inhaling the breeze which came down the Bosphorus, and basking in the genial sun of early spring. Throughout, the place looked more like a palace than an hospital for poor soldiers. The wards, which opened on the splendid corridors, were most comfortable and even elegant apartments, with excellent iron bedsteads, and the cleanest beds and bedding. The supply of clean linen was unlimited; the rooms were airy and cheerful; and in every one of them there was a pretty vase or vases of artificial flowers to recreate the eyes of the sick and suffering. So delicate an attention to a poor rude soldiery I had never witnessed. There were vapour-baths lined with pure,

white, bonâ fide marble, which a Sultan might have used. All the offices were spacious, well furnished and provided, and scrupulously clean. There was a kitchen that made us blush for the kitchen at Greenwich Hospital These were not mere show-rooms that I saw: we did not leave unvisited one ward or apartment or room. There was the same neatness, good order, and cleanliness everywhere. The different disorders were nicely separated and warded. In every ward there hung against the wall a tablet, on which were registered the names of the patients there, the dates of their admission, the diagnostics of the disease, and the progress of the cure. Daily reports were made to the Hekim Bashi; and the attendance of the medical men at the bedsides of the patients seemed to be very regular and careful. We went with one of the chief doctors on his rounds. We were told that there were several suspicious cholera cases; but I had long since convinced myself that, whatever else it might be, this dreadful disease was *not* contagious.

Except two or three soldiers, who were labouring under acute disorders, suffering agonies, and crying "*Amaun! Amaun!*" all these poor Turks were sitting up in their beds, on their heels, and looking the very personifications of patience. I noticed in other hospitals that they were always sitting up in this fashion in the daytime. It is their habitual posture. A Turk has no taste for the horizontal position; no conception of the pleasure of lying at full length in bed: he never stretches himself out (if he can possibly sit upright on his heels) until he is overcome by sleep or is touching on his dissolution. I was told that not unfrequently they died in their habi-

tual position. There was a sufficient variety of diseases to remind one of the numerous ills which flesh is heir to. The most prevalent disorder was pulmonary consumption, with bronchitis. To the young recruits from the hot, low-lying regions of Asia Minor, the rude winter and changeable climate of Constantinople were very fatal. Often in my matutine excursions, when the snow was deep and the wind cruelly cold and cutting, I have heard these young Asiatics, on guard, most audibly coughing their own knells. The fearfully high mortality last winter in the Arsenal had not all been attributable to cholera: diseases of the lungs had swelled it.

The loss among these Asiatics had been so serious, that the Porte had turned its attention to the subject. The great men had even adopted as wise principles, that the young recruits from the very hot parts of Asia Minor should be regimented at Smyrna, and sent to serve in the genial climate of Syria and Palestine; and that the garrison of Constantinople, the garrisons on the Danube —where the winter is tremendous—and other corps exposed to inclement weather, should be reinforced from the European provinces, from the mountainous parts of Asia, the hardy regions on the Black Sea, &c. But all this remained purely theoretical or intentional; no order was taken, no such distinctions were drawn; recruits were dragged up to the capital from whatsoever district they could be found in; and the natives of the sunny Ionia and glowing Lydia were brought to shiver, to contract disease, and die. I was assured by several medical men that the ratio of mortality among these Asiatics, from *pulmonary complaints alone*, was quite fearful. In that spirit of compromise-making, to which

I have so often been obliged to allude, the soldiers, who (bating the vile, pernicious, red skull-caps) were otherwise dressed as Christian soldiers, were not allowed any stocks or cravats by the government. This deficiency of neck-covering, besides giving them a slovenly, ruffianly appearance, could not but be injurious to their health in such a climate. The men sometimes bought cotton handkerchiefs for themselves, and wore them round their necks like ropes.

After going the rounds with the doctor we saw and tasted some of the dinners that were served up to the sick and the convalescent. The dishes were all good in their several kinds; the soup was admirable; so was the rice pilaff; some of the stewed meats and light savoury *dolmas* might shame our English domestic cookery. I had no difficulty in believing the Hekim who told us that the cooks we had seen at work in the kitchen were men that had been chosen with care and that knew their métier. The spacious pharmacy was so orderly, clean, sweetly savoured, and elegant, that even medicine looked relishable in it.

I believe that this rare hospital was then exclusively devoted to the soldiery of the imperial guards. The Sultan had the establishment much at heart, and was always making inquiries about it. His positive and reiterated commands were that his poor soldiers should want for nothing, that no comfort should be denied them that money could procure. He had paid several visits to the hospital. In the summer of 1847 he looked in quite unexpectedly and went all over it. Unannounced visits like this might be of great benefit in many other establishments; they would enable the young sovereign

to see things with his own eyes; they would keep his officers and employés on the alert and constantly up to their duty; they would do away with the impositions practised upon him by shows prepared beforehand; but Abdul Medjid is little given to locomotion, and, unfortunately, he fancies he can never go anywhere without making a display of royal generosity and lavishing large sums in backshish. If he went about more, this backshish alone would ruin him. At his last unexpected visit he gave the amount of a full month's pay to every doctor, to every hospital mate, and to every employé in the place, and 50 piastres to every one of the sick soldiers. The hospital was capable of containing, without any crowding, about 600 men. In the winter months, and at the change of the season, it had lodged 400 patients. As spring advanced the number was reduced to 170. A good many had not gone back to their ranks, but had taken up the closest quarters in the crowded, interminable, and ever-increasing cemetery in the rear. In the month of June, as the cholera grew worse, we were told that the hospital was crowded. Here, too, the nominal head was a Turk, and the real acting Hekim Bashi a Perote Frank. Signor de Castro was an Israelite descended from one of the very many families of Spanish Jews that have at various times settled in the Ottoman dominions. He enjoyed British protection—he was an English *protected* subject; he had resided in the Ionian Islands, and had studied medicine and surgery in France; he was very polite, kind, and communicative, and he appeared to be not only well qualified for his office, but active in the discharge of all his duties.

I had, at last, in this military hospital at Scutari, found something in Turkey upon which I could bestow an almost unqualified praise. Yet I could not leave even this establishment without meeting with evidence of the rapid progress of Gallic philosophism.

We were invited into an elegant saloon, set apart for the use of the doctors and the young Turks their assistants. A book was lying open on the divan. I took it up. It was a copy of a recent Paris edition of the Atheist's manual, "*Système de la Nature*," with the name of the Baron d'Holbach on the title-page as the author.* The volume had evidently been much used; many of the striking passages had been marked, and especially those which mathematically demonstrated the absurdity of believing in the existence of a God and the impossibility of believing in the immortality of the soul. As I laid down the volume one of the Turks said to me, "*C'est un grand ouvrage! C'est un grand philosophe! Il a toujours raison.*"

The military hospitals in the interior of Constantinople were very far from being under such good management. There is no uniformity in any one department in this country. You find the good and the bad side by side, the quality depending on the honesty, intelligence, and activity, or the dishonesty and carelessness, of the several administrators. One improvement however was, I believe, general; this was the division of hospitals into wards.

Just where the narrow Bosphorus opens into the broad Propontis, close to the water-side, in a recess

* It is quite certain that the Baron d'Holbach was not the *sole* author of this book.

under the outer wall of the Serraglio, there is another military hospital, very small, but neat, retired, quiet, and apparently well ordered. We frequently passed close under it in the summer time in returning from San Stefano or Psammattia, and at that time the locality was charming and deliciously cool. An unintermitting breeze came down from the Bosphorus, and the rapid current of those waters plashing and rippling against the quay made music to soothe the ears of the sick and afflicted.

The old Turkish hospitals and almshouses, which were rather numerous in 1828, had almost entirely disappeared, together with the Vakouf funds which had supported them. No new and improved charities had been established to supply the places of the old ones, which, in my time, certainly much needed improvement. Bad, however, as the old hospitals were, they gave shelter and food to many poor, aged, and infirm Mussulmans. The government seems to have thought only of military hospitals.

The only new hospital for poor people not connected with army or navy that I could discover or hear of, had been built recently by Abdul Medjid's mother. On Friday the 3rd of March, I walked with my friend Mr. Sang, from his curious house in Psammattia to this new establishment. We issued from Constantinople by the gate of the Seven Towers, walked along by the broad deep ditch and the old ruinous walls, and re-entered the city (if city it can here be called) by the Top Kapou or Cannon Gate, near to which Mahomet II. made his decisive breach, and the last of the Greek emperors, the successor of a long train of cowards, met

the glorious death of a soldier and patriot. We descended through some rough and rather steep streets, very thinly peopled by Turks; we passed sundry broad, void spaces, as still and solitary as if they had been not within the walls of a capital city, but in the heart of a desert, and at the distance of about a mile from the walls we came upon the new hospital. The buildings were spacious, of stone, solid, and as yet very neat. There was little attempt at decoration; but the architecture was better than that of the new English palace at Pera. The hospital was exceedingly well situated. The back of it, on a gentle green slope, looked down upon the Et Meidan, where the stupid Janizaries were knocked on the head by *Kara Djhehennum*, or "Black Hell," in June, 1826. The great open space of the Et Meidan is only part of a valley which runs right through Constantinople, dividing it into two pretty equal parts, entering the city between the Top Gate and the gate of Adrianople, and terminating at Vlanga on the Sea of Marmora. This valley is to be traced three or four miles beyond the land-walls of the city. The Et Meidan was longer and wider than it was in 1828. Many houses which then stood upon it had disappeared, and the streets opening upon it had been materially altered, and evidently thinned in their population. The oblong square was now covered all over with pleasant greensward, and at the time of our visit daisies and other gay spring flowers were growing on the spots which had been bespattered by the blood and brains of the Janizaries. On the scene of that awful destruction we saw only a few sheep with their frolicsome lambs. A pretty new mosque, also built and endowed by the

Sultana, was attached to the hospital. The sick-wards were entered by passing through a very neat outer lodge, and crossing a large open quadrangle prettily laid out as a flower-garden. They refused us admittance. We must bring an order from the Greek renegade Ismael Effendi, that Hekim Bashi whom we could never find. We learned that a part of the hospital was devoted to female cases. As at Scutari, the cleanliness and order seemed to be quite exemplary. Of the skill of the doctors, who were all Turks, some doubts might be entertained. We were assured that the revenues attached to the hospital and mosque by the Sultana Validé were very liberal, that the wards were supplied with all necessary comforts, and that every possible attention was paid to the sick. I hope it is so: but when the Sultana dies, who will answer for the just administration of the revenue? The Vakouf no longer offers any security to such endowments. An inscription in large, finely gilded Arabic characters, placed over the outer gateway, informed us that the hospital was erected by the mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid, in the year of the Hegira 1261 (A.D. 1845).

Returning from this visit to the Sultana Validé's Hospital, we passed—in a melancholy lonely lane—the house of a great pasha who had fallen into disgrace. All his front windows were blinded and blocked up with coarse deal boards, nailed on the outside. This is still the common practice on the occurrence of such misfortunes. It intimates that the pasha is secluded from the world and receives no company. The hint is scarcely needed, for so soon as a great man falls, or at least so soon as it is well known that his disgrace is *real* and

likely to be lasting, his dearest friends turn their heads from his residence, and he is abandoned and shunned by all his countless retainers, who hurry to some other konack or konacks where the sun is shining.

We were very confidently assured that the hospitals for the mad were vastly improved. The Stamboul Bedlam, *par excellence*, was a horrible place in 1828. It stood near the Hippodrome and the menagerie of wild beasts: the maniacs were confined in cells, grated in front with massy iron grating; their lodgings were very much like the cages in which the lions and tigers were kept, and the patients were treated very much like wild beasts—nay, in some respects their treatment was harder, for the more dangerous of them were loaded with gyves and clanking chains. I have elsewhere recorded my horror at the sight.* It was a sight then open to everybody that chose to give a few paras to the keepers; and these brutalized men, for the amusement of unfeeling spectators, would excite the poor maniacs as the showmen at our fairs "stir up" an old lion. In 1842 this Bedlam and two or three other old madhouses were shut up, the insane males were all concentrated in an hospital attached to the Suleimanieh Mosque, and all the females in an hospital adjoining the Khasseky Mosque. It was said that these two establishments were put upon a good footing—that a regular hygeic system was enforced—that the strait-waistcoat had been substituted for iron shackles—and that stripes and all cruel treatment were strictly forbidden.† I cannot testify to the truth of these state-

* See "Constantinople in 1828."

† See Mr. White's "Three Years in Constantinople." London, 1845.

ments; for although I tried to get admittance into the male hospital, I did not succeed. A Turkish acquaintance, who might have rendered this service, showed so much aversion to it that I could not press him further. That Bedlam was as impenetrable as ever the Bastille at Paris could have been. According to a very general report, it was now turned rather frequently into Bastille purposes; and when men murmured at the innovations of government, or railed against the progress of reform, they were pretty sure to get a lodging at the Suleimanieh. It was one of the dogmas of Reschid Pasha's school that all Mussulman religious feeling was sheer fanaticism, and that all fanaticism was madness. In Sultan Mahmoud's days, and long before them, it was no uncommon practice for men to get rid of their enemies by hiring false witnesses to swear that they were mad. A medical examination is now, according to the letter of the law, declared to be indispensable. But what is the value of the letter of the law in this country? What so easy as to bribe two or three hungry Turkish hekims? I believe the examination is generally intrusted to *one* hekim. I can believe that the sane are still condemned to the hard fate of the insane. Where hardly a man has virtue enough to resist a bribe—where money is all prevalent—I can believe almost anything. It was a person far above the average topical respectability and morality who told me that he knew, of his own knowledge, that an effendi, as sane as any of his neighbours, had recently been sworn into the Suleimanieh by a dissolute younger brother, who was now spending and wasting his property. Where a place is so hermetically sealed, suspicion will penetrate

the gates. If there were not state secrets, it may be suspected that the Suleimanieh would not be so impenetrable.

If *all* the military hospitals were not in good order, it was not owing to any stint of money. They were annually costing the Sultan an enormous sum. When their improvement was first contemplated, applications were made to the British Government for the advice and assistance of competent English medical officers. Dr. Dawson and Dr. Davy (brother to Sir Humphrey) were sent out to Constantinople in 1841, with the expectation of being permanently employed. These two officers had not been a month in the country ere they found themselves assailed by inexplicable intrigues—inexplicable to them, but perfectly well understood by the Turks of the country and by the Christians of Pera. Under every discouragement they drew up their reports and suggested their plans. Though never carried out to the full extent, these plans formed the principal basis of the improvements we witnessed. Dr. Davy would have also ameliorated their lazarettos and wretched quarantine system; but here also he was encountered by intrigue, ignorance, and obstinacy, and the Turkish quarantine remains a thing to be laughed at, or wept over, according to circumstances. It has had no more effect in checking the introduction of plague in Turkey than might be produced by drawing a chalk line across Trafalgar-square. That there has been no plague for some time is owing to totally different causes. Before any quarantine was thought of, the country was occasionally exempt from the visitations of the plague during a series of years—ten years or more. In the year

1836 plague was rife in their Asiatic provinces.* In the same year it raged in Constantinople with almost unprecedented fury.† Let the destroyer again raise his head, and start from Egypt or Syria, or any neighbouring country, and he will find that the barriers raised against him have less strength and consistency than cobwebs. A few strides will bring him from Cairo or Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople.

After thwarting our two medical officers, the Turks drove them from the country with an insolent and arrogant ingratitude. In this particular their conduct has been consistent and uniform. Every British officer sent out by his Government at the request of the Porte —every enlightened, honest European, who has been engaged in their service, has been treated in the same manner as Dr. Davy, and has quitted the country with equal disgust, and with the innermost conviction that, through the incurable vices of the administration, the reformed Ottoman empire is every year approaching nearer to its ruin and final extinction.

The Greeks have an exceedingly good, and the Armenians a very bad, hospital just outside the landward walls of Constantinople. I visited both repeatedly; and as the cholera was in them, and as I sat by the bedsides and came in contact with the disease, I am the more convinced that it is not at all contagious. It is of the highest importance that this question should

* "Researches in Asia Minor." By William J. Hamilton, Secretary to the Geological Society.

† Bishop Southgate: "Narrative of a Tour through Armenian Kurdistan, etc." New York, 1841.

be ascertained and clearly settled. In England I have known people to be almost entirely abandoned, when prompt aid might have saved them, through the belief that the disorder was highly contagious.

The Greek hospital stands in a spacious airy inclosure, within good stone walls, and every part of it is solidly built of stone. Except at the grand Turkish hospital at Scutari, I never saw such exemplary cleanliness and neatness. The wards were well ventilated, well warmed in winter, and well supplied with pure water. All the physicians and surgeons were Greeks who had studied in France or Italy. The chief doctor, an accomplished young man, who spoke Italian like a Tuscan, had studied at Pisa and at Florence.* Between the male and female wards three hundred patients could be accommodated. Attached to the hospital were comfortable almshouses, in which sixty poor decayed people were lodged, fed, and clothed. This hospital, which in every way confers great honour on the Greeks, was built about eleven years ago. It was erected and is supported by church donations, voluntary contributions, legacies, &c. The management rests with a committee of twelve Greek notables, who, singly or in company, frequently visit the establishment. The Greek Patriarch also looks in from time to time.

The Armenian hospital, a little beyond the gate of the Seven Towers, is a large, rotten, wooden building, or

* With regard to cholera, this very able Greek was a decided anti-contagionist. He assured me that they had always mixed the cholera patients with other patients, and that in no single case had the cholera been communicated. They had recently had between seventy and eighty cases of cholera; many were cured, some died, but no patient that was not brought into hospital with the cholera upon him ever caught that disease there.

collection of buildings, very dingy without and exceedingly filthy within. But for its size and abundant room it would be as bad as the English hospital at Pera. The medical staff was wholly inefficient—was most wretched; the accommodations for the sick were deplorable, and an insupportable stench pervaded the whole place. Neither the Patriarch nor any of their notables seemed ever to come near the establishment. As a community the Armenians are far wealthier than the Greeks, and of late the Sultan had supplied the whole of this hospital with bread. In one angle there is a curious adjunct—a candle and taper manufactory. These candles and tapers are made of a mixture of wax and tallow; they are sold in the Armenian churches, where the consumption is great, and the proceeds are paid over to the hospital, save and except such portions as stick to the palms of the priests. In a good measure the wretched hospital is dependent on its foul-smelling candle-factory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Military Barracks — Grand Artillery Barracks at Pera — Troops badly shod — Horse Artillery Exercise — Grand Barracks at Scutari — Osman Pasha — Regular Cavalry — Infantry — Slovenly Dress — The Seraskier's Barracks — Infantry Exercise — Ignorance of Pashas — European Instructors — A Review — Turkish Lancers — Miserable Horses — Number of Nubian Blacks in the Army — Numerical strength of the Army — The Conscription — Mr. William J. Hamilton — Bishop Southgate — Fatal Effects of the Conscription — Warlike Demonstrations in 1849 — Defenceless State of the Frontiers — Political Blunders — Project of a War against Austria — The Arsenal — Malaria — Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker — Ship-building — Albanian Galley-slaves — Turkish Bands — The State of the Navy — The Capitan Pasha's Ship, etc. — War Steamers — Officers educated in England — Ingratitude — Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dickson — American Ship-builders, Messrs. Eckford, Rhodes, and Reeves — Mr. Carr, the American Minister — Bad faith of the Turkish Government — Mr. Frederick Taylor — Sir Jasper Atkinson and the Turkish Mint — The Ordnance — Casting Iron Guns — State of Turkish Prisons — Hired False-witnesses — Rayahs and protected Subjects — Why not be a Dane?

WHICHEVER way one turns the eye at Constantinople it is almost sure to rest upon a great barrack. These buildings are numerous, and, if not in their architecture, they are imposing in their size and spaciousness. Sultan Selim, when attempting for the first time to form a Turkish army disciplined in the European manner, erected several extensive buildings for the accommodation of the Nizam Djeditt or new troops; but when the Janizaries got the better of him they knocked down most of these buildings. The late Sultan Mahmoud was the great barrack-builder. In 1828, two years

after his destruction of the Janizaries, I saw them very busily employed in erecting several of the vast edifices which are now finished. Abdul Medjid has, I believe, added only one or two to the number. Taking into account the vast barracks of Mahmoud at Daoud-Pasha outside the city, the immense barracks in the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, and the barracks and commodious guardhouses on either side the Bosphorus, I should think that 100,000 men might be lodged here without much crowding. A Turkish officer told me that they could accommodate 200,000. In the spring of 1848 several of these great barracks were entirely empty, and there were others that had but few inmates. More than one, which had cost Mahmoud immense sums in 1828, were already neglected, and showing symptoms of decadence.

The first which we attentively examined were the artillery barracks just outside the Pera suburb. These were erected by Sultan Selim, and, if I do not err, upon plans and designs furnished by Count Sebastiani and General Andreossy. They are well situated; they are imposing in their extent, and seem to be in all respects well suited to their purpose. The Sultan's brother-in-law, Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, &c. (who wished to confine my examination to this *one* establishment), sent up orders from Tophana that we should be admitted and conducted all over the barracks. The Mudir put us off for two days, so that there was time for putting the house in order. The day on which we were admitted it was certainly in excellent order; but whenever time was taken for preparation I had my doubts as to the habitual, common status. The

entire barracks could comfortably hold from 3000 to 4000 men. They were exceedingly well ventilated. The distribution of the apartments or wards seemed to me to be excellent. In each long room there were two double rows of mats, each row accommodating about 55 men. The mattresses and bed-covers were stowed away in the middle of the room, in an open wooden screen which occupied very little space; they were sweet and clean, and very neatly arranged. At night the mattresses are spread over the matting on the floor. Bedsteads are dispensed with, except in hospitals. But hardly any Turks think as yet of using bedsteads, or of setting apart rooms merely as bedrooms. In the best houses they sleep on the broad divans or spread their mattresses on the floor. In the morning the servants come in, and walk away with the beds; and then the room where you have slept becomes a drawing-room or a dining-room, or both in one. During the day, bed and bedding are deposited in presses or cupboards. The artillerymen's mattresses were at least as good as those we generally slept upon. As usual, the most slovenly feature was in the shoeing. In the corridor, at the door of every barrack-room, there was a multitudinous array of muddy, filthy boots and shoes, through which it was not always easy to steer one's way without tripping. The soldiers must not enter the rooms with their shoes or boots on. These are thrown off at the door: if the men have slippers, they put them on; if they have not, they must walk on the soles of their socks. But the same rule obtains everywhere: there is no walking a hundred yards without being covered with mud in winter and dust in summer; and then the Mussulmans,

with almost the strictness of a religious observance, consider their carpets and mattings as things to be trodden only by clean slippers or bare feet. At the foot of the main staircase of every much-frequented Turkish house we invariably found a confused heap of mud-boots, dirty boots and shoes. It was so at Ali Pasha's. When the staircase happened to be a dark one I never could help blundering among some such heap. The effect was very disagreeable to other nerves beside the olfactory. A very little care and arrangement would obviate it; but it is *adet*, old custom.

The officer in command at the artillery barracks —one of the many Achmet Pashas—was civil and rather communicative. He agreed that the whole appearance of the soldiers would be much improved if they were better shod, and would make use of brushes and a little blacking. Their present process of cleaning boots and shoes (when they clean them at all) is to rub them over with birch brooms, and then wash them in cold water. Shoe-leather neither washes nor *dries* well; and hence many bad colds and coughs. There was not a jacket nor a pair of trowsers in barracks but sadly needed beating and brushing. The best of the artillerymen looked dirty and negligent in their persons. A neat old English or Austrian soldier is far cleaner and more tidy in coming off a long and rough campaign than these Turks, who are hardly ever moved from their barracks. Achmet Pasha treated us to pipes and coffee, and to the sight of some horse artillery exercise and manœuvres. The guns were all brass; the carriages were all painted with a very light green paint, which had a bad and very mean effect. Neither

guns nor carriages were kept clean. The harness was abominably dirty. The horses were all white or very light greys: they told us that they were bred in Roumelia, in the country up above Phillipopoli; I was much deceived if they were not all Transylvanian or Hungarian horses—they bore a very close family resemblance to a breed I had often admired in the Emperor of Austria's army. They were what we should consider under-sized for that service; but they were compact and strong, and not at all deficient in spirit; they were well broke into their work—were admirably in hand—and the artillery drivers drove them in good style. About a dozen light field-pieces were very well handled in an inclosed field in front of the barracks. It was by far the best specimen of military exercise we saw in Turkey; but the Pasha showed us only his very best men. The instructing officer was a German, who had, I believe, been a sergeant of artillery in the Prussian service. A few young Turkish subalterns seemed both active and intelligent; but the superior officers were sitting down on stools, looking on, and smoking their tchibouques.

The Mahmoud barracks over at Scutari, though wanting elevation, are truly magnificent in length and breadth, and in situation. Take them altogether, they are the finest barracks I ever saw in any country. Unfortunately, while we were travelling in Asia Minor, a fire broke out and completely gutted half of the building. The conflagration was by night: it afforded what the Perotes called *un très beau spectacle*. We had been told at Brusa that 500 soldiers had been roasted alive, at Pera this number fell down to 50, and on the spot we were assured that only eight or ten men had been

burned. Externally, the effects of the fire were scarcely visible, the stone walls remaining firm and erect; but in the interior there was truly a scene of desolation. In the portion unscathed by fire, we admired the broad, airy, interminable corridors, which were all as clean and as quiet as the cloisters of a Benedictine monastery. We introduced ourselves to the commandant, Osman Pasha, who was exceedingly polite and kind. He had studied at Vienna, and was said to be a good artillery officer. He was seated on a divan, in a spacious, elegant, and unusually well furnished saloon. If I were reformer in Turkey, I would burn all these fattening, indolence-promoting divans, and declare inexorable war against the *adet* which makes it etiquette for a man to be lazy and grow fat so soon as he attains to high rank. Osman seemed to be pleased with our visit: he gave us pipes twice. He spoke very modestly of the Sultan's army, acknowledging that it was still but in its infancy, and that officers and men have yet a great deal to learn. He dwelt with warm admiration upon the admirable qualities of the Austrian army, and the excellent military administration of that empire.* He was a modest man, and so much the more likely to be a brave one. He told me that the artillery was not better paid than the infantry, but that the cavalry was of late receiving some slight additional pay. Before the conflagration the barracks could lodge from 6000 to 7000 men. There were now in it two regiments of infantry, one regiment of artillery, and a few squadrons of cavalry.

* For this excellent administration Austria was greatly indebted to the lamented veteran Latour, who was so barbarously murdered by the revolutionary rabble in the month of October, 1848.

None of these men had been moved for very many months—during the winter they had hardly quitted their barracks. The cavalry were all lancers, and so indeed were all the horse-soldiers we saw of this new regular army. We heard of dragoons and of corps of heavy cavalry; but we never saw a single specimen of either. They had no horses in the country fit to mount a heavy regiment. The Pasha sent one of his officers to conduct us over the barracks. Here, where there had certainly been no preparation or previous notice, there were some few signs of slovenliness and negligence; but on the whole one might fairly say the barracks were in excellent order. The stables—like all the Turkish stables I ever saw—were decidedly bad. They would have thrown an English or an Austrian dragoon into a passion. Soldiers who will not beat and brush their own jackets are not likely to bestow much pains on the coats of their horses; we never saw a trooper's horse look as if it were groomed—I believe these lancers of the imperial guard were entirely innocent of the use of curry-combs and brushes. What with the natural slovenliness of the men and the rough and dirty appearance of the horses, a regiment of lancers when united presented but a shabby picture—a picture to excite derision on any parade or drill-ground in Christendom. Some of my Frank friends argued that this outward and visible show would not affect their fighting qualities. *J'en doute.* A good soldier is always a clean soldier; it is by cleanliness and the care of his groom, as well as by good food, that the trooper's horse really becomes a war-horse: the fellow who is so lazy that he will not clean his own boots is the very man to be negligent of more important duties.

In an excellent, open, extensive drill-ground, offering the most glorious views of Constantinople, the Propontis, the islands, the Asiatic coast, and the snow-covered summits of Olympus, we saw some infantry being drilled by Turkish officers, who, for the most part, seemed very much to stand in need of drill themselves. It was slow and slovenly work, but conducted with great calmness and good-humour. The Sultan insists that there shall be no beating, no cruelty, or harshness. There certainly was none *here*, nor did I ever see any at Constantinople, except once, when a hideous-looking Nubian officer was drilling some white Turkish recruits in the broad Galata moat, and soundly thrashing the dull ones with a country riding-whip made of buffalo's hide.

Part of a regiment which had fulfilled its term of service, but which was kept together, and very incorrectly called *a militia regiment*, marched across the drill-ground, and went to perform some light infantry movements on the gently sloping hills between the barracks and the grand cemetery of Scutari. These men were neater and cleaner than the infantry in the barracks, from whom they were distinguished by wearing black cross-belts instead of white. They trod over the ground with a good light step, and their evolutions *en tirailleurs* were quick and good. But here again was the alloy, the canker of Turkish indolence: half of the officers, instead of marching at double quick time over the hills with their men, remained behind on the drill-ground to gossip and smoke pipes with the officers there.

It was with regret that I finished my short acquaint-

ance with Osman. I was afterwards told that he was a gentleman by birth, the descendant of an old and respectable, though impoverished family. I should have guessed as much from his manners and behaviour. Reschid Pasha can no more make gentlemen in a day than he can make soldiers or administrators in a day. Under the unreformed system sudden promotions were common enough; the man who was a poor boatman or a maker or mender of papoushes in one year, might be Lord High Admiral or Master-General of the Ordnance a year or two afterwards; but then his personal coarseness and vulgarity were very materially concealed by the splendid flowing robes and the imposing turbans of the old costume; and then there were gentlemen of birth, grave and dignified effendis, upon whose manner and demeanour he could form his own. But Reform has swept away the flowing robes, the turbans, and the men of family; no good models remain about the government, and the pasha who would have looked imposing enough in the Oriental attire, shows off but poorly in tight pantaloons, close buttoned frock-coat, and plain scarlet skull-cap. The varnish, the framing and gilding of the picture are all gone!

Several of the smaller barracks we visited were deserving of all praise for order and cleanliness: this was particularly the case with those on the Bosphorus, at Arnaoutkeui, Bebek, and Roumeli Hissar.

To the spacious barracks in Constantinople Proper, which stand round the Seraskier's Tower, I was refused admittance. I believe that this refusal was owing to my having expressed a too eager wish to see the

Seraskier's prison, which stands within the same great inclosure of lofty walls. Externally the barracks looked neat and clean; they are very extensive and admirably situated on the summit of one of the seven hills of Constantinople. Nearly every recent writer of travels in Turkey has dwelt upon the magnificence of the views from the top of the lofty tower of the Seraskeriat. That elevated gallery ought indeed to be visited by every traveller, as well as the tower of Galata on the opposite side of the Golden Horn. There is no understanding the city of Constantinople without ascending the Seraskier's Tower. In looking from it we were very forcibly struck by the number and extent of unoccupied, void spaces within the walls, and by the miserable, desolate appearance of a great part of the city. We rather frequently passed the great inclosed square of the Seraskeriat; but although here were the head-quarters of the army, we seldom saw the soldiers doing anything. But one afternoon, in the month of March, when the French Revolution had startled the Porte out of an easy slumber, we witnessed a great show of activity in this square. About 1500 men were exercising under the eye of a fat pasha (name unknown to us), and the great Seraskier himself was looking on from a distant window, with a tchibouque in one hand and an eye-glass in the other. The majority of these men were not young recruits, but soldiers of some standing; yet their performance was rather loose and slovenly. When they formed in line, their line was far from being a right one; their formations into squares, hollow and solid, were but poor exhibitions. The men all looked slip-shod, and dreadfully dirty about the feet. With

such shoes as they wear it is scarcely possible for them to march well: they might as well try it in their old unheeled papoushes. Many of the men would have been, in better hands, excellent materials for soldiers, being broad-chested and altogether well-made fellows.

From this time exercise and military evolutions became rather frequent at the foot of the Tower of the Seraskier. At first the Turks chuckled over the troubles and disturbances of Christendom, but it was not long before they became apprehensive that these convulsions might bring about consequences and political changes that would be very fatal to their empire. If they rejoiced when the revolutionary principle reached Vienna, and when Kossuth and anarchy raised their heads in Hungary, it was but for a moment, and only out of the souvenir that the Austrians had been old enemies of the Osmanlees; and very soon they seemed to feel instinctively that any power lost by the Kaiser would be but so much more power gained by the Tzar, and that, should any very serious injury be inflicted on the Austrian Empire, the Ottoman Empire would lose one of the best props upon which it leaned. Some of them talked big; but misgiving and fear were in their hearts. In their ignorance or very insufficient information, they went on rather rapidly to the conclusion that it was all up with Austria; that Russia would soon have the entire command of the Danube, and would thence recommence war upon Turkey. The panic was of course increased when insurrection broke out in their Danubian principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and when Russia, claiming her indisputable

right to interfere—a right recognised in successive treaties—began to march troops towards Jassy and Bucharest.

In the months of May and June they had *exercises à feu* two or three times a week at the Seraskeriat. If not decidedly bad, the firing was certainly not good. The Dadians' powder was detestable; the muskets were very bad, with the old flint locks. Hardly any of the regiments had percussion locks. The bursting of musket-barrels, with the catastrophes attendant thereon, were alarmingly frequent. Before long it may be very important that England should have a correct notion of the value of this army. I would not underrate it, but I feel confident that, alone, it could never stand in the field against the veteran troops of Russia; and that unless Christian officers were put in the command (as we placed British officers over the Portuguese), they would be very inefficient and troublesome auxiliaries. A French officer who had studied them well, who had lived long in the East, and who was also perfectly well acquainted with the Russian army, said that it was the most idle of dreams to fancy that this imperfectly disciplined army of Abdul Medjid could meet the troops of the Emperor Nicholas in the field. He considered that the degree of discipline to which they had attained did not compensate for the loss of the fanaticism and enthusiasm which animated their undisciplined predecessors; that they might make a stand and fight pretty well behind stone walls; but that *en rase campagne* they would fall like corn before the reaper's sickle, or go off like chaff before the wind. "*Ils n'ont point d'officialité*;" they have hardly any competent officers. As

you ascend the scale of rank, instead of finding more science and experience, you usually find more ignorance and inexperience. Generally the great pasha, placed by Court intrigue at the head of an army, has never been a soldier, and is in military affairs about the most ignorant man in that army. He takes some officer into his favour, and relies for some time on his judgment and advice; then he changes and takes another adviser, or if his difficulties become at all complicated he will seek advice of a dozen men, who may very probably entertain twelve different opinions and plans. Fancy then the jumble of every operation! In their intolerance or their pride, unless a Frank officer turn renegade they will not allow him to exercise any command—they will not even permit him to wear a sword—he can be only a despised instructor—little more than a good drill-sergeant—he may or may not be well paid, but he cannot take real rank as an officer, or in fact be a part of the army. Here and there you may find a Polish, German, or Italian renegade, usually a deserter and a scoundrel. Hardly one of these fellows has ever been more than a non-commissioned officer in his own country. Here they suddenly become captains, majors, colonels. These are the men the great pashas prefer. Low born and low bred, they can submit to Turkish arrogance and to treatment which no gentleman can possibly tolerate. One may conceive how competent are these renegades to the conduct of an army in the field! Then, who would answer a single hour for the honour or common honesty of such a *canaille?* They have deserted their colours; they have deserted their religion! Let Russia, or any other assailant of Turkey,

tempt them with a good bribe, and they will desert the Sultan and sacrifice his troops.

Although a great bustling and cracking was kept up at the Seraskier's, and although now and then a battalion of the guards was marched over the long bridge, and up to Pera and back again, there were no reviews, no manœuvres outside the town. We were frequently told that there was to be a grand review; but it never came off. One morning, however, we were roused from our slumbers up at Pera by a loud drumming and trumpeting, and were told that troops were going out to manœuvre, and that there would be a grand display on the heights of Daoud Pasha. We hastily dressed, swallowed a cup of coffee, and took the road the troops had taken. They had only been toddled out to a ridge about a mile and a half from Pera; they had deployed there, near to a house in which some Germans brewed and sold very small beer; and as we reached the great cemetery we found that they were toddling back again. It could not be called marching, though here was one of the very few places that offered a tolerably smooth and good road. First came two very dirty trumpeters, then followed a corpulent pasha mounted on a heavy under-bred horse, and attended by a numerous and ridiculously disproportionate staff, all riding very sorry ungroomed beasts. This group was followed by a regiment of lancers of the imperial guard, riding in a most loose and slovenly manner, and being altogether in a mean dirty plight. The blades of their lances, their stirrups, their bits, were all rusty; the pennons under the heads of the lances were little better than dirty red rags: instead of wearing cross-

belts the men wore single belts of white glazed leather, with sabres hanging from them, in all manner of directions: the horses were poor, wretched-looking creatures, untrained to the march, and scarcely in hand at all. One might have thought that they had been fed all through the winter upon nothing but chopped straw—the unnutritious food which is substituted for hay, in a country where good hay ought to be grown in immense quantities. Neither in men nor in horses would these imperial guards, this part of the *élite* of the Turkish regular cavalry, be a match for a regiment of Cossacks. I much doubt whether in the field a regiment of old irregular Turkish cavalry, such as I saw in 1828, would not do better service than these lancers. *Then* there were good, compact, active, spirited horses, the type of which now appears to have been destroyed in the country. We were struck with the great number of hunchbacks among the lancers.

The cavalry was followed by three numerically strong regiments of infantry, also of the imperial guard. The foot did not shame the horse: they were wearing white cross-belts, dirty fezzes, and abominable shoes; they scarcely showed a sign of a shirt or any linen; they were carrying their muskets every way but the right way: to an eye accustomed to the sight of European armies they were "tag-rag and bob-tail all."* Another thing which

* I have mentioned how very stationary the Turkish troops are. A traveller who has been an English officer says:—"The garrison being concentrated in four or five great barracks, the above-mentioned distribution of whole battalions or regiments in koulooks (guard-houses) is found more convenient, and saves shoe-leather,—a desideratum in a service where the issues of shoes are irregular; and these, when issued, are forthwith converted into slippers, as no soldier can enter the guard-house without

struck us was the number of Nubian blacks employed as officers. Some of these men had, I believe, belonged to the disciplined Egyptian army of Ibrahim Pasha; others had been black slaves to pashas and other great people; and some, I was told, had undergone in their childhood the process which qualifies males for employment in serraglio and harem. But take the best of these emancipated black slaves, and say what spirit, what sense of honour, what patriotism can be expected from them? Yet Nubians are frequently found in the very highest posts of the army, and commanding and leading white men. Some of our American friends at Constantinople, who came from slave-holding states, were at first much perplexed at finding that "niggers" could be majors, colonels, generals, great pashas; and I believe they never got quite reconciled to a very common sight—a jet-black, hideously-faced Nubian officer, with an embroidered coat and a diamond nishan, riding in great pride and stateliness through the streets, followed by two or more white servants running on foot. This seemed to them a turning of the world upside down.

As I extended my observations I became the more convinced that the Sultan was paying for a great many more men than were actually under arms, and that his so-called regular disciplined army did not come near to

leaving his shoes under the porch. It results, however, from this system, that the men are scarcely ever drilled, even to company work, and that, with the exception of the common manual exercise, at which they are expert, they know nothing of a soldier's duty, and have nothing of a soldier's carriage or manly bearing. This remark is applicable to guards, line, and militia."—CHARLES WHITE, Esq., "Three Years in Constantinople," vol. iii. p. 44.

150,000 men. By limiting the service to five years Abdul Medjid had greatly injured his chance of having well-trained, veteran soldiers. In many instances, however, the men were not discharged or allowed to return to their homes, being kept together under another name. They were called Redif or militia, but they were in fact troops of the line. The plan of a local militia which would leave the Turkish population to till the now abandoned soil, the plan of establishing militia corps of mounted rifles which might guard the frontiers without being dragged from their native fields, and other projects for uniting economy with defence, had, I found, been repeatedly proposed and as often rejected by the Porte.

Very few Turks had a notion of what we really mean by the term *militia*. Others were afraid of arming any portion of the population unless it was immediately under the eye of government and linked with the regular forces. "Were we to arm the people over in Asia Minor or up in the provinces of Roumelia, the people would not pay their taxes!" So said a member of Reschid Pasha's government; and my experience as to the state of the country scarcely encouraged me to contradict him.

Meanwhile the conscription, as I have repeatedly observed, is eating up the remnant of the Mussulman people and consuming the heart's core of the Empire. Twelve years before the time of my last tour, an intelligent English traveller, who took a much wider range, noted the lamentable effects produced by this system: he found villages and towns depopulated and for the greater part in ruins, uninhabited houses crumbling to

dust, and immense tracts of the most fertile soil left utterly neglected through want of men to till them. Everywhere he saw the same destructive elements at work. "The new conscriptions and levies were everywhere described as most oppressive measures, the effect of which was to depopulate whole districts, in consequence of the young men being removed to the capital."* To whatsoever part he directed his steps he saw the deserted tenements of a reduced population, and ruins, ruins, and still ruins! He anticipated me in his account of the civil and inoffensive disposition of the Turkish villagers in Asia Minor; like ourselves he felt himself quite as safe in those wild mountain passes as in the streets of Constantinople; but, also like ourselves, he saw these poor people crushed to the earth, disheartened, despairing, dying out. The American, Bishop Southgate, who followed this English traveller, the enterprising Mr. Layard, who followed the Bishop, my esteemed friend Mr. Longworth, who followed Mr. Layard, all agreed in their accounts of the exhausting, fatal effects of the conscription and the over-taxation. I may state them strongly and decidedly, in my eagerness that the truth should be made known, but I neither entertain nor advance any new or peculiar opinions. Let him be of what country or political creed he might, I never met a European traveller in the country that did not entertain precisely the same notions as to its condition and the effects of the conscription, that I had formed myself. The government manages yet to spend and waste a vast deal of money, dust is still thrown in the eyes of European courts and

* William J. Hamilton, Esq.

fashionable circles; *on danse chez l'Ambassadeur Ottoman* in Bryanstone Square; but in Turkey there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! the Ottoman civilization is scarcely skin deep, the administrative Reform is the vilest of all shams! The country is irretrievably ruined. I am not altogether ignorant of the hollowness, thoughtlessness, and indifference of the merely fashionable world; but I do believe there are many who, could they have only a glimpse at the means employed to extort money for the demands of Turkish folly and extravagance, would rush with disgust and horror out of that ambassador's house.

Since Mr. Hamilton's time the country has become more and more depopulated, through the extortions of the farmers of the revenue, the annual drain of the conscription, and the resort to unnatural forced abortion. In this present year 1849, the Porte having been rendered insanely jealous of the movements of the Russian troops in the protected Principalities, in Transylvania, and upon Hungary, and having (I fear) been impelled much more by English than by French diplomacy, have made costly and absurd military preparations which can only complete the exhaustion and precipitate the death of their Empire.

More than 50,000 men and boys were dragged from Asia Minor over to Constantinople, in the month of May last, to act as irregulars. If credit could be given to the Constantinople papers, more than 150,000 were thus caught and removed from their homes! I can scarcely conceive how they got 50,000, nor can they have done it without taking an extensive range and depriving many places of well nigh their entire male

population. A friend writes to me from the plain of Brusa:—

"Mustapha Nouree Pasha is really recalled at last, and goes to Constantinople in a day or two. After all his villainies he is to retain his enormous pay of 75,000 piastres per month; and report adds, that he is to have the appointment of Seraskier. This is likely enough, as the Sultan has expressed his very great satisfaction at the manner in which the levy for these irregular troops was conducted by Mustapha Nouree in the pashalik. This levy was conducted quite *à la Turque*. Poor fellows were surprised, knocked down, and bound, and then told that they must go as *volunteers* to Stamboul, to help the Sultan to fight the Muscov ghiaours. Old and young, from fourteen to sixty years of age, were seized and sent to Constantinople. In fact, almost every Turkish villager that could be found to hold a musket was packed off. Some 12,000 or 14,000 men were embarked from this neighbourhood at Moudania and Ghemlik. You know what was the state of the country before this; and you may well imagine the present distress and misery. Detachments of these poor miserable creatures were escorted by dragoons and forwarded to the capital by steamers. Some thousands, however, have already escaped and found their way back, and the dragoons are now employed in hunting them down as if they were game or wild beasts. Such of them as are caught are brought down to Brusa in chains, or tied together with ropes and cords. Fancy what splendid troops they will make! Fancy how valorously they will fight the Russians—should it ever come to that! Then imagine the fine sport and free

quarters of these dragoons, let loose upon the villagers, and generally without any officers with them! The Yuz-Bashis, the Bim-Bashis, averse to fatigue and trouble, smoke their tchibouques in Brusa, or under the plane-trees among the fountains of Bournà Bashi, or up the cool Derè, which you so much affected, and the troopers go rampaging about, and doing whatever they like best to the people. It is a complete reign of terror. They say that a camp of 100,000 men is to be formed over in Europe at Daoud Pasha; that there is to be another camp of 50,000 men in Asia to watch the Russian frontier on this side, and that a great *corps de réserve* is to be collected at Trebizond. How they will be able to feed and give *any* pay to these hosts of irregulars, who have not left behind them hands to reap the crops, far surpasses my power of comprehension."

It requires no great power of mind to comprehend the utter uselessness of such levies, and the cruel blow diplomacy has inflicted on the country by urging the government to make them. In Europe they would only embarrass the regular semi-disciplined army; on the frontiers in Asia, where they would have the field almost entirely to themselves, they could not stand an hour against the veteran battalions and well practised artillery of the Russians—they would perish or run away, just as they did in 1828–29. I shrewdly suspect that this time they would not fight at all, and that the rural population in that quarter would receive the troops of the Emperor Nicholas with open arms. Several travellers, who had been recently among that population, had come to the decided conclusion that the

great majority of it would offer no resistance to Russia; and that if their mosques and their women were respected, and a little of the Tzar's wealth made to flow among them, they would remain quiet, submissive, and contented subjects of the conqueror. The Christian Rayahs in those parts were all looking to the coming of the Russians as to a millennium.

The Kurds, the bravest and most active and best mounted of all the Sultan's Asiatic subjects, are decidedly and notoriously disaffected. They are enraged at the downfall of Bedr-Khan-Bey, and eager to retaliate on the Turks the chastisement they received at their hands in the campaign of 1847. Towards those frontiers the old fanaticism is fitful and uncertain in its operation, and limited in its range. You will find fanaticism *here* —indifferentism *there*. In some regions the population is Mussulman in little more than name. For example, at Sivas the people are furious Mahometans—at Mosul they are meek, most tolerant, and desirous of the society and friendship of Christians. These people of Mosul are descended from Chaldean Christians, who were forcibly converted to Mahometanism. They make no secret of saying among Christians, "Our forefathers became Mussulmans when the Turks were strong, and we and our children will become Christians when the Russians take this country and are strong in it." Even now these people frequently conform to Christian rites.

Nothing had been done to put that frontier in a state of defence. It is now as it was in 1836, when Mr. Hamilton travelled along it; and it was in 1836 as it had been in 1828, and during the whole of that losing

and most humiliating war with Russia. "Not a place of arms, not a fort, not a blockhouse has been erected; nay, in the long space of twenty years they have not strengthened nor in any way repaired the old walls which the Tzar's artillery knocked about their ears in 1828, when Eyoub Pasha, with 50,000 irregulars, fled before a small vanguard of Russian horse. On the other side, the Russians have strengthened their works and erected new ones; and the neighbouring Turkish governors, as devoid of patriotism as of common honesty, have sold them timber and other materials. From the Turkish forests of Soghanli Dagh the Russians were supplied with timber for the erection of their fortress at Gumri; *the Turkish peasants were compelled to cut the wood gratis, and the Pasha of Kars received* 70,000 *ducats from the professed enemies of his country for selling it.*"*

Vast are the sacrifices caused to the Turks by the progression of that "revolution principle" at which they were at first inclined to chuckle and rejoice, believing (their Christian subjects being all disarmed) that it could not find materials upon which to work in their country, and that it would cripple the strength of most of the nations of Christendom. The sacrifices have been as ridiculous as vast: they form but one prodigious mass of absurdity. Of what use are these raw recruits—these puny, sickly boys? What military service can be expected from the despairing, the heart-broken peasants, dragged from their homes in Asia Minor? The Porte may talk of putting the empire in an "imposing attitude;" but there is nobody at all

* William J. Hamilton: "Researches in Asia Minor," vol. i. p. 190.

acquainted with the state of the country and the quality of the army, and the worthlessness in war of these great levies of irregulars, but will laugh at her preparations and scorn her presumption.

And why accelerate your ruin by making these costly preparations, when Russia had no more idea of marching upon Constantinople than she had of invading England? Your reiterated treaties gave the Emperor Nicholas the full right of marching into the protected Principalities; far more quickly and effectually than you could have done it, he put down the revolutionists and anarchists in those provinces; you claimed a joint military occupation with the Tzar; the treaties gave you that right, Nicholas offered no objection, and you had last year a number of troops in the Principalities equal to that of the Russians. What right have you to oppose or to be jealous of the marching of a Russian army into Transylvania and Hungary to succour the excellent young Emperor of Austria? You might well regret that England, by abandoning Austria at a tremendous crisis and taking part with her worst enemies, has absolutely forced Austria to throw herself into the arms of Russia; but you cannot tell Austria that she is not to be succoured, or Russia that she is not to succour. Russia has a more unquestionable right to aid her imperial ally than England and Austria had to aid you in 1840, when, but for their armed interference, Ibrahim Pasha would, at the very least, have dismembered your expiring empire. Yet by a deplorable diplomacy the Porte has been made to display not merely a jealousy of Russia, but also a hostile feeling to Austria, the best protectress of Turkey. Reschid Pasha, the

Vizier, and his satellite Ali Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, have been recently receiving envoys or emissaries from Kossuth, and at least listening to proposals for an alliance between the absolute despotic Ottoman empire and the anarchic mad republic of Hungary! Reschid has been following up what he considers his proper vocation, and for which he believes himself to have a genius and very peculiar qualifications —*il a été filer la politique haute et fine.*

The London journals which are believed to express the opinions of Lord Palmerston, and to be occasionally enlivened by his Lordship's own pen, have of late been recommending an alliance between the Sultan and the anarchist Kossuth, and a war in which these two very compatible allies should face the united powers of Austria and Russia! With a matchless reliance on the ignorance and gullibility of the world, they have been representing that Turkey and Hungary are "natural allies." Of all the monstrous absurdities which have proceeded from that political school, this is by far the most monstrous! Let it be acted upon, or let the Turks be agitated for any such scheme, and then, indeed, in three months you will have a Russian army in Constantinople. Already a hostile humour has been exhibited, for which the two great imperial powers will not fail to call the Turks to account. *La vieille maison d'Autriche n'est pas encore morte.**

* The passages in the text were written in the month of June, 1849, months before the great *fracas* caused by the demand of the Emperor of Russia for the extradition of Bem and his followers, who, in all, amounted to nearly 5000 desperate men,—a force and a leader which (even had there been no treaties of extradition) no power or powers would have left quietly so close upon the frontiers.

For

With her half-disciplined troops, Turkey may for a time keep down insurrection among her divided, hostile, unamalgamable populations, and even check the revolts of Kurds and Albanians; but she cannot by herself defend her frontiers, or any part of her territory, against a European army, and if she attempts to move beyond her frontiers—why then good-night to the house of Osman, which, wherever established, has been a scourge and a curse! With perfect repose it may yet

For good fifteen months—or from the end of June, 1848—Turkey had been provoking the hostility of Russia. The *affaire* Bem only brought the quarrel to a head. At every rumour of an Austrian or Russian defeat, Reschid Pasha's government displayed an irritating joy. Among the many Polish refugees in Turkey were some not quite so tranquil as the poor soldiers on the Asiatic farm. There was a certain Count, who had constant access to the Turkish government and grandees, and who was incessantly deluding them with wild political visions, and exciting them to imprudent and rash measures. *C'était un véritable boute-feu.* As early as the beginning of April, 1848, this Polish Count had made up his mind that revolution would make the tour of the world; that it was all up with Austria and with monarchical and aristocratical England; that Russia would soon be rent in pieces; that Poland would be re-established as the dominant power of the north; and that, in close alliance with her, Turkey would soon recover all and more than all that the Tzar and the Kaiser had ever taken from her. He was a man of astonishing activity; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere in no time; he could exhibit his *ombres Chinoises* to a dozen pashas in a day. And all this performance was perfectly well known at the Russian embassy.

In this Pole I saw some of the many proofs I have witnessed of Polish gratitude. To England he had been indebted for hospitality and for something more, and England was at that moment feeding a herd of his exiled countrymen. Yet he had not a good or a kind word to say for her. He was longing to see her institutions overturned, her power broken. In my presence and in that of another Englishman, he said that England was the foe of freedom and decidedly retrograde; that England was not *à la hauteur des circonstances.*

"*Les Anglais n'ont rien à faire avec le continent! Ha bah! Qu'ils se tiennent à leurs comtoirs et leurs fabriques. Ils ne pensent jamais qu'à leurs profits commerciaux.*"

But such was the belief, or such the talk, of every expatriated Pole I encountered in the deplorable year 1848.

live on a few years; but so sure as it moves or attempts any violent action, it will fall to pieces like a body taken out of an old coffin and exposed to air and motion.

The Arsenal barracks, in which the marines and most of the sailors of the Sultan's fleet were lodged, were spacious enough, but excessively unhealthy. The long but rather narrow slip on the left bank of the Golden Horn, enclosed by walls, and serving as the arsenal, dockyard, etc. etc., is a most insalubrious spot, being backed and flanked by Turkish burying-grounds, in which the dead bodies are scarcely more than covered with earth, by ridges of hills which prevent the free circulation of the air, or by close, thickly inhabited quarters, which tend to the same effect, and help to poison the atmosphere by their filth and refuse, not one of these quarters being drained. Within the long enclosure, and close under its walls, are foul, stagnant ditches, sufficient to breed fever for the whole neighbourhood.

One broad black ditch traversed in the middle, running right across the Arsenal from the hills to the port. The only bridge across it consisted of loose planks laid nearly level with the usual surface of the fetid pool. In the wet weather these planks were at times under the surface of the foul fluid, through which people had to stride in their mud-boots. As the weather grew hot, the stench, in passing, was enough to knock one over. Yet this was the only passage from one part of the Arsenal to the other; it was trodden every day by great pashas and reforming and civilizing beys and effendis. Nothing so easy as to deepen the ditch (it was of no length), to clear it, and give it a free course

into the port, whence an ever-active current would sweep away the *immondices* into the open Sea of Marmora. Over and over again, and through a long series of years, by Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, and Americans, the simple operation had been recommended and urged upon the Turks, as a process which would cost very little, and tend most materially to cure the unhealthiness of the place; but the Turks had said "Baccalum," and had done nothing; and I found this horrible ditch just as I had left it in 1828. I see and smell it yet.

In some other particulars the Arsenal was materially improved. Compared with the chaotic disorder in which it used to be, one might almost say it was now in tolerable order. This change for the better had been produced by Captain (now Admiral Sir Baldwin) Walker, by two American ship-builders, and by Englishmen employed by the Porte. But as all these gentlemen had been dismissed, and only a few English mechanics retained, things were said to be again getting out of "ship-shape."

A certain number of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians had been instructed by these foreigners, and the two American builders had left behind them models, lines, and all manner of guides in marine architecture. These lines and guides the builders were now following mechanically, and without the slightest deviation. Were a fire to consume what the Americans left, they would be all at a stand-still.

They had recently repaired an old frigate and launched a new war-steamer. All that they had on the stocks were a steam-frigate and one smaller steamer,

and these were getting on very slowly. I was frequently in the Arsenal, and never failed to watch their ship-building proceedings. It was languid work; the only men who showed real activity, quickness, and intelligence, were the Greeks. They were mixing seasoned timber with timber that was absolutely green and proportionately heavy; they were uniting good wood with bad. Hence, no doubt, the cause of their being perplexed at nearly every launch by finding the vessel so much heavier than she ought to be. The assistants and common labourers were all galley-slaves—criminals or unlucky fellows condemned to imprisonment in the horrible Bagnio, which stands within this enclosure and is a dependency of the Arsenal. Such men are hardly to be expected to work with a will; and then here they are all made to work in heavy clanking fetters. We observed about seventy Albanians thus employed. They were some of the prisoners that had been taken at the suppression of the insurrection in Albania, in the preceding autumn. Since their arrival here their numbers had been thinned by malaria, cholera, and the worst of gaol fevers—the last being a distemper from which the Bagnio is rarely free. The survivors looked most wretched, and as if they were feeling in its full and cruelest extent the difference between this pestilential atmosphere and their own sweet mountain air. While a gang was at work it was watched by three or four soldiers; when it had to move from one place to another it was attended by ten or a dozen marines or soldiers, with muskets on shoulder and bayonets fixed. Thus those who did very little work had to be watched by a number of men nearly equal to their own number.

Counting soldiers and convicts, I have seen fifty fellows employed in bringing up a bit of timber which in our dockyards would have been put upon a truck and brought up by a couple of labourers.

Within the Arsenal, as well as beyond its walls, I had good evidence to prove that the old Turkish spirit of gaspillage, jobbery, and corruption had lost little of its vigour. I believe there were honest Turks there; I think I knew *two;* but these were not men in the highest authority—they were not administrators—they had nothing to do with buying or paying.

The pleasantest and best thing we ever found in the Arsenal was the marines' band. The young Turks who composed it played well, and rather frequently played good Italian or German music. But generally the bands may be said to be by far the best parts of the Sultan's army. Some of them might quite shame our ordinary regimental bands. Sultan Mahmoud devoted much attention to this branch of the service, and employed a number of Italians as instructors and band-masters. His son, passionately fond of music, has followed his example; more Italians and some Germans have been employed, and a good musical school has been formed by Signor Donizetti, a brother of the popular composer. An Italian professor assured me that the young Turks had naturally a very good ear, that they were quick at this kind of learning, and in many cases very fond of the study and practice of music. The worst of it was that they still retained their fondness for the old Turkish wind instruments, which are cuttingly sharp and shrill—now a scream and now a wail. The Italian music they played had very seldom

a bold martial character; it was not music to put mettle into a soldier. Their own native Turkish music all sounded like a lament or a death-song. I could never hear it wailing across the waters or along the desolate hill sides without fancying that it said, "Our glory is departed, our strength is gone, our hour is come, we are departing."

In the spring of 1848, between marines who were living in barracks, and shipmen (they could not be called sailors) who were doing nothing, and for the most part living on shore, Abdul Medjid had nearly 12,000 men for his navy. This caused a prodigious and, for the most part, a very unnecessary expense. The fleet for nine months in the year is in port in the Golden Horn, and dismantled. A good squadron of steamers is all the fleet that Turkey requires, and is more than all she can use without the aid of foreigners. The Turks never were, and never will be, a maritime people. The peasants that are seized in Asia Minor or up in the European provinces, and sent to the Arsenal to be turned into marines or sailors, dread the sea, and hate it with a more than Celtic hatred. The Greeks, who formed the strength of the crews of the Ottoman men-of-war before the Greek revolution, are by nature a maritime people, and become by practice excellent sailors—the best, perhaps, in all the Mediterranean. But these Greeks are now excluded from the service. It is said that they will not enter voluntarily, and that the Sultan and government do not like to impress them. I believe that they are *afraid* of having Greeks on board; the sympathies of these men are with the Hellenes of King Otho and their co-religionists the Rus-

sians. In a time of trouble or war Reschid's amalgamation theory would be but slight security should a Turkish man-of-war, half manned with Greeks, come alongside of a Russian ship in the Black, or an Hellenic ship in the White Sea. The Turks cannot trust the Greeks, and therefore they do not employ the only subjects they have that are capable of being made good sailors. The Armenians, a thoroughly Asiatic inland people, are as averse to the sea as the Turks, and have still less stomach for fighting than for sailing.

It will not be easy to forget the awkwardness displayed in a vice-admiral's barge on the Golden Horn. Our jovial, rotund, and rubicund old friend, Osman Pasha (one of the very few among them that knew anything of practical seamanship), would take us off to the fleet which lay moored opposite to the Arsenal, in his own boat and in good style. At starting, one of the boatmen caught a crab, and another let his oar fall overboard. Old Osman became as red as a turkey-cock. We had to cross some hawsers; the steersman sent us bang upon one of them, and if there had been any sea we might have been turned keel uppermost. The Pasha's objurgations only made the poor devils more confused and stupid, and if at last we got free of those hawsers without a wet jacket, it was more than I had expected. We went over the Capitan Pasha's ship and three other ships of the line, carrying from 80 to 120 guns each. As the masts were struck, and nearly all the rigging down, the points in which the Turks are so deficient were not observable. The decks were tolerably clean and orderly. Stores, arms, and all things below deck were kept in excellent order. There was a

proper place for everything, and everything was in its place. This was a great improvement on the practice of former days, and I believe the Turks have been indebted for it to the strenuous, persevering efforts of Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, while in the Sultan's service. The guns were good, and kept clean; many of them were English, and they had all good locks. The tomkins were coated with brass, which was kept bright and shining. These showy tomkins, and the practice of painting the ships' sides with broad, alternate stripes of white and black, much injured the warlike appearance of the fleet, destroying bold, massy simplicity, and giving the ships a theatrical, harlequin appearance. We visited a frigate with a very beautiful hull, and found it in much the same condition as the ships of the line, everything below deck being in good order. We went over an enormously large brig, which was very solidly built, and said to be a first-rate sea-boat. Of course our friend Osman Pasha took us only to the ships that were in best condition. We next visited the war-steamer Medjidieh, which had been launched the preceding summer at the Arsenal. She was a roomy, splendid-looking vessel, but too heavily timbered. She was of 1600 tons, and with Maudslay's fine engines of 400-horse power she scarcely made more than five knots an hour in descending the Sea of Marmora with the current in her favour. What she would make against wind and current may be conceived. An English engineer told me that she was next to useless, and that so she must remain unless engines of much higher power were put into her. Her cabin was most elegantly fitted up and decorated. There was a fire-place of pure white marble,

ornamented with gold arabesques, that was as pretty a thing as could be seen. The whole cabin was like an elegant drawing-room; but not a thing in it had been done by Turkish hands, or by the hands of any of the country people. It was all the work of foreigners settled in Galata and Pera. Generally, the cabins of the ships we went over were exceedingly handsome. Near to this Medjidieh lay the Tahif, another war-steamer of about the same size and force. Her engines also were found of insufficient power. We saw no other war-steamers. The Turks may have about a dozen common steamers of inconsiderable size employed as passage-boats, but these, except as tugs, would not be available in war. Our Vassitei Tidjaret, though a frigate in size, is too slightly built ever to be a war-ship. All the splendid steamers on the Black Sea, built by Pitcher on the London river for the Russians, are fit for war. Three small, English-built steamers have been added since our departure, and I believe one of the steamers on the stocks in the Arsenal has been finished and fitted out; but as yet the Sultan can scarcely be said to have the embryo of a steam navy. There were but few men afloat in the ships we visited, and these poor fellows looked quite out of their element. Instead of round jackets they all wore long, loose, gray great-coats, coming nearly down to their heels—an unseemly, slovenly garment, and the most inconvenient of all on board ship. They looked rather like invalids in an hospital than mariners; they were docile and dull; there was no life or brio among them, although they were nearly all young fellows. We could tell, from their countenances, that many of them were peasants from

the interior of Asia Minor. In every ship there was a forecastle, fitted out as an hospital, with iron post-bedsteads; but we saw no sick; the patients had been removed to the badly situated navy-hospital, where people were dying rapidly of cholera. Their chances of recovery would have been far greater on board. Osman Pasha thought so too; but the hekims did not like the trouble of going off to the ships in rough, cold, rainy weather, and the Capitan Pasha had ordered that they should all be sent to the hospital. The officers wore brown frock-coats, with a little gold embroidery on the collars—brown being the colour chosen for the uniform of the Sultan's navy. They were civil, very quiet men, but not one of them had the look or carriage of a sailor. Of all the young men who have been educated in England and France we scarcely saw one in the fleet. Their number, in *active* service in the army, seemed to be exceedingly small. Many of them had been entirely neglected after their return from Christendom to Constantinople—set aside as if they were *suspect*. Others had been put in very inferior places, where their acquirements were of no use. Some had rapidly forgotten all that they had learned, and were returning to the vegetable life of a mere Turk. One of the smartest of the whole lot, a gentlemanly young man who had passed an apprenticeship in English men-of-war, and who as yet spoke our language like an Englishman, had never any higher employment than that of occasionally taking charge of the tub of a steam-boat that ran between the capital and the Princes' Islands. The fortunate *few* who had been rapidly promoted had been put in all sorts of places, and linked

themselves with the Armenian seraffs; had become pashas, and were growing fat, idle, corrupt, and useless. Such is a correct sketch of the history of the young Turks that had been sent into Christendom for education. It may be suspected that few of them returned true Mussulmans, or brought back with them any religion whatever. I was, however, told of several of them who had gone strongly into the fanatical and anti-reform line. This may have proceeded in part from their wish to remove unfavourable suspicions, and in part from their disappointments in obtaining employment and promotion. All the *boudeurs*, however small their belief or however loose their practice, seemed to be taking to fanaticism.

Admitting that six of them were old, crazy, and worthless, Osman Pasha said that the Sultan had eighteen ships of the line. We could never count more than twelve, and of these, three seemed to be past all mending; and five others, I was assured, were in so bad case that were they to fire a broadside half of their sides would follow the fire. Of frigates and corvettes we did not see more than ten. There may have been a ship of the line and one or two frigates laid up in ordinary in the Gulf of Salonica, and a similar force in the nook opposite Gallipoli, at the entrance to the Dardanelles; but other force there certainly was none. A very competent English judge, who had long had his eye upon them, declared that not more than five ships of the line were fit for war or were even seaworthy. Our journalists of the movement party, who affect to be quite enchanted at the recent activity of the Turks, and at the prospect of their having a "brush" with Austria and

Russia, not satisfied with affirming that the Sultan has under arms 300,000 men, of whom one half are *well* disciplined, are talking about the Sultan's splendid fleet of 40 sail of the line!! But even if they had such a number of big ships, of what service would they be with such crews? The Russians may not be the best, but they are prime sailors compared with the Turks. An American, one of Captain Lynch's officers, said that out at sea, in a fair sea-fight, with a wind to manœuvre and enough of it to make manœuvring necessary,* he thought that two heavy United States or English frigates ought to be able to give a good account of the whole Turkish fleet. This was said in no braggadocio spirit; it was merely a conclusion to which the American officer had come after examining the ships, the composition of the crews, their habits, and notorious want of seamanship.

I have spoken already of Turkish ingratitude. After they had applied to the British Government for that distinguished officer, after Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker had toiled in the fleet, and had led their ships into battle on the coast of Syria, after he had done all that man could do to improve both Arsenal and fleet, they put him on the shelf, they slighted him, and they finally, by a crowning insult, induced him to send in his resignation. The pashas would not, could not have him in the Arsenal; he stood between them and their nefarious profits; as a British officer he could not go shares in their plunder, but was always ready to expose their iniquity. They would not have him in the fleet,

* It will be remembered that at Navarino the Turks and Egyptians were all moored in a close harbour, with the protection of land-batteries, etc. They did not move; they were merely floating batteries.

because he was always insisting that the poor men should be fairly and regularly paid, without aggio or any of those deductions which are constantly exacted by treasurers and seraffs. He was more hated by the Armenians than by the Turkish pashas, and when these two bodies are united together and allies in hostility, no honest man can hope to stand against them. If Sir Baldwin had known these things, he would never have gone to Constantinople; he has since found more fitting service and an honourable promotion under his own flag; but this does not affect the fact that in his person the Queen and Government of Great Britain were insulted and outraged as well as himself. Their conduct was no better to Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dickson of the Royal Artillery, who, at their earnest request, were sent out to act as instructors and to put their artillery into order. They received these two officers with an ostentatious parade and volleys of stereotyped compliments, but when they had got them they never gave them anything to do; they left them in involuntary and irksome idleness, to draw, with more or less regularity, pretty good pay, which they felt they had not earned. They were not supple enough to be mingled with Turkish pashas and lordly and most ignorant Grand Masters of Artillery; they were far too honest to be active parts of a system where all was dishonesty. As far as the service was concerned, they might as well have been at the antipodes or in the moon. At the instance of Sir Stratford Canning, Colonel Williams was included in a commission to survey and settle the disputed frontier between Turkey and Persia; and he took his departure for Erzeroum and

Lake Van; Lieutenant Dickson, tired of an idle, profitless life, and utterly disgusted with the governing Turks, threw up his appointment, and came home. The conduct was the same towards every *honourable* man, no matter what his country. They had treated French officers quite as badly as English. They really seemed to entertain a settled plan for humiliating and insulting, turn and turn about, all the nations of Christendom. Nothing more scurvy than their behaviour to the American ship-builders, who had rendered them such essential services and who had constructed for them the only really good ships they have upon the waters. Mr. Eckford, who took out to them from New York a most beautiful corvette, attempted to organize their Arsenal and shipyards; he was very irregularly paid, was constantly thwarted, lost his health and spirits, and soon died of malaria fever, or—as some confidently asserted—of poison. Mr. Rhodes, of Long Island, who succeeded him, was a light-hearted bustling man, full of rough energy, and he had the luck to become an especial favourite with Sultan Mahmoud, who at this time was taking great interest in his navy, and constantly coming unceremoniously and unannounced into the Arsenal, to see things with his own eyes and to put direct and searching questions to the *employés*. Mahmoud, as I have said, was as active as his son is inactive. He often pounced unexpectedly upon the American while hard at work (for he had to work himself to show the way to others), and pulling him by the shirt-sleeves he would trudge with him over the dockyard, or go afloat with him to some ship under repair. Rhodes, who soon picked up a good deal of Turkish

himself, had moreover the rare good fortune to find an honest drogoman with courage enough to translate faithfully, to any great man, whatever his employer said. Another vast advantage was that he had free access to the Sultan nearly at all times. He bullied the pashas as they had never been bullied before—and bullying is the only available process with these Turks. Whenever he caught them tripping he threatened them with exposure. One day he ordered the men to stop work, left the Arsenal in a towering passion, and leaped into his caïque. They asked him where he was going. "I am going to the Palace," said he, "to tell the Sultan that you are all thieves—*all!*" In spite of Armenian seraffs he brought down more than one great man with a run. In a dispute about accounts, the nazir, or superintendent, being hard pressed, and losing his temper, called Rhodes a *pezavenk*. Not satisfied with calling him another, and something worse, the American citizen broke his pipe-stick over the head of the Mussulman effendi. It was by energy like this that the Long-Islander was enabled to complete his immense, truly splendid 70-gun frigate, and to do a great deal more of very useful work. But when Sultan Mahmoud died he lost his power and prestige; Abdul Medjid was then a mere boy; a new set of pashas came into office, and did as they liked: Rhodes presently sent in his resignation, which was eagerly accepted. His brother-in-law, Mr. Reeves, who had been his foreman, then took his place, but only to be scandalously treated. For three whole years he never received a farthing of pay! With an unsettled account he left in disgust. He returned to Constantinople while we were there, to

press for payment of what the government owed him. He brought with him the model of a cheap, most convenient, excellent steam ferry-boat, which might be most usefully employed in carrying the people who are constantly passing and repassing between Constantinople and the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. He did not seem to me to have enough cunning, daring, and *sang froid* to deal with the Turks. They were keeping him in play, trotting him from pasha to pasha, and tormenting him sadly. They told him that the model was *tchiok guizel;* but when he spoke of constructing the steam ferry-boat they put him off with baccalums. When we left he had not recovered the money due to him, but his Minister and our good friend Mr. Carr was certainly the man to obtain payment for him, as he used a bold logic which the Turks could never resist in the long run. This representative of the United States most conscientiously believed that the prime business of a diplomatist was to see justice done to his fellow-countrymen, and whenever called upon he acted up to this belief, never admitting that private interests are to be sacrificed or to give way for indefinite periods of time to public or state interests. This last principle has been but too often admitted by the very best of our English diplomatists.

It seems to me that this is an error everywhere, and in Turkey an enormous one, as here, without the interference of his Ambassador, no Englishman has a chance of obtaining justice where the government or its Armenian agents are concerned. And what are public or political interests but an aggregate of private interests? If the Turks are unjust towards the one, are they likely to deal honourably with the other? If you

undertake their political tutorage, if you would lead them on in the paths of reform, ought you not on every occasion to instil into their minds that honesty is the best policy, that the scrupulous discharge of private contracts and obligations will secure faith and confidence in their public obligations? Because you wish to carry out some scheme which you believe will be advantageous to the Turks, are you, for the sake of keeping them in good humour and overcoming their obstinacy and stupidity, to sacrifice, or to delay (until the hearts of the claimants become sick), the claims of ill-used Englishmen? This may be very generous to the Turks, but it is a generosity all at the cost of the English. I have no doubt that the American ship-builder got his money long ago, nor have I any doubt that if he were a British subject he would be waiting for it still.

I could multiply instances of Turkish ingratitude, but I will here relate only one more. Mr. Frederick Taylor, the able engineer and architect, the man of varied, useful acquirements and many excellent qualities, had been fifteen years in the country and had learned the Turkish language. He had erected for Government the fine English machinery at Tophana for the boring and finishing of cannon; he had set the machinery at work, had taught a number of Turks how to manage it, and had otherwise made himself exceedingly useful to the Ordnance department. Some time after the completion of the works at Tophana, the Turkish government, having resolved to establish a proper Mint, like that of England, instead of the slow, clumsy, miserable manufactory of coins they had hitherto used, sent Mr. Taylor to London to super-

intend the machinery there making, and to acquire a knowledge of all the details of coining. He had, in fact, to learn a new art and mystery. On the application of Reschid Pasha our Government very liberally threw the model Mint on Tower Hill open to him. Sir Jasper Atkinson, the Provost of the Moneyers, the son of a provost, the man whose whole life has been passed in this important establishment, and whose knowledge in this branch is complete and perhaps unique, afforded Mr. Taylor every facility, and imparted to him every needful instruction, for he liked his mission or its object (the setting up of a beautiful Mint in Constantinople) and he could not but like the man. After some eighteen months the choice English machinery and Mr. Taylor's instruction were completed. He returned to Turkey, he went diligently to work, he prepared the locality, he set up the machinery in most beautiful order, and he set it to work. This new Turkish Mint, or English Mint in Turkey, is the *one* perfect thing they have. Nearly every other new thing is a whim-wham or a wretched failure; this alone challenges an unqualified admiration. It stands within the second court of the Serraglio, and is the only thing really worth looking at within those vast and now nearly desolate inclosures. I doubt whether out of London and out of Paris (since the French Mint has been improved with the aid and personal superintendence of Sir Jasper Atkinson) there is such another Mint in the world. During all these useful labours they paid this valuable man a very inadequate salary—his emoluments were less than a third of those obtained by the blundering old Englishman at Macri-keui, who

had done nothing right or well. At the coinage of the first new money, one of those gold and diamond snuff-boxes which the Sultan is eternally giving, was given to him; but very shortly after they turned him out of the Mint, and left him without any employment, appointment, or pay whatsoever.* In this state he remained nearly eighteen months. An iron-foundry being much wanted in Galata for foreign steamers and for numerous other objects, Mr. Taylor endeavoured to establish one. The monopolizing Armenians pretended that he had no right so to do; they threw every possible obstacle in his way, and as they were either the owners or the creditors and mortgagees of the owners of nearly all the houses and buildings, they shut him out from all the places best adapted for such an establishment. The wandering Glee Club did not wander half so long in search of a temple to the praise of glorious Apollo as Taylor wandered in search of a place for his foundry. He got one at last, but it was inconvenient and sadly cribbed and confined. He, however, went to work, and was teaching some people of the country to be very good casters and iron-founders. It is by individual enterprise like this that the country might really be improved, but individual enterprise is everywhere discouraged, and, in the end, almost invariably crushed. The "*laisser faire*," the "live and let live," are principles odious, heretical, damnable, in the eyes of the Armenians, who must do everything themselves or have it done under their immediate and absolute

* Another diamond snuff-box was sent to Sir Jasper Atkinson. If I know Sir Jasper's disposition, I should say that he would have preferred, ten times over, the proper treatment of Mr. Taylor to this bauble.

control. Several months before our departure some of the pashas in the Ordnance department either felt ashamed at the treatment which Mr. Taylor had received, or felt assured that he was the best man to do some work they wanted done; and they engaged him to construct a large building at Tophana for the making and putting together of gun-carriages. Although it was working only on copper and base alloys (gold and silver having become so scarce), we saw the beautiful Mint machinery at work under the care of three sober, steady, and very intelligent English engineers who had been trained by Mr. Taylor. These three useful men would have been sent adrift long ago if the Dooz Oglous could have found Armenians or Turks at all capable of performing their duties. Without being assured as to capability, the Armenians will probably be making such a change before long—and then, everything will go to rack and ruin. In some additions made to the establishment since Mr. Taylor left it, blunder had been accumulated upon blunder, and money and labour had been thrown away as if they were things of no value at Constantinople. The English working engineers were not men of sufficient authority to be listened to by the arrogant Armenians, who have a school of engineering quite peculiar to themselves, and whose conceit is not to be beaten out of them by any amount of failure. Their formula is, "we can do the work better and cheaper ourselves." This is what they are incessantly repeating to the Turks so soon as they fancy they have got a clear insight into the processes of any of the Franks in the employment of the Porte.

The guns used on board the fleet are now all iron guns. The old brass ordnance is lying like useless rubbish in the Arsenal. We there saw the brass guns (many of them very handsome) lying in the midst of dirt, pile upon pile, and pile beyond pile. Merely as metal the value of them must have been great.

They kept making at Tophana, of metal brought from their own ill-worked mines or purchased from foreign merchants, a great many brass guns for the use of the army; and they were also casting there, clumsily and at an enormous expense, a few heavy iron ship-guns under the superintendence of a certain Halil Pasha, who had passed seven years in England and had been allowed to learn the art at Woolwich. They might have had iron guns from England at one-third of the expense; but now all things are to be made at home, cost what they may; Turkey must manufacture for herself, must limit as far as possible her trade with foreign nations to the sale of her surplus produce; Turkey is every day practically entering a protest against the doctrines of Free Trade, and narrowing her market for foreign manufactures. The country least fitted for it in the world is following the universal rule that people ought to manufacture at home that which they formerly bought from Great Britain. This rule is made the more absolute in proportion as England becomes more and more Cobdenized. The "cooked" returns of our Board of Trade and all that display of ciphered columns and statistics, are illusory: the sale of our manufactures within the proper Ottoman dominions has declined, is declining, and must continue to decline (were there no other reason than the impove-

rishment of the country); a good part of our trade with Turkey is merely a transit trade; a very considerable portion of the value of our exports has recently lain in machinery, intended to make, under the instruction of English workmen, at Constantinople, Nicomedia, &c., the articles which were formerly made for this market in England. The experiment is failing, ridiculously failing, but it is important as showing the universal tendency and the oneness of *intention*. If the Manchester philosophy is met in the teeth by *Turkey*, in what country between the poles can it hope to be welcomed or to have a quiet reign?

Although we frequently passed the dismal gate of the Bagnio, we did not enter that prison: there was an evident reluctance to admit strangers to such establishments, and the cholera and fevers raging within were rather repressive of curiosity. I was told that it was in the same frightful state in which I had seen it in 1828, and I can very well believe the statement. It seemed that the hand of Reform had not touched these abodes of vice and woe, and (not very unfrequently) of innocence and mere misfortune. All the prisons that we saw in Europe or in Asia were frightful, pestiferous dens. The prison at Tophana has been already alluded to. The care taken to exclude me from a sight of the great prison of Constantinople (the Seraskier's), and the ill humour shown at my application, inclined me to believe the worst that was said about it. A French traveller (M. Blanqui, Professor of Political Economy at Paris), despatched on a very strange mission by M. Guizot, was requested by M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior of France, to study the "eco-

nomical and disciplinary regimen of the Turkish prisons," and to report thereon, as his (M. Duchatel's) administration did not possess any document on the prisons of the Ottoman Empire, and as a report from "*un homme éclairé, grave et impartial*" would have great value in his eyes.* I gather from M. Blanqui himself (who publishes in his book these sounding ministerial compliments) that he was not very *éclairé*, that he was neither *grave* nor *impartial*, but a hasty, prejudiced, vapouring man; and I derive from his prison-report in particular (a tissue of words and fine phrases) that he gave himself hardly any trouble in examining the prisons.

M. Blanqui, however, says that he visited the Seraskier prison, that he penetrated *jusqu'au fond de cet antre*, and that the sight filled him with horror. He adds that he was the only foreigner that had been allowed to make that perilous examination, *même depuis les réformes de Mahmoud.* His description, in this particular, agrees pretty closely with the accounts I received from some Franks of Pera who had seen the interior of the famous prison more than once. M. Blanqui says that "it is the most perfect image of all Turkish prisons;" that it consists of five or six courts or inclosures, irregular and shockingly filthy, round which are placed dark, dirty, pestilential chambers, without beds, without mats, and even without straw for the prisoners to lie upon. The criminals guilty of capital crimes are chained to the walls of their dungeon with heavy iron chains. All the others, whether con-

* *This* M. Blanqui is not M. Blanqui the Socialist and Red republican, but a brother or cousin of that turbulent personage.

demned or only waiting to be tried, children and old men mixed, are lodged in the different courts, and sleep pell-mell on the ground. There is no separation of criminals and debtors; they are all huddled together and all as it were abandoned to themselves, the weak to the discretion of the strong, the youthful to the discretion of the adult. Dreading infection and the horrible vermin, the gaolers rarely entered the interior courts. We afterwards saw *one* exception, but every prison we had hitherto seen did certainly correspond very closely with this description by M. Blanqui. He says that as for a disciplinary or an economic system, there is none. I should say that there is a system generally prevailing, and that it is this—for discipline the prisoners are beaten, ill treated, and tormented until they bribe their gaolers, and for the economical part they are left to live on the charity of their relatives and friends if they have any, and to starve upon a prison allowance of bad bread and horse-beans if they have none. No firing is allowed, and this in the winter season at Constantinople is a terribly cruel privation. No prison dresses are distributed, no night covering is provided; the prisoners wear the dresses in which they were arrested, and they try to keep themselves warm at night on the cold damp ground by lying together in heaps. In Constantinople there are two or three separate prisons for females, and these were said to be in no degree better than the rest. With the neatness of a definition M. Blanqui says, "A Turkish prison is an inclosure wherein Authority shuts up all those who fall under its hand in the days of its wrath, as well as in the days of its justice." But there is a third agent far

more active than either wrath or justice, an agent that does not act like them by fits and starts, but is *always* in action. For one man that is sent to these horrible dungeons in anger or out of a regard for the law, at least three men are committed for no other object than that of extorting money from them. This was the case at Brusa, at Smyrna, and in every town we visited. At Constantinople there was a constant ebb and flow of the tide at the prison gates, men coming out who had purchased their liberty, and men going in who would purchase theirs in a few days to escape the torments of the place, and the imminent risk of disease and death. These people were generally arrested on the most frivolous pretences, the police taking especial care to seize only such as were known to have money or friends. Where false witnesses are to be hired in every part of the town—men ready to swear, for the sake of a few piastres, whatever they may be told to swear, evidence, if called for, is never wanting; and where the oath of a Christian cannot be accepted against that of a Mussulman, the Christian Rayahs have no chance of escape except in paying money.

The standing dissensions between the Greeks and the Armenians afford opportunities which are not often neglected. One morning, at the end of March, our Perote laundress came to us in sore trouble. The other day her husband, a Greek, had a violent altercation with an Armenian, his next door neighbour, and a Rayah like himself. The Greek tore the Armenian's cloak. The Armenian ran away and called up the Turkish police; the cavasses, *More Turco*, cudgelled the Greek unmercifully, called his wife all manner of

ill names, and then whisked him down to the dreaded prison in the Arsenal, without carrying him before any judge or magistrate, or legal authority whatsoever. In prison the unlucky Greek was still lying, and Tonco, who had much experience in these matters, thought it would cost his wife from 500 to 1000 piastres to get him out,—"Because," said our host, "the cavasses know that the laundress *has* grushes, and that the house she lives in is her *own* property. If she had been poor, they would only have beaten her husband!" The poor woman was almost in despair, for cholera was then in the prison, and malignant fevers and other infections were never out of it. "You see," said Tonco, knocking out the ashes of his last pipe and preparing to put her in the way to offer money in the proper quarter, "you see what a blessed thing it is to have Frank protection, and not to be a Rayah subject of the Sultan! If you were *protected* this would not have happened. Your husband would not have been beaten; and if they had carried him to prison, your consul would soon have got him out again without expense. You really ought to get protection. You cannot hope to make money and keep it without foreign protection. If you cannot be Russian, or French, or English, why not try and be Spanish or Swedish, or Sardinian or Neapolitan, or Tuscan or Roman, or Danish! Danish protection is very good, why not try and get that? You have money, you do washing for the Danish Legation, why not be a Dane?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

English Hospital at Pera, and its disgraceful Condition — Sufferings and Mortality of English Seamen — Cold neglect of the Consulate — Admirable Conduct of the American Missionaries towards the English Sailors — Messrs. Dwight, Everett, and Goodell — The English Hospital and a Fire — Melancholy Death of an English Seaman — Parsimony of our Government — Plan for improving the English Hospital — The Palace building for the British Ambassador — Enormous Expenses — Roguery and Plunder — The Woods and Forests Architect.

I HAVE spoken with perfect fairness and truth of the Turkish hospitals in Constantinople, bestowing warm praise where praise was due. I regret having now to declare that, in many respects, the *worst* hospital we saw in the country was the *English Hospital* at Pera. We went over it on the 25th of March with Mr. Everett, one of the American missionaries, who (doing what no Englishman had done) had devoted much of his time to comforting the poor sick sailors, and in burying them like Christian men when they were dead. Twice I repeated my visit, and I took careful notes of the observations I made and of the information I received from persons most competent to give it. I would most earnestly call the attention of my countrymen and Government to these notes, which I shall now transcribe with little addition or alteration:—

"The English hospital at Pera is a miserable, dingy, tumble-down, wooden house in the midst of wooden houses which may at any moment take fire. It stands in a narrow, filthy, damp lane, close under the high

garden-walls of the English palace. When the costly ambassadorial residence shall be finished and occupied (as I suppose it will be *some* day), the inmates from their windows will have under their eyes this unhealthy abode for the sick, this odious contrast between extravagant expenditure and neglect and parsimony—this disgrace to our national character. I would as soon live in the Pasha of Brusa's konack, with its horrible prison facing me, as in this ambassadorial palace with such an English hospital close under my windows. Assuredly, Sir Stratford Canning is not the man that will long bear the disgraceful contrast.

"There are no proper wards, or means of making them in the confined space. The whole hospital is comprised in the first floor of a common Pera dwelling-house. The doctor in attendance lives on the floor above, and has as much room as all the sick put together. The unhappy sufferers, whatever may be their diseases, are all huddled together pêle-mêle, in two small, low-roofed rooms and one rickety saloon, which is cold as an ice-house in winter, and hot as an oven in summer. Last autumn as many as sixty-five victims were crammed into these spaces, which would not properly accommodate ten patients! Then, they had no adequate changes of bed-linen, etc.; no mosquito curtains to defend the sick from the intolerable persecution of the insects. The building was swarming with bugs, fleas, and other vermin. There were no means of properly ventilating the apartments. One hot day when Mr. Everett went to attend a dying English sailor, he found the saloon almost as stifling as a Black-hole of Calcutta, with stenches which nearly knocked

him down. All the windows were closed: at the top of the room they could not be opened, because just under them was a row of beds occupied by men dangerously sick; and there was the same obstruction and difficulty at the other end of the room. The place seemed fitted to kill every man that came into it to be cured. Mr. Everett rushed out of the place to save himself from fainting; and then, by getting a window opened, he relieved and revived some of the panting patients. Two other American missionaries, Mr. Goodell and Mr. Dwight, who shared in the labours and perils of Mr. Everett, described to us scenes that were still worse, together with a general state of hospital management and administration that would scarcely be credible from less truthful and religious men. These accounts were confirmed by three or four of the English residents who had had courage enough to enter into that foul den during the hot and sickly season.

"Now, in this cold, damp weather, they have no proper fires. An old crazy Dutch stove is out of order, and smokes so that it cannot be used. To keep up some little warmth they have recourse to Turkish *mangals*, burning charcoal, which is not always freed entirely from its noxious gases before being introduced into the chambers of the sick. We breathe a fetid poisonous atmosphere as we move from one sick-bed to another; all the patients (now not above a dozen) complain of intense headaches. The rooms are ruinous as well as filthy; the plaster is falling from the walls, leaving holes which will soon be filled with bugs; the yellow-wash is stained and foul, and wants renewing. No money can be got to repair the place, to render this

antrum safe and salubrious. And yet, in glaring evidence—almost in contact—towers that massy, big, ugly, stone palace where the 'Woods and Forests' architect, Mr. Smith, has been spending for years thousands and tens of thousands of English public money, to produce in the end as great a disgrace to our taste as this hospital is to our morality!

"The hospital-keeper is not an Englishman, but a vagabond Maltese, who takes a small salary and robs to make up an income, who is constantly drunk, and who is in the habit of stealing the sick sailors' clothes, bedding, etc., to convert them into rum and raki. Only the other night Mrs. E—— saw this Maltese worthy dead drunk in the lane just in front of the hospital door. His evil reputation is universally known; but he is *cheap*; a respectable Englishman could not be procured at so low a salary, and thus he is left in his place. Poor widows in England have had to write and write again for effects known to be in their husbands' possession when they entered this den of foulness and iniquity, but of which no trace is now to be found —of which no account can be given by our highly paid, inefficient, negligent consulate. No doubt such property is long ago gone down the throats of the Maltese and his drinking companions in the shape of wine and ardent spirits.

"That more than half-mad and thoroughly unprincipled Irishman, Dr. ——, got turned out of the hospital, and (for a short season, for the virtuous indignation of Pera never lasts long) out of all European practice, last September; but his expulsion arose out of a disgraceful private quarrel, and not, as it ought to

have done, out of his shameful neglect and mal-administration here. During his regime records were *sometimes* kept of the entrances and sorties of the sick; but this was all; no note was taken of the nature of the diseases, or of the treatment, or of the *effects* of those who died in hospital, or of any thing else. This medical attendant was hardly ever in attendance. When the Danube was sending down the English sailors with its dreadful fevers upon them, when the hospital was full, when most of the cases were critical, this man was away, and at times for days together, at the Princes' Islands, or San Stefano, or Therapia, taking his pleasure; and even when in Pera his time was devoted not to the poor seamen in the hospital, but to patients who could pay him good fees. He, too, was *cheap*—and cheapness is the order of the day. There was this excuse for him—he could not have lived upon his hospital salary.

"I regret the being obliged to speak otherwise than favourably of a countryman and a very old acquaintance, but the truth cannot otherwise be told. Dr. Macguffok, who has been some thirty years in Turkey, receives 300*l.* per annum as physician to our Legation. The principal, and indeed almost the sole work attached to this office should seem to be the proper care of the English hospital. There is no want of European physicians, at least as eminent as himself: the attendance of these physicians is to be obtained at any time by those who can afford to pay for it. The resident Ambassador and the rest of the Legation very commonly consult these physicians; the poor sailors, who cannot pay fees, must depend upon the medical advice of the hospital,

and the best of this advice ought always to be within their reach. The charge of the 'British Hospital at Constantinople' is expressly set down as Dr. M——'s first duty in his contract with those who first engaged and *paid* him. This was the old and good rule established by the now suppressed Levant Company, which formerly paid our legations and consulates, and which managed many matters in the Levant much better and with more generosity and *humanity* than they are now managed by Government. The half-dozen gentlemen of our legation were all in very good health, when sixty-five sick sailors were lying almost wholly neglected in our hospital; the occasional sick-headaches and juvenile indiscretions of the attachés could not have occupied much of Dr. M——'s time, particularly as they were in the habit of consulting Dr. Z—— and other medical men; but Dr. M—— found profitable employment, from morning till night, in visiting *rich* Armenian and Turkish patients; and he delegated his hospital duty to another, paying him a miserable hundred and twenty pounds a year to do all the work. Perhaps, once in a week or once in a fortnight he pays a flying visit to the hospital. Last August he told me that the hospital was rapidly improving under the management of that wild Irishman, a man without professional skill, without humanity, without a conscience. And while British subjects are left to languish in a vile den, and to have their lives sported with by ignorance, incapacity, or downright rascality, what *enormous sums* are paid every year to Ambassador, Secretary of Legation, Oriental secretary, first attaché, second attaché, third attaché, fourth attaché, consul-general, vice-consul, and drogo-

mans, couriers, cavasses, and hangers on without end?* And what are these men paid for, but to promote British interests, to defend and protect British subjects, who, in a semi-barbarous country like this, and in a moral atmosphere which seems to have the effect of rapidly denationalizing the British character (taking from it its impatience of injustice and oppression, its lively sympathy for the sufferings of others), an extraordinary degree of that defence and support is rendered necessary!

"How Englishmen, with the knowledge of the state of this English hospital (and the most careless cannot be ignorant of it), can take and enjoy their thousands, their six hundreds, and their three hundreds a year, is to me matter of astonishment and disgust. None of the 'upper leather' of these gentry ever go near the place or make any careful inquiry about it. The resident English merchants imitate this indifference. And what are these Free-Kirk Scotch ministers doing? Busy, mayhap, in hopeless efforts to convert a few Jews. But, why are they not here by the bedsides of their sick and dying countrymen? Where were they last autumn when the American missionaries had to bury *all* our English dead? They were living out in the country in cool and pleasant places, Constantinople was very sickly, they were afraid of the cholera—they were taking good care of themselves. Surely these are but *sham* missionaries! A true missionary must be a Christian hero, fearless of danger and patient under all suffering. If they were sent out and liberally paid to

* The expenses of our embassy and consulate at Constantinople exceed 25,000*l.* per annum!!

convert Jews; could they not now and then find time to comfort afflicted Christians, to attend occasionally upon their own suffering countrymen, in this barbarous, comfortless place? Do their instructions rigorously imply that they are to deal only with Israelites? And in that line what have they done? Where are their Jewish converts? But why, above all, was there not a chaplain of the Church of England appointed? and why, when there *was* a chaplain, did he not take a greater interest in this hospital? It behoved him to make strong representations to the ambassador, to the consul, to the merchants; his reports would have carried weight even with a careless and niggardly government; and a respected and active and zealous minister of the Gospel might not only have comforted the sick, but also have been the means of getting their asylum permanently improved.

"These American missionaries—chiefly Messrs. Dwight, Everett, and Goodell—have gratuitously done for the English sailors more than chaplain's work (or far more work than ever was done by any paid chaplain of ours), attending the sick in the hospital, performing the funeral service at all seasons, on the bleak or burning hill, at the corner of the Great Burying-ground, which is set apart for the English. Last autumn the mortality among our poor seamen from the Danube was fearful: many died at sea and were buried in it; here, above Pera, Mr. Everett attended twenty-five funerals, and Messrs. Dwight and Goodell seventeen. They were not scared away by the unhealthy season; they remained in town when almost everybody else was in the country. One day, however, it happened that all

the missionaries were absent, Mr. Everett and Mr. Goodell having gone to the American Armenian school at Bebek. Consul-general Comberbach was sorely afraid that he should be obliged to read himself the funeral service over a dead sailor. He had fits of hot and cold; but he sent off a messenger to Bebek, and one of the missionaries came in immediately and performed the service. Yet Mr. Consul-general is much too great a man to treat these honest missionaries with anything but *morgue* and superciliousness.

"Verily we have here, at this moment, a pretty Legation and a charming Consulate! They have allowed a poor insane Englishman, one Walmsley, a boiler-maker —driven crazy by the Armenians of the Imperial Works—to remain several days in the horrible Tophana prison, where his madness will be made complete. They pay no attention whatever to the interests of the English working-men who have been inveigled by the Armenians. It is much if a man of this class gets a civil answer from the lowest of our Perote drogomans.

"There will be some change in all this when Sir Stratford comes; but when will he come? This diplomatic hauteur, this Legational indifference, this official starchness and insolence are disgraceful to our country and will not long be tolerated. Here and elsewhere I have had abundant opportunities of observing the demeanour of other diplomatic and consular bodies, and I can confidently and most conscientiously affirm that I never saw the subjects of despotic Russia or absolute Austria, or of any other power, meet from their representatives the treatment which is generally dealt by our Legations and consuls to the subjects of free,

constitutional England. Let not people go and dream and rave about our aristocracy; our aristocracy has little enough to do with it! Since the passing of the Reform Bill our real aristocracy has had less than its fair share in these appointments. The young men of family who remain are generally the most accessible, the best educated, and the least presumptuous; the worst offenders are mushrooms of yesterday's growth, are men of no name or family, are upstarts inflated by their little brief authority.

"It will be fortunate if the Maltese superintendent, who was found dead drunk in the street, does not on some other night set the wooden hospital on fire and burn to death such of the inmates as are too crippled, sick, or feeble to effect their own escape. In the great Pera fire of last September, when the house was fullest, it ran a narrow chance of being consumed; and the greatest confusion and distress prevailed. Our missionary friends, who live in the same lane, a few doors off, describe the scene as piteous and most affecting; some of the sick, nearly naked, were brought out on men's shoulders and laid down on the cold, damp, flinty pavement under the garden wall of our palace; some crawled out themselves; one sailor, who had wrapped himself in a filthy sheet, and who was in a fever delirium, shouted and clapped his hands at the raging fire which threw a canopy of flame across the street. The saddest case of all was this:—a poor young sailor who had been admitted for a pulmonary complaint, and who had recovered in the hospital, in hurriedly removing his bedding and clothes, fell against his sea-chest, broke a blood-vessel, and died. Mr. Goodell and Mr. Everett,

who had attended him in his sickness, spoke affectionately and tenderly of him: he was an excellent young man, had been decently brought up, had a love of reading, and strong moral and religious convictions. His aged, afflicted mother is now writing from England for his effects, which, as usual, are not to be found!

"Dr. Maddox, who has recently been appointed to succeed the remorseless Irishman, seems to be a very different man—intelligent, active, humane, and of the best principles. But he has no funds, no co-operation, no support or encouragement. When he speaks to the Consul-general about the urgent wants of the establishment, that potentate shrugs his shoulders and says that government is always complaining of such slight charges as are now incurred—says that he has no funds, and can do nothing. Lately government has sent out orders that the captains of ships are to pay for the medicine and food of their sailors while in hospital, the rest of the charges being borne by the British nation as before. Maltese sailors are admissible into the hospital, but our protected subjects, the Greek sailors of the Ionian islands, are not. If the poor Ionians can get admitted into the *Greek* hospital (as I believe they rather frequently do) they have nothing to regret, for that establishment is in excellent order; or if they can be received in any other Frank hospital they are fortunate, for French, Russian, Austrian, or Sardinian, *all* are incomparably better than the English hospital. When the port is crowded with English shipping there is not room in this baraque for half of the sick seamen; the rest are attended on board ship, the captain being bound to pay the doctor one dollar for every visit. There is a

great and increasing number of English mechanics, engineers, &c., all likely to be affected by endemic diseases, and by the fitful, violently varying climate, which hardly ever fails to give a stranger some inflammatory attack; but all these men are excluded, none but sailors can be admitted into this narrow hospital—the name, the rights of British subjects are pleaded in vain. One poor fellow, visited by temporary insanity, has been sent to a Turkish gaol among cut-purses and cut-throats; another English workman who has broken his leg must go into the French hospital; another, wounded by the bayonet of a Turkish soldier, must apply at the same door for relief.

"In 1829 I called attention to the neglected, shameful condition of the English hospital at Smyrna. By so doing I drew down upon my own head a great deal of hatred and abuse from certain quarters; but good came of it. That hospital is now in decent order. Towards its support every British vessel which enters the port of Smyrna pays a certain sum proportionate to her tonnage. I believe the rate is only 1½*d.* per ton. The captains pay this money cheerfully, and no complaints are ever heard from merchants or shipowners. Why has not this rule been adopted here? What but a culpable negligence, a criminal indifference, can have prevented our men in authority from thinking of this plan, which, close at hand, is found to work so well? Had it existed last year, when upwards of 900 vessels sailing under the British flag, and averaging 150 tons each, anchored in the Golden Horn, a sum would have been already obtained which might have set the hospital in order, and have rendered that establishment inde-

pendent of the stinted, begrudged bounty of this un-English government. Continue such a system three or four years, and, *if* your trade continue, there will be money in hand to erect, on a clear, airy spot, a good spacious stone building, safe and impervious to the terrible fires which are here of such constant occurrence. I cannot but feel that time and attention bestowed on this subject would be far better employed than in diplomatizing with Reschid Pasha, and in terrifying the Turks with visions of Russian conquest, or in forcing them into an attitude which may very possibly provoke the attack of the powerful Tzar."

The palace built at Pera by the Levant Company for the residence of our Embassy was burned to the ground, with everything in it, in the terrible conflagration of 1831, when more than half of Pera was consumed. For a long time the government showed no disposition to rebuild what a company of merchants had built.* Our Ambassadors and the gentlemen of the Legation were left to lodge themselves as they best could; and, except at Therapia in the summer time, they had rarely a house in which they could do the duties of hospitality or receive any society. About seven years ago the Woods and Forests sent out a pet man, a Mr. Smith (whose name I am told was unknown among architects) upon a fixed and high annual salary to reconstruct the palace in solid stone. For the accomplishment of this work a grant of 30,000*l.* was obtained from Parliament, but although the building was yet far from being finished, government had been repeatedly called upon for more money; and in the

* The late Levant Company.

session of 1848, in addition, I believe, to other sums previously granted, 10,000*l.* were voted for this ambassadorial residence. It ought to have been finished long ago. Perhaps the fixing of an annual salary for the architect was not the best way of urging him to activity and despatch: the longer the place was a-building, the more money he would pocket. Then this Mr. Smith was allowed to engage largely in other business. Except at the English palace, he was an active, bustling man; if he had not talent for intrigue, he had the art of captivating the good will of those who had that talent, *wanting which no man can do anything in Turkey;* he was a Papist, he had a Spanish wife, and in the proper quarters he was said to affect an ultra-Papistical zeal, which gained him the support not only of the bigoted Perotes, but also of the big and powerful Roman Catholic Armenians, who fill so many government places and have such an immense influence at the Porte. While other and far abler men got nothing to do, profitable work came tumbling in upon Mr. Smith, the man of the Woods and Forests, from all quarters. He indulged himself with a long absence and a continental tour, *voyageant en Prince;* but his English pay went on all the same, and the work he was doing for the people of the country was carried on under Armenian superintendence by Greek and Armenian builders. In our time he was building a stone theatre at Pera, to replace a wooden one which had been consumed; he was building the new medical school in the grand cemetery, and he was conducting ever so many other works for the Sultan, for great pashas, and for rich Armenian bankers. His hands

were full of work, his head was all hurry and confusion; he could seldom find time to look in at the English palace. We could never see him there, but what we could and did see were men loitering over their work, or smoking their pipes, or sleeping under the shade of the garden wall. He had chosen for his purchaser of materials and general "master of the works," at the English palace and elsewhere, an Armenian jeweller, proprietor of the comfortless house in Pera in which our Ambassadors have been condemned to live of late years during the winter season. This Armenian rejoices in the name of Migraditch Samanji Oglou. It is notorious to all Pera and Galata that he was deep in debt until he let his house to our Embassy, and got to supply Mr. Smith with building materials; that his one Pera house was heavily mortgaged; that no one would trust him for a dollar; and that now he is free of debt and mortgage, has a great command of ready money, and is rapidly buying up houses and other valuable property. In the spring of 1848 he purchased seven houses. I do not pretend that all this sudden wealth has been gotten out of the English palace; no doubt *Baron** Migraditch Samanji Oglou has had his pickings, his *incerte* at the theatre, at the new medical school, and elsewhere; but we had good reasons for believing that some of the plunder did come out of our pockets. In 1847 certain *tegole*, or large, thick, flat tiles, were bought and laid in for the palace, the price then being about 10 paras each. In the spring of 1848

* *Baron* is an Armenian word, and (I am told) very good Armenian for Monsieur, Signore, Mr., and Sir; but the Armenians are well aware of its signification in French and English, and are therefore incessantly using it.

tegole were wanted for the new theatre, and the market price of the articles was nearly double what it had been; therefore Migraditch Samanji Oglou takes the tiles from the British palace, uses them up in the theatre, and buys new tiles for the palace at the present high rate. It is scarcely necessary to say that the theatre was being built by contract and that the British palace was *not*. An honest Turk who lived not far from Ponte Piccolo, had quarried some good stone and had carried it, at his own expense, into Pera according to orders received from Samanji Oglou; when there, the Armenian broke his bargain, fixed his own price on the stone, bullied the poor Turk, and told him that as the material was for the English Ambassador he must sell *cheap*. Not a stone has been put in the palace but government has had to pay the *very highest price* for it, otherwise so much money could not have been swallowed up! The Turk, who had lost money, would quarry and carry no more stones to Pera. He said that on Sir Stratford's return he would lay his case before him. I recommended him to do so.

It was in everybody's mouth that a fine gaspillage was going on at our palace. A common Armenian labourer who superintended the lime-kilns there had grown quite rich and fat. And the English sailors were pining in that den, under the palace walls, without any of the comforts essential to their condition!

The edifice that was being so slowly raised, and at so enormous an expense to the people of England, was utterly destitute of beauty or of any architectural merit. It was of the old, mechanical, hard-lined, angular, tea-caddy style or pattern, being disproportionately high,

and having at the two ends of the roof a stack of chimneys sticking up like long ears on the head of an ass. I could never look at its form without being reminded of an upright tea-caddy that belonged to my grandmother. We were told that it looked best at a distance; but we could never get far enough off to see it look well. From the ridge of hills behind Pera, in the direction of Daoud Pasha, its aspect was hideous: there, you saw all its lean, lanky height, white, whitewash-looking walls, pierced with many small windows, monotonous as a cotton factory, tamer than a third-rate union workhouse! It stood up impudently on a fine elevation, an excellent site for a first-rate building, and glared upon your eyes until they ached again. It was positively a relief to drop into the valley behind the heights, and lose sight of the doings of the Woods and Forests architect. It was a palace with nothing palatial about it—it was only a big house. Where any architectural decoration had been attempted, as over the windows and doorways, it was of the most commonplace kind, without relief, without effect, invisible at any distance. To say nothing of builders in England, I would find in Scotland five hundred common stonemasons capable of furnishing a more artistic design and erecting a better house than this. Mr. Smith had some admirers or *proneurs;* but they all gave up his exterior —they had nothing to say for *that:* they stuck to the interior, which nobody could see. They agreed that the new stone palace of the Russian embassy had the character and appearance of a *palace;* that the new French palace, though unpretending, was *palatial,* and that the old Austrian or Venetian palace had the relief

and the graces of Italian architecture; "but *then*," said they, "none of these palaces are well distributed or comfortable within, whereas Mr. Smith is making an interior as snug and comfortable as that of a house in Grosvenor-square; you should see Mr. Smith's interior." We never could see it; with other Englishmen we were constantly repulsed at the doorway by a surly old Turk and two ill-mannered Armenians. Mr. Smith was never there, and he was much too great a man to be addressed by a stranger in a note. As he was said to have refused admittance to Lady Canning, who wanted to see the progress he was making, and to show the house to the lady of another ambassador (protesting that he could not have his work looked over in an unfinished state), we could scarcely expect that he would condescend to admit us. With Lord Cowley he was scarcely upon speaking terms: two of the young men attached to the embassy said that he was "a devilish high chap," and they did not like to interfere or have anything to say with him. If I had been very anxious about it, I would have bribed the Armenians some evening and have gotten in; but (although I should wish Sir S. Canning and his successors to be well lodged) I cared very little about Mr. Smith's *inside*, having quite enough of his *outside*. I doubted whether a man who had perpetrated such external deformities was capable of good internal arrangements, or likely to unite the essentials of comfort in the dwelling apartments, with space, light, airiness, and stateliness in the state apartment. From the size of his windows I fancy that most of his rooms must be dark and close, and from the flatness of his roof I conclude that the upper part of his house will be a perfect oven

in summer time. Sir S. Canning's good taste might have prevented many of the deformities; and as he was to be the first that was to occupy the house, and was likely to live in it for some years, one might think he ought to have been allowed a voice *in capitulo*; but Mr. Smith would listen to nobody—he had his own plan, and would follow it out—he was independent of the Ambassador—he had nothing to do with the Legation—he had a separate appointment—he had been sent out by the Woods and Forests! There was no man of taste but wished him back in the woods and forests.

The English chapel, which stood at some distance from the palace, was destroyed by the fire of September, 1847, having been shut up more than a year for want of a chaplain or resident English clergyman. As it was detached and built of stone, it might have been saved by spending a little money, and employing a little ingenuity and activity; but all the English authorities were away in the country—no effort was made—what had cost large sums of money was left to feed the flames—and the only place of worship we had at Constantinople remains a sad ruin. At least down to July, 1848, nothing was done to restore it, nor was there even a talk of its restoration. In the month of June of that year a new chaplain did at last arrive from England, but there was neither house nor chapel for him.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sad State of Agriculture in the Neighbourhood of Constantinople — Reschid Pasha's Model Farm — Ponte Piccolo, or Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh — Decaying Population — Turkish Passport System — Farm of Khosreff Pasha — Greek Village of Ambarli — Mr. François Barreau, the Manager of Reschid Pasha's Farm — The treatment he and his French Wife had received from the Pasha — The Model Farm abandoned and a wilderness — Armenian Roguery and Turkish want of Faith — Obstacles put in the way of all Improvement — The French Catholic Farm, and the Polish Agricultural Colony in Asia — Our Journey thither — A Pastoral Nook — Sisters of Charity — The Polish Settlement — A Romance dissipated — Abundance of Wild Hogs, Deer, and other Game — Armenian Farm near Buyuk-derè — Horticulture and Floriculture.

IT required magnifying glasses of high power to discover any signs of agricultural improvement. Europe seemed as bad in this respect as Asia Minor, and the neighbourhood of Constantinople far worse than the vicinity of Brusa. We were told that we ought to go and see Reschid Pasha's chiftlik, only a few miles off, on the shore of the Propontis. Several Perotes assured me that this was quite a model farm, that the Pasha had there introduced scientific French farmers, French implements, and all the agricultural improvements of Europe. I found, however, upon inquiry, that not one of these gentlemen had ever visited the spot. But as I knew that Reschid, both in London and in Paris, had agreed with all those who recommended an attention to agriculture as the best means of improving the empire, and even set himself forward as a most zealous patron

of agriculture, I resolved to go to his farm and judge for myself.

We had been staying two or three days at Macri-keui, observing the frightful waste of money in the abortive attempt to establish manufactures, when—on the 29th of February—taking advantage of a little fine weather, we started from that village to ride to the Grand Vizier's chiftlik. The country beyond the village was little more than one wide bare waste—prettily undulated, but all bare. We were on one of the high roads of European Turkey, the road to Adrianople, Philippopoli, &c.; we were barely three leagues from the walls of Constantinople, and yet we hardly met a human being. A little before noon, or about two hours after leaving Macri-keui, we reached the village of Ponte Piccolo or Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh. This unhealthy place, lying in a hollow, close to a stagnant lake, and swamps, and bogs, was in a mournful state of dilapidation. There were great gaps where houses once stood; the villas and Turkish kiosks on the hill, which so charmed Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who reposed here for a night, were swept away or were in ruins. Nothing of her ladyship's pretty picture remained except the grove of cypresses. The families of those who had built them and other kiosks on the hill sides had long since been extinguished by plague, or war, or tyranny, or by that worst of tyrants, poverty. The land, the ruins, the skeleton—the bare bones of former prosperity—seemed now all to belong to the Armenian Dadians. The Greeks have fled the place on account of the malaria; the Turks can do next to nothing without them. Lady Mary describes the village

as being considerable in her time. Her ladyship was sadly given to exaggeration; but of my own knowledge I can assert that Ponte Piccolo twenty years ago was twice as populous as it is now. Turn which way we would we saw nothing but ruins. Even the beautiful Moresque fountain in the midst of the village was broken and defaced. Two mosques were level with the ground, and the one that remained was in a tottering state.

We spent an hour at the coffee-house, conversing with some of the Turkish villagers, who considered the desolation around them as only a part of inevitable *kismet*. All the men were sitting cross-legged in the sun smoking their tchibouques; we saw no one at work.

At 12·30 P.M. we remounted our sorry nags. At the head of the bridge, which crosses the end of the lake, we were brought to a standstill by a Turkish guard, who asked us for téskerès, or passports. We were unprovided, not having known that a pass was necessary to go so short a distance. A lean, hungry-looking Albanian, in command of the guard, told us very fiercely that we must not cross the bridge; that his orders were peremptory, that not even a Mussulman could pass without a téskerè. I thought of *backshish*, and was putting my hand into my pocket, when the calm philosophic Tonco, our present guide, said, "Let me try a few soft words first; should *they* fail, we will try the grushes afterwards." He had a very persuasive tongue this Tonco, and was not deficient in imagination. He told the stark Albanian that I was a great English Bey, and a bosom friend of the

Vizier; that we were only going to the Vizier's chiftlik, and would be presently back at Kutchuk-Tchekmedjeh, and he dealt out so many "my eyes," "my soul," "my lambs," that the fierce irregular relented, and let us pass on without téskerè, and without payment of *backshish*. All the vigilance of the Turks, as well about bills of health as passports, is concentrated at the end of this bridge: once over it you are never stopped. So, gentlemen who have been committing offences, or who, for other reasons, find it inconvenient to show themselves, or provide themselves with passports, just walk or ride a few miles round, turn the head of the lake, and then go on their way.

In half an hour, we quitted the Adrianople road, to strike across some vast, bare, uninclosed fields, belonging to a farm of the famous old Khosreff Pasha, one of the very greatest men of the Ottoman empire. One might as well call the worst part of Salisbury Plain a farm! We could discover on it scarcely a symptom of farming. There was no trenching or draining; in the hollows of the undulating soil our horses stuck in the mud, and were with difficulty flogged out of it; everywhere else they sunk to the fetlock-joint. On we went sticking or crawling for a good hour, without meeting a tree or a bush, a ploughed field or a plough, a farm servant, or an ox, or an ass. At last we came up to a large but most wretched wooden house, with barns and outhouses all tumbling to pieces. Here were two or three tall trees, and a patch of vineyard with a good ditch dug round it; but there was nobody to speak to except an old woman (who was scared at the sight of my infidel hat), and

some large and seemingly fierce dogs, that rushed as if they would pull us from our horses.

A little way beyond this, we came upon a bit of very steep and very roughly paved causeway. This break-neck road brought us down to the small Greek village of Ambarli, most pleasantly situated on the shore of the Propontis. At the coffee-house, overhanging the sea, where we alighted, we were met by strange news; the chiftlik, to which we were bound, was no longer farmed by the Grand Vizier; Reschid Pasha had given it up long ago—"But," added the cafèjee, "here is the French gentleman who last had charge of it, and who can tell you all about it."

A respectable, mild-looking Frenchman came up to us. Strangers' visits were very rare at Ambarli: he had seen us pass; he had a house in the village, and he had hurried to offer us his hospitality. His name was François Barreau. He was a native of the vine-clad Burgundy, coming from a place on the Côte d'Or, not far from Dijon. He was born and *raised* among vineyards; for many generations his family had been vine-dressers. But he had studied in an agricultural school, and had had good practice in general farming. He strongly dissuaded us from continuing our journey, although we had scarcely a mile farther to go. "There is the farm," said he, "right before you, beyond that hollow" (we looked and saw a continuation of the bare heaths we had been crossing); "there is no road or path to it from this village: the chances are that you will get bogged. And if you get there, there is nothing in the world to see but a few hungry camels. You have seen Khosreff Pasha's farm. Well! Reschid Pasha's is worse

—far worse! The only building on it is a great barn. I made two miserable rooms for myself, and had to pay for them. The Vizier has had nothing to do with the farm these last two years: he lets it to Boghos Dadian, the gunpowder man, and Boghos has destroyed or is destroying the little that I was enabled to do during my management."

Instead of going on to the model chiftlik, we went with the honest hospitable Burgundian to his house, where we found a very sensible French woman, his wife. Though an awkward, rickety, wooden thing, the house was within of exemplary and most rare cleanliness and neatness. The room in which they gave us refreshments was as soignée as a lady's boudoir. There were some books in a corner of the room, and there were other signs of civilization. The hostess spoke French like a well educated person, and spoke with great good sense and much feeling. She was a superior woman of the middle provincial class of society—a class in France among whom I have very often found much virtue and honour, as well as intelligence. She was in a sad state of health, and sorely depressed in spirits. Between them the husband and wife related the whole of their Turkish adventures in a clear straightforward way.

During Reschid Pasha's intimacy with M. Guizot, he applied to the French Minister for an active skilful man to take charge of his farm near Constantinople, and conduct the improvements he was so anxious to introduce. M. Guizot took a warm interest in the matter; and, after seeing several persons, he recommended to the Pasha our friend François Barreau, who had the best of testimonials as to character and ability,

including letters from the professors of the agricultural school in which he had studied. Among his qualifications was a knowledge of chemistry as applicable to agriculture. Reschid Pasha engaged him at once. This was at Paris in the year 1842. The poor fellow, relying on the character and station of the French Prime Minister who recommended him, and the rank and liberal professions of the Turkish Ambassador, who was represented by everybody as being a high-minded man, did not ask for any contract or written agreement. He satisfied himself with the pasha's verbal promise that he should have 1000 piastres a month, food, and a good house to live in, and that everything should be done to make him comfortable on the farm and facilitate his improvements. The salary was low enough, being little more than 100*l.* a-year. The blundering Turks had brought out common mechanics at 250*l.* per annum! When Barreau arrived he found no house to live in, no food (except what he could *buy* in this village), very irregular and begrudged payments, envy, hatred, and malice from the pasha's agents and people, semi-starvation, and every possible discomfort. Having been told that the chiftlik was only three or four leagues from Constantinople, and judging of roads and communication by what he knew in France, he had fancied that it would be very easy to quit his solitude occasionally and visit the capital. He had no suspicion of the horrible state of the roads, which, during the wet season, renders a journey from Constantinople to this place nearly the business of a whole day. Nor was he prepared to find Constantinople itself a more comfortless place than the poorest village in Burgundy. He had

been promised all necessary implements and none came; and none were to be purchased in Turkey. When old H——'s iron-works were established at Macri-keui, he was told that good ploughs and all manner of the best implements would be made there. Like Dr. Davis at a later period, he could never get anything from Macri-keui. The people there were busy from the first making toys for the Sultan. Barreau, however, went to work with such tools as he could get. Seeing that the great want all along this coast was the want of trees, he planted a good number—to see them speedily destroyed. He also planted some good vineyards on favourable soil and sunny slopes. He made some mulberry plantations and inclosed parts of the wild waste with hedge and ditch; and here he introduced a good system of drainage. He was left to spend his own money, or a great part of the pay he received, in paying the labourers. When he applied for money to extend his improvements, he could get none. Reschid Pasha, who was now at Constantinople, wanted immediate and large returns of profit, without making any previous outlay whatsoever. If the farm was to be improved and a good example set to the people of the country, it must all be done at no expense, or at the cost of the poor Frenchman.

The pasha left the country to return to Paris, but in so doing he did not leave any money to pay Barreau's salary or to carry out the improvement scheme. Funds for these two purposes were to be taken out of the sale of the produce. But, lo and behold! as soon as the produce was got in, the pasha's Armenian banker, with whom Reschid was deep in debt, sent down to the

farm, carried it all off, sold it, and kept every para of the money. The honest Burgundian was well nigh starving: the Armenian seraff had no bowels of compassion for the Frenchman, and but little conscience for the pasha, for he made it appear that the farm rendered no profit, and he falsified the accounts of produce and sale in the most scandalous manner. All the time Reschid was in the country he never but once visited the farm about which he had made such a talk in Christendom; all the time that he was decking himself out in the false plumage of a patron and improver of agriculture, he never built a house or a hut on his barbarous waste domain, he never introduced an improved farming implement, he never made or mended a road, he never would or could make any outlay. All that he did was to erect a big khan for the accommodation of travellers, some miles off on the Adrianople road.

"I lived there," said Barreau, "on that wilderness, in the two rooms I had made, like Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. But I had fewer comforts than Crusoe, and no man Friday. When I could not pay the poor labourers, they all ran away. I and the dogs had the wilderness all to ourselves."

About two years ago Reschid became Grand Vizier, and consequently a man to be flattered, conciliated, and won over by all possible means. To few of the plunderers of government could his friendship and support be worth a higher price than to the Baroutjee-Bashi and all the Dadians. Boghos Dadian offered to take the farm off Reschid's hands, and to pay him for it an annual rent of 75,000 piastres, or ten times more rent than anybody else would have given him for it. This

pretty bargain was concluded within a month or six weeks after Reschid's elevation to the first post in the government. I was particular as to the date. Both Barreau and his wife were sure it was within six weeks. When Barreau was half-fancying that Reschid would now have plenty of money and would really improve his farm, Boghos Dadian came down and took possession, turning off the Frenchman, and putting an unpractised, unskilful, ignorant Armenian in his place.

Barreau now demanded a settlement of his accounts. These were furiously disputed. They made it out that next to nothing was due to him. He had paid for oil, beans, bread, and other rough and scanty provisions for the labourers. They said that he ought not to have spent so much money. They called in as umpires or judges two Turkish farmers—friends and dependants both of Reschid Pasha's banker and Boghos Dadian—and these upright men gave it against the Frenchman. Thus, for the four years that Barreau served this honest, virtuous, immaculate, reforming Reschid Pasha, his gains did not amount to five hundred piastres a-month! The man was cheated out of half of his inadequate, beggarly pay. The Armenian manager soon let the little improvements he had made go to the devil. The vines were torn up by the roots or entirely neglected; the mulberry plantations were destroyed, the ditches were filled up, the inclosing dykes were broken through and through. Boghos would grow nothing but corn in the old Turkish way, and his man did not even know how to do that. Boghos will lose by all this; but the countenance of the Vizier is worth the 75,000 piastres a-year —and a vast deal more! A more palpable bribe has

seldom been given; and yet the thing has been so snugly done. Hardly anybody at Constantinople knew a word about it; and should the story be bruited it will be pleaded by or for the Vizier that the high cares of state did not allow him time to attend to agriculture and private affairs.

The lady, who was also a native of Burgundy, had not long been Madame Barreau. Nine or ten years ago she married, at Paris, a Greek called Costacki, who was then Reschid Pasha's maître-d'hôtel. In the summer of 1839 the sudden death of Sultan Mahmoud made it necessary for Reschid to go in all haste to Constantinople. There was to be an entirely new government—a fresh shuffling of the cards; and if he did not cut in now, he might be a ruined man: *les absents ont toujours tort.* Having no money at Paris, and no credit elsewhere, he applied to his Greek maître-d'hôtel. Costacki had saved about forty thousand piastres, and his wife had a like sum in one of the French savings'-banks. They gave all this money to the pasha. He promised to repay them with liberal interest, and in a short time. At the moment his gratitude was very warm, for he thought his fate depended on this journey. He hurried to Constantinople by way of Vienna. After a time he brought the Greek and his French wife out to Turkey, and planted them on his farm, without any talk of paying them what he owed. Costacki understood nothing of farming, but he was to learn; and in the meantime he could act as overseer of accounts. Both he and his wife were very unhappy. They did not dare ask the Pasha for their money. They lived in this miserable village of Ambarli as though they had been exiled for

some crime. No salary or wages of any kind were paid to them. At last they grew desperate, and demanded their money. The pasha met this demand by discharging them from his service. It was about this time that Barreau arrived, and became acquainted with them. Poor Costacki was so ill-advised, and so ill-informed of the deadly climate of that place, that he went over to Tuzlar (with his wife) to act as superintendent of that farm for Mr. H——. Both were soon laid up with malaria fevers. After repeated attacks Costacki died, and his wife was well nigh following him. The widow, as a French subject, now applied to M. Castagne, the French consul. With interest and with wages Reschid Pasha's debt amounted by this time to 150,000 piastres. After some time, when hard pressed by the consul, the pasha referred the whole matter to his Armenian banker, who was to settle the claims in the best manner he could. The banker began by reducing the debt to 75,000 piastres, vowing that the pasha would never consent to pay a para more. With the advice of her consul the poor widow agreed to take this sum, and to give a receipt in full of all demands. When she went to receive payment the seraff told her that she must take diamonds for the amount, as he had no money to give her. With her patience quite worn out by long delays, and with urgent need of money, the widow at last took the diamonds. When she came to sell them, all that she could get for them was about 35,000 piastres. They were small, low-priced brilliants, which would hardly have met with a sale at all if there had not been a marriage in the Sultan's family. Mehemet Ali, Capitan Pasha, of whom I have spoken at

some length in a preceding chapter, was going to be married to one of the Sultan's sisters. The brilliants were wanted to set in the snuff-boxes and other toys which are so profusely distributed on such occasions.

"I got from the pasha's banker," said the poor woman, "less money than I myself took out of the savings'-bank at Paris, and lent to him in his need." François Barreau married the widow, his countrywoman. With 400*l.* or 500*l.* in hand he could have done very well in these parts; but old Khosreff Pasha would not let land to a Frank, though he had here hundreds upon hundreds of acres, never touched by plough or spade since the Turks have had possession of the country. The slopes of these hills are admirably suited to the cultivation of the vine. All that Barreau had been able to do was to sub-hire from a Greek Rayah two small patches of vineyard. The wine he had made was the best we had tasted in European Turkey. He said that where the people of the country grew one bushel of corn he could easily grow two. He would have set up a tannery at Ambarli if he could have procured a bit of ground; but Armenians and Turks had joined in opposing him and in bullying the Greek villagers, who would gladly have gone into that new industry. They had told him that the tanners formed an important esnaff or guild, whose rights must not be invaded by any one, and least of all by a foreigner. "These people," said the Burgundian, "do not know how to tan leather properly: I would have taught them. Their gains would have been greater than mine; the country would have been benefited. But it appears to me that this government will neither do nor let do—*ils ne*

veulent ni faire, ni laisser faire." "*That,*" said I, "is a lesson we have been learning these last seven months!"

The Tuzlar fevers had thoroughly deranged the poor woman's liver and digestive organs; she was as yellow as orange-peel, and the sight of one eye was seriously affected. Barreau had several times thought of writing to M. Guizot, but he had been deterred by his modesty and other considerations. Not knowing, as yet, that the monarchy of Louis-Philippe was overthrown, and that M. Guizot was a fugitive or an exile in England, I advised him to write now, and give to that best of modern French statesmen a plain narrative of the treatment he had met with. I thought that the disgraceful facts ought to be made known in France. He said he would think about it; I offered to assist him in writing the letter; but in twelve days we received the news of the February revolution!

In Pera and Galata I made inquiries about M. Barreau and his wife and their sad story. I found people who were well acquainted with them—I found a Frank who had seen the widow's accounts, and who had acted as broker in selling the brilliants for her. Her tale was confirmed in every particular, and everybody that knew her and her present husband spoke of them as most honest, truthful persons. Those who attempted to excuse Reschid did it at the expense of his Armenian seraff, whom they described as the most brutal and rapacious of his class; but in a great part of the nefarious proceedings Reschid had no intermediary or agent. He was his own agent when he borrowed his servant's money at Paris, when he mystified M. Guizot, when he induced, with fair promises, M. Barreau to come out to

Turkey, and when he concluded his bargain with Boghos Dadian, and allowed Barreau to be sent adrift without the money that was due to him. If this is Reschid Pasha's private honesty, what public honesty can be expected from him?

A few weeks after our visit to Ambarli the honest Burgundian contrived to bring his wife into Pera for medical advice. He called upon me, sat with me for an hour, and repeated the whole of the transactions with the Grand Vizier. I had taken notes of all that he had previously told me; there was no variation in his present account; I have rarely met with a man whose word inspired so much confidence. His wife was considered by the doctors of Pera past cure, past help; she could do nothing but deplore the day that she had quitted France, and sigh to get back, that she might be buried in her own country and among her own people.

Some years ago the Lazarist Fathers of Galata had obtained the tacit consent of the Sultan to their holding and cultivating an extensive tract of land in the hill country on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, between that strait and the Black Sea. A great talk had been made of this French Catholic chiftlik. Our attention had been first drawn to it by John Zohrab, who had been told that the Lazarists had settled a native French colony on the spot, and had introduced the improved systems of agriculture.

At Pera we were informed that the Polish refugees had also been allowed to hold a large farm in the same corner of Asia Minor, and that they too were cultivating the soil with great success. This Polish colony was dressed out quite in romantic colours: we should

find there distinguished officers who had fought and bled for Polish liberty in 1831, and elegant, delicate, refined ladies who shared in the exile and cheered the toils of their husbands. Although the two places were so near to the capital, I could not find anybody that had ever visited them. People only repeated what they had heard or what they had dreamed. These Levantines have little curiosity of the sort, and then, inland travelling, however short the distance, is so very inconvenient and difficult. There are men, born in the place, who have passed all their lives in Pera and Galata, and who know only the Bosphorus which they can ascend and descend comfortably in caïques, and the roads to Therapia, Buyuk-derè, and the village of Belgrade. We resolved to go over to the two chiftliks.

The state of the weather several times defeated our project; but at last, on the 10th of April, we made a fair start from Dolmà-Baghchè at 11 A.M., in company with L—— P. S——, and A—— Effendi, the choicest of Turks, and one of the wittiest and pleasantest of men. We landed at the valley of the "Sweet Waters of Asia," and loitered there for an hour under the Sultan's kiosk, in vain expectation of seeing a Pole who was to bring us horses. Walking down the bank of the Bosphorus to Kandelli, we found in that village the Pole, the horses, and a Bosniak Roman Catholic priest, who acted as chaplain to the colony. We had a charming ride up the Sweet Waters valley. Having the Giant's Mount on our left, and the broad, green-wooded sides of the Alam-Dagh on our right, we crossed several ridges of considerable hills, with charming pastoral valleys between. Two of these valleys, with groves of

hazel-nuts growing by the sides of a mountain stream, were of uncommon loveliness. The well-sheltered sward was pranked with wild flowers; the hill-sides were covered with arbutus, dwarf myrtle, wild thyme, lavender, and other odoriferous plants. We passed much excellent corn-land, but, except two chiftliks falling fast to ruins, we did not see a human habitation. After leaving the valley of the Sweet Waters, where some Turks were making tiles, flower-pots, and earthen tubes, and a good many Greeks were working in fields and gardens, we scarcely met a living being. The solitude and silence were awful. We went along very leisurely, dismounting and walking a good part of the way on foot. At 5 P.M. we were on the Lazarists' estate, but could see no sign of improvement, or scarcely any sign of tillage. At 5.15 we reached their chiftlik, in a charming green pastoral hollow, surrounded by hills and woods, from which plenteous, sparkling rills and streams were then running. A gentle bleating of flocks, and a frolicking of lambs, chasing one another instead of following their sedate dams to the well-protected mandra, and the sound of a distant cow-horn, completed the pastoral character of the place with their "pastorali accenti." But the farm buildings were mean and poor enough. There were but few inclosed fields, and these few were inclosed, not with ditch and pleasant hedge-row, but with rude, perishable wattling. Very little corn was grown; not one agricultural improvement was introduced. We saw one good French plough in the stable-yard, but it was broken. A few Bulgarians had been turning up the little ground that was tilled with barbarous Turkish ploughs. Here was

another specimen of European model farming in Turkey! The farm was little more than a sheep-walk —the whole aspect of the place was essentially pastoral. The most important feature was the mandra for sheep and goats. This was well walled in, the neighbouring country abounding with wolves. Within this inclosure was a mean white house, which serves to lodge the holy brothers when they come hither from Galata or Bebek; and a part of this house was set aside as a chapel or mass-house, but mass could be said only when a Lazarist was here. At one end of this building was a small church bell, a privilege rarely allowed to Christians in this country. Also within the same inclosure was a meaner and a lower house, wherein were lodged three lay-brothers, the only Franks that were on the farm, the labourers and shepherds being rude Bulgarians and few in number. We were received by two of these brothers, common men from the south of France, mere farm-servants, who fancied that they had had a religious call. They were weary of their solitude and glad to see us. They invited us to stay the night, and, having nothing better to give, they gave us some sour bread, sour wine, and very good raki. One of them said that raki was the only good thing to be got in these parts. He looked as if he frequently comforted himself with it; his nose was as red as ruddle, his Provençal patois was scarcely intelligible. Their stock of sheep and lambs was now about 200, and that of goats and kids about 230. There was soon to be a grand reduction of lambs and kids, as the Easter season was close at hand. The Lazarists would feast on them, and make acceptable presents of them to their friends

and penitents at Pera and Galata. A Paschal lamb from the farm of the holy brotherhood is held in great repute—their savoury mutton, fed on sweet, short, thymy pastures, is thought to have an additional flavour of holiness. On the hill-side a little above the mandra stood another small white house, which was occupied by the Sisters of Charity when they were drawn in arubas by slow oxen to this solitude. They came very seldom; none but the toughest of the sisterhood could stand the terrible jolting of the journey across the hills. Road there was none.

Sending round our horses by a rough, rocky path, we took a more direct way across the hills to the Polish farm, which we now learned was only a part of the Lazarist chiftlik, ceded to the Poles by the priests. We reached the house of the Polish bailiff, or superintendent, at about 6.30 P.M., as the setting sun was shining on the woods of Alam Dagh. The house was a plain, small building, in the fashion of the country, with white-washed walls inside and out. There was, however, one great winter comfort—a good fire-place in every room. The elevation being considerable, the weather is very severe in winter. The bailiff was a plain, rough, soldier-like man, who might have been at most a serjeant-major. As for the noble exiles, the general officers, with their interesting ladies, they were all bosh! Of men we found this rough serjeant, and thirteen common soldiers, *who were all deserters from the Russian army of the Caucasus.* They had fled into Circassia, and from Circassia they had got into Turkey. The interesting ladies dwindled down into four or five Greeks of the country, of the

very poorest and lowest class, who had married so many of the deserters. On a line with the bailiff's house was another of similar size and construction, wherein dwelt the Bosniak priest and another man, a sort of under-bailiff. We dined and slept with the head man. We were tired, and slept too soundly to be much tormented by bugs or fleas, although we saw signs of their being numerous about the place.

At an early hour of the following morning we walked over the farm, which was not even so much a farm as the Lazarist chiftlik. We saw the same rude sort of wattle inclosures, the same ploughs, the same scarcity of tillage, and everywhere a greater air of slovenliness and neglect. The Poles, however, have only been in possession *two* years, whereas the Lazarists have been farmers for *ten* years. The Polish houses were rather better than those of most Turkish villages. The married men had larger, the unmarried smaller cottages, but the best of these cottages had only one room, with a bare earthen floor, which served for all purposes. We entered two, and saw in each a woman, and a little infant, a cross between Pole and Greek. The women very reverently kissed our hands. The men, who had been serfs until they became soldiers, had exactly the appearance of Russian serfs, not being distinguishable from them either in look or in demeanour, in manners or in language. As these men are, so is the mass of the Polish population at home. I thought of poor Tom Campbell and of shrieking Polish liberty! They had among them all fourteen cows, four miserable horses, and hardly any sheep or goats. In some small garden patches they seemed to

be growing only leeks and onions. The farm did not yet support itself; the people could not live without occasional alms dealt out from the Polish fund. It seemed to me that they were not taking the course proper to make it pay. Though pleasant enough, the Polish part of this property was not so pretty and pastoral as the other; the hills were comparatively bare and rugged, but there was some charming woodland towards the north-east edge, and the wooded slopes of the Alam Dagh showed off finely on the south. In all this jutting promontory, wherever the valleys and hollows were well sheltered from the north wind and the cutting blasts of the Black Sea, there were beautiful flowering shrubs, some of them now getting into bloom. The arbutus and the Daphne laurel were very common. The flowering heaths were beautiful, but not much varied. The air was strongly perfumed with aromatic plants; bees were everywhere on the wing, or at their work. The Poles had set up two or three hives. They ought to set up two or three hundred. They might procure honey in immense quantities. The bailiff and the priest said they would think about it; but their heads were full of the revolutions, and every man was longing to get back to his own country. They had a valuable resource during a good part of the year, for the country abounded with game; and wild hogs and deer came down in droves from the neighbouring forests and mountains. They and the Lazarist lay-brothers, with their Bulgarians, had all the wide country to themselves; they had no near neighbours, Mussulmans or Christians. The Turks, who dwelt a good way off,

in the little villages round the Alam Dagh, rarely came near them, and never caused them any disturbance.

On the 4th of June, while we were staying at Buyuk-derè, we went to visit an Armenian chiftlik at the head of the Great Valley, close on the edge of the forest of Belgrade. Our party was reinforced by the worthy American Elchee, the American consul, and Mr. N. Davis. We heard a good deal of this farm, which belonged to a member of the wealthy Catholic Armenian family of the Billijikjees, and the owner, whom we had met on board the steam-boat which came every summer evening up the Bosphorus, had invited me to visit it. The house stood on the top of a steep hill, not far from the Turkish aqueduct which spans the valley of Buyukderè: though only of wood, and externally rather shabby, it was a spacious, airy, and—for summer time—a pleasant and commodious habitation. The seraff received us with much politeness. We walked over his improvements. On the side of the steep hill, which sloped to the valley, and faced the south, he had introduced the terrace system, and (having abundance of water) a very good system of irrigation. Some of the terraces were broad and fine, and well supported. He had planted some good vineyards and about 25,000 mulberry-trees. Lower down he had sown some of Dr. Davis's white American maize, which was thriving prodigiously and was nearly ready to be gathered. Several fields of wheat and barley were strongly inclosed, and there was a large and fine kitchen-garden stocked with more variety than ever we saw in the country. The whole property, which had recently been purchased for a very

small sum—less, I believe, than 1000*l.* sterling—including bare hills, downs, and woodlands, was said to be *twenty miles in circumference.* Of this not above twenty acres of arable land were improved, and I should think that not more than sixty acres were under any cultivation. The Billijikjee, however, contemplated an extension of his agricultural operations, and he had been freely spending his money on what he had already done, having become convinced that capital was as requisite in farming as in trade or banking, and that money properly invested in agriculture must, in a country like Turkey, give most profitable results. He was too conspicuous and too strong a man to be exposed to the unfair vexations and extortions of the tax-gatherers and farmers of the revenue, and he had a market for his produce close at hand in Constantinople, with a water-carriage to that capital. As yet it was certainly but a small matter, yet this was the best—in my opinion incomparably the best—attempt made at agricultural improvement anywhere near Constantinople. Dr. Davis visited the chiftlik shortly after, and came to the same conclusion. We revisited the chiftlik on the 6th of June, in the course of a pleasant excursion with Mr. N. D—— to the magnificent bendts or reservoirs in the forest of Belgrade, and were again pleased to see the good order which prevailed and the hearty industry of the farm-labourers.

Since the dearth in the West, which had created so great and sudden a demand for the "bread-stuffs" of the East, several of the Armenian capitalists had purchased farms; but they had not an idea of improving the agriculture: they bought *immense* estates for sums

which in England, or in France, or in the plains of Italy, would not pay for a few acres, and they left the farming—as it had been! The ground was scratched, never manured; the seed was thrown into the soil, and Nature or Providence was to do the rest. But a far more general employment of Armenian capital was in the shape of loans to the poor, ignorant, wretched cultivators of the soil; and these loans, even here, close to the capital, bore such enormous interest, that the cultivator could never raise his head under the dead weight. Wheat, yellow maize, barley, beans, had been selling at rare prices, but we could not discover, in any one place, that the farmers were the better for it, or that the homesteads or villages had improved. Many of the villages within two hours' ride of the capital were as hungry and forlorn as those we had seen near Kutayah. If any slight signs of prosperity were to be found, they were to be sought for not among the Turks, but among the Greeks. If there was any perceptible difference in the style of farming, it was rather in favour of the people of Asia Minor than of these near neighbours to the capital. Here, as I have said before (and the fact must be often repeated to convince those who have not travelled in the country), the cultivated fields were but as specks in a desert; and, unless you ascended the Bosphorus, which has some cultivated strips on either side, you plunged into a bare, treeless desert the moment you quitted the capital. Much of the soil close to Constantinople is sterile and bad—some of it incurably bad—but there are vast tracts of good corn-land, and still vaster tracts that might be rendered excellent by a judicious plantation of trees and a slight

attention to the economy of water. These utterly desolate regions were once covered with farms and villas —not merely to the heights of Daoud Pasha, but onward as far as Selyvria, and thence into the bosom of now desolate Thrace. They are gone—all gone!—but in our walks and rides and journeys we constantly came upon proofs of their having been, and upon waters, in subterranean conduits, now running to waste, stagnating in hollows, and engendering malaria, which proved how great an attention the ancient occupants of the soil had paid to the proper supply of the precious fluid, and how abundant had been their means of irrigation.

Horticulture and floriculture are scarcely in a more advanced stage than agriculture. The splendid descriptions of Turkish gardens to be found in some books are mere "travellers' tales." There are beautiful groves, fine, natural ascending terraces, admirable sites for gardens, but *gardens* there are hardly any. The Serraglio itself, though so picturesque and beautiful without—when seen at a certain distance—is an ill-arranged, slovenly, mean thing within. Mr. Thackeray has given the shortest and best account of it—the Serraglio is a Vauxhall seen by daylight! The villas on the Bosphorus owe nearly all their charms to their cypress groves and other plantations. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful, though they cannot be called *gardens*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Slave-trade, and its activity — Places for selling Black Slaves — A Bargain — Constant Importation and Sale of Circassians — Newspaper Advertisements of Slaves on sale — The Steam-boats of Christian Powers carry Slaves, white and black — The English unjustly accused — Fearful Mortality of Black Slaves — Slaves murdered by Turkish Masters — Fanaticism and Insolence of Black Slaves — Circassian Slave-dealers at Tophana and near the Burned Column — Prices of White Slaves — Antiquity of this Trade — Domestic Institutions of the Circassians — Demoralizing effect on the Turks of this Circassian Slavery — The Mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid a Circassian Slave — Khosreff Pasha and Halil Pasha — An Appeal to the Abolitionists.

WE had ocular demonstration and complete confirmation of the accuracy of the report about the slave-trade as made to us on our first arrival at Constantinople by the French travellers. The trade in slaves, both white and black, was uncommonly active.

The great *Yessir Bazary* or slave-market was indeed closed by order of the Sultan in 1846, but slaves are publicly sold in other places. The poor Nubians have indeed been losers or sufferers by the change: in the old market there was at least plenty of elbow-room, but now they are huddled together in confined apartments or in miserable cellars. One of these semi-subterraneous dens—and now the most frequented of the slave-marts—was close to the grand mosque of the Suleimanieh. There, six days in the week, the traffic in black human flesh might be seen in full activity—the Arab sellers exposing their live goods, and the

Turks chaffering with them for the prices. The slaves were brought out one by one through a low, narrow, dingy door, something like a trap-door. One morning, as I was taking an indirect road towards Mr. Sang's house near the Seven Towers, I witnessed the whole of a very long examination and bargain at the Suleimanieh, the purchaser being a starch, yellow-faced old ailema. At first the old sinner thought he would buy a black boy, but then he changed his mind and determined to buy a black girl. Another low, dark door was opened, and, one by one, about a dozen females, some young, some middle-aged, and all in a state of nearly perfect nudity, were brought out to the light of day, shivering in the cold. The man of the mosque examined two of them very minutely, much in the manner that a "knowing one" would eye and handle a horse before purchasing. He fixed upon one of the two, a girl from Nubia or Sennaar, but the price was not fixed so easily. The sharp-visaged Arab dealer asked 1200 piastres for her. "My lamb," said the ailema, "she is a mere child, and not worth the money." "My soul," said the dealer, "she will grow older, and she is strong and well-proportioned." "Nine hundred grushes," said the buyer. Yok! No! quoth the old seller. The ailema muttered a few baccalums and mashallahs, went up a flight of steps into the courtyard of the mosque, took two or three short turns there, and then went into a coffee-house and smoked a pipe. But he soon came back to the mouth of the slave den, and renewed his chaffering with the Arab. The black girl, who had been sent back to her hole, was again brought out, and in the end she was sold to

the old Turk for 1000 piastres. The poor creature then drew a bit of blanket about her, and marched off, barefooted, over the horrible rough stones, being preceded by a man-servant, and followed by her new master.

Except when they were smuggled in, a duty upon slaves continued to be levied at the Stamboul custom-house. The newspaper in the Turkish language, published by government, and entirely directed by persons salaried by the Porte, regularly admitted advertisements about the sale of slaves. Whites were advertised as well as blacks. In the month of February Mr. Sang gave me this literal translation from the Turkish paper, which had just appeared:—

"This is to give notice, that at the Suleimanieh, in the Theriaki-market, there is to be sold for 10,000 piastres a Circassian nurse. Inquire at the office of Achmet Agha, Dealer in Slaves, and Chief of the Rope-dancers."

Public announcements like this were very common. On our first arrival I had been confidently assured that the English flag in the Black Sea often waved over decks crowded with Circassian slaves, and that the commanders of the steamers of our Peninsular and Oriental Company, running to Trebizond, had repeatedly—and indeed commonly—brought down white slaves to be sold in the capital. Upon careful inquiry I found that this, if not utterly false, was monstrously exaggerated. At first those vessels brought down a few such slaves; but Sir Stratford Canning called the resident agents of the Company before him, and warned them of the unlawfulness and danger of such proceedings. The strictest orders were given to the captains

to embark no slaves whatever. Yet I would not be so bold as to assert that *no slaves* have been brought down in our steamers since then, or even that *some slaves* are not now brought down at every trip they make. Where the women are all yashmacked, muffled up, and kept apart — where men must not approach them — the captains cannot tell who are slaves and who free women. It cannot enter their heads to take a pasha, ayan, or other great Turk, and refuse a passage to his harem. These harems are sure to contain some purchased slaves; but they are the great men's wives or concubines, or young fellows who figure as domestic servants. Although polygamy is on the decline, some of the harems and retinues are still numerous; and thus a bevy of veiled young Circassians, on their way to be sold into slavery, may easily be made to pass as some great Turk's harem going to Constantinople. I was also told that false teskerès, or passports, for young Circassian girls and boys were made out, not only by the Turkish authorities, but also by *some* of the vice-consuls of Christian powers. To acknowledged slave-dealers and their living merchandise *our* vice-consuls and captains certainly refused passage. The Austrian steam-boats (all manned and commanded by Italians or Dalmatians) carried, without any scruple, the passengers refused by the English; and whether they came from the Black Sea, or up from the Archipelago, these boats rarely arrived at Constantinople without having slaves, white or black, on board. I have seen some of them, from Egypt or Syria, enter the Golden Horn, with their decks crowded by black slaves, and looking like regular slavers, that would assuredly have been captured

and condemned if, instead of being in the Mediterranean, they had only been found outside the Straits of Gibraltar. Such was the case in the summer of 1848. I believe that the present Emperor of Austria might easily be induced to forbid the traffic; but I do not believe that the Turks and Arabs will ever relinquish the trade: if you shut them out of your steamers, they will use their own crazy, dangerous craft; if you stop them by sea, they will send their slaves—white and black—by land; if you force an anti-slavery treaty upon the Sultan, it will be evaded and broken every day.

The Vassitei Tidjaret, the beautiful steamer in which we had made our voyage from England, was chiefly employed by the Turkish company to run in the Black Sea, and I believe that she *never* came down from Trebizond without having white slaves on board. The engineers of that vessel were all Englishmen, who were familiarizing their mind with the traffic. I should think that these men could be reached by the arm of English law. Are they not, according to our statutes, engaged in piracy? As British subjects in Turkey, they are amenable not to Mussulman, but to ambassadorial and consular authority. Our ambassador might seize them, and send them home for trial. If we imprison and inflict hard penalties on foreigners for carrying *black slaves*, we are surely bound to prevent Englishmen from aiding so materially in the transport of *white slaves*. One of the engineers told me that at their last trip they had brought down a good many slaves. As for the captain, or skipper, he was only a Perote Frank, and therefore he thought no more of carrying white slaves than of carrying Trebizond broad beans, or any other kind of

cargo: he could never understand our scruples — "Turk," said he, "must have his vomans—and his boys."

To destroy slavery, you must uproot Turkish society; for of that system it is an integral part.

On the 21st of February Mr. Ford, one of the managers for the Oriental and Peninsular Company, showed me a paragraph of a letter, dated February 15th, and signed by F. J. Stephens, our vice-consul at Trebizond, and agent there for the same Company:—

"The Tiger's way-bill would have been much better, but I refused seventy Circassians who had slaves with them."

This was the paragraph. According to Mr. Ford the English Company lost 100*l.* by this refusal, and the Circassians and their slaves would be presently brought down under the Austrian flag. He further informed me that the Company's splendid new iron steamer, the "Sultan," which had just come in from the Archipelago, had refused, at the Dardanelles, 250 black slaves, for whose passage 125*l.* would have been paid, and that these slaves would all be brought up by the next Austrian steamer. As a zealous servant of the Company he sorely begrudged this loss of 225*l.*, and he seemed to think that if Austrians made money in that way, Englishmen ought not to be prohibited from doing the same. He complained that England got the blame without the profit; that one of the Pera newspapers, salaried by the Porte, was always naming the English instead of the Austrian steamers as the carriers of slaves, and that these French journalists had disregarded his repeated denials and remonstrances. This I can well believe, as these hired newspaper-men

seldom let slip an opportunity of slighting or disparaging England. I have myself seen in their columns announcements that our steamers had brought great number of slaves to the market, when they had brought none, or only a few that passed as servants; and I never saw any such announcement when an Austrian came in, and publicly landed a whole cargo of slaves. A prosecution for libel had been thought of: but how form a court? how rely upon law in a country where, virtually, there is no law? how assess damages and command payment of them? The libels, if they continue, are to be stopped only by a firm remonstrance of Sir Stratford Canning to the Porte. The Turks subsidize those French scribblers, and ought to be held accountable for their misdoings. It was generally believed that the said journalists were bribed or paid, turn and turn about, by nearly every foreign legation except the British.

Many black slaves are brought up from Egypt, but I believe a great many more are imported from Tripoli and Tunis. The mortality which takes place among them, on their journeys from the interior of Africa to the coast, is said to be enormous: and there used to be a heavy per centage of loss in the sea voyage from Tunis or Tripoli up to Constantinople, when they were crammed into small country vessels ill-navigated and very liable to wreck or to founder. Their sufferings have been materially decreased since the introduction of large steam-boats; but still many of these black slaves are brought in the crazy old country vessels as far as Smyrna, and, sometimes, up to the Straits of the Dardanelles. An Arab slave-dealer told Mr. White

that the mortality, from the period of their quitting the interior of Africa until their arrival at the Turkish capital, exceeded 60 per cent.* This was five years ago, before there were so many steamers; but it may be doubted whether this fearful loss of life has been reduced 15, or even 10 per cent. It was said on the mart near the Suleimanieh that if, for *two* slaves he bought in the interior of Africa, the dealer could sell *one* in Constantinople, he did very well. If these dealers were driven to their old coasting voyages, or obliged to drive their kafilas by land through the passes of Mount Taurus and across the desolate regions of Asia Minor, the mortality and the cruel sufferings of the slaves would be vastly increased. Our efforts at suppression would be attended here, as on the African coast and the passage across the Atlantic, by nothing else but an exaggeration of horrors and human suffering!

Notwithstanding the decrease of stock *en route*, the average price of a young black slave of superior quality was not above 12*l.* sterling. You could not have bought a decent horse for thrice the money. If re-sold, and the slave was yet young and had been taught the duties of a household servant, the price would sometimes be doubled.

It is as household servants that both male and female slaves are usually employed. We saw blacks wherever we went, but we hardly ever found them working in the fields or employed as agricultural labourers. Those intended to supply the markets of Asia Minor were generally dropped on the coast, but a good many of them were sold at Constantinople.

* "Three Years in Constantinople."

Perhaps too much has been said about the mildness of domestic slavery in Turkey. I doubt whether the Turks treat their blacks better than our planters treated their indoor slaves, or better than that class of people are treated by the planters of Virginia or the other slave-holding States of the American Union; and I am not quite sure that these blacks are not as happy in the condition of agricultural labourers—the condition of the vast majority of them in America—as in that of household servants—the condition of nearly all in Turkey. Dr. Davis's South Carolina negroes looked down with contempt on the lazy, loitering, *housemaid* blacks of this country. They said they did woman's work. Instead of being elated with joy and pride, they were filled with astonishment and disgust at seeing blacks in high offices, flourishing in uniforms, and having white men in attendance on them. This is a startling assertion, but I believe it will astonish no one that has studied the negro character in the United States or in our West Indian islands. From the frequency with which black slaves in Turkey were running away, it was reasonable to conclude that they were very often dissatisfied with their masters. When they have a good kind master they are never sure how long they may be his. In a country so liable to sudden vicissitudes of fortune, and so generally in a state of decadence, slaves and whole harems are frequently thrown upon the market to fetch what prices they will, and to go to what new masters they may. Suleiman, who sells, may have been a kind indulgent master, but Mustapha, who buys, may turn out a tartar and tyrant. The Mussulman law says otherwise, but in fact the

slave, whether white or black, can rarely obtain justice against his master. How many pashas and other great Turks have murdered their slaves?—some in fits of jealousy and some in freaks of cruelty, and some in mere brutal passion; and yet who ever heard of one of these men being brought seriously to account? Such men are to be found *now*, and even among the *closest connexions of the Sultan*. Was Mehemet Ali ever questioned about his double murders? Was he a whit the less considered among the Turks for having with his own hand sacrificed his fair Circassian and then her paramour the Georgian slave?

I had reason to believe that the manumission of black slaves was of rare occurrence. The Nubians that rise in the army or state, have generally been brought (in early childhood) to the slave-market, and have had the fortune to be purchased either for the Serraglio or for some great man who has had the rare fortune to continue great. The insolence and arrogance of these sable parvenus are notorious. But, taking all classes, I should say that my estimate of *black* human nature was not raised by what I saw of it in Turkey now and in former times. The common slaves, and the common black soldiers of the line, showed more contempt or hatred of Christians than any of the Turks (exception, perhaps, being made of the Ulema); when they had the opportunity they were almost invariably insolent and very frequently turbulent and mischievous. Nothing so common in the streets of Constantinople as to see a negress hold up her yashmac before her eyes, or turn round a corner at the approach of a Frank, and spit on the ground and make obscene

signs with her hands behind his back when he has passed. We were often called unclean dogs by hideous-looking black men from Dongola or Sennaar. In the great houses the greatest swaggerer and bully—the fellow who was rudest to Christian strangers and the dread of his fellow-servants or slaves—was almost invariably a black.

In 1828 I never saw any but blacks sold in the great Slave-market. *Then*, as *now*, the Circassians and the other whites were landed at Tophana, were there lodged in private houses, and were there quietly sold: or if they were too young for immediate sale, they were kept in those houses, or sent to other houses over in Constantinople, in which they were educated in singing, dancing, or posture-making, sherbet-mixing, cookery, etc., and trained in the language and manners of the Turks. Those houses, and the purposes to which they were devoted, were just as well known in 1848 as in 1828. The most frequented coffee-house in all Tophana was the rendezvous of the old Circassian slave-dealers, and the place in which they despatched business or settled preliminaries. We never went through Tophana without seeing some of these dealers—*too often dealers in their own flesh and blood*—whose vocation was as well known as that of any bakal or noisy trunk-maker of the district.

Another place much frequented by these white savages, who have been fancifully portrayed as interesting patriots engaged in an heroic struggle against Russia (as if white barbarians, that sell their own sons and daughters, can be susceptible of patriotism, or worthy of possessing an independent country), was over

in the city near the "Burned Column," not far from the Horse-market. Here are houses where young slaves are in training, and other separate houses where Circassian boys and girls are to be bought from the age of nine or ten years upwards. No secrecy is affected. Any Mussulman may go in and examine the wares on sale; and money will open the doors to any curious Frank.* The Circassian dealers, like the Arab traders in black flesh, are men of importance and consideration among the Turks, and usually have "Agha" put after their names. They are generally fanatic Mussulmans, or far more punctual at mosque, ablutions, and prayers than the Osmanlees.

As a general rule the price of a young white woman may be taken at from three to four times the price of a black. But, in the Circassian, the common price is greatly enhanced by personal beauty or by superior Turkish accomplishments; and, recently, as much as 20,000 piastres had often been paid for a young female. Boys now and then fetch still higher prices. According to Mr. White the maximum price, in 1844-45, was 45,000 piastres, or rather more than 400*l.*; but such a price could be paid only by the very greatest and richest in the land. I was told that some of the Circassians purchased for Abdul Medjid's harem, by his own mother (who had herself been a bought slave), cost more than 60,000 piastres a-piece.

There is still some kidnapping and child-stealing carried on, but since the conquest or the secured pos-

* Mr. Charles White had the curiosity to visit one of these marts. (See 'Three Years in Constantinople.') I had not. But the opportunity was not wanting.

session of Georgia by the Russians, the supply of slaves from that country, which used to furnish more beauties than Circassia for the Constantinople market, may be considered as stopped. During the Russian war and the blockade of the coasts the Circassian trade was considerably diminished. If Russia had entirely conquered that country also, an end *might* have been put, in the course of a few years, to *the most detestable of all slave-traffic.* I speak hypothetically, and I allow time; for, the people of these regions, the natives of the ancient Colchis, whether in their pagan state, or professing the Mussulman faith, have always been an exception to ordinary humanity—always ready to sell *their own children,* as well as to steal and sell the children of their neighbours. In the early days of the Greek republics they sold their children and stocked the white slave-market of Byzantium; under the Greek emperors they supplied the demand of the enlarged Constantinople, and when the Turks established themselves there they only continued the same ancient, established, hereditary profession. The domestic institutions of the Circassians, by removing children at an early age from the care of their parents, tend to eradicate the feelings of nature, and to render it a matter of indifference to the mother, whether the child she has borne and suckled at her breast be sold into Turkish slavery or kept in Circassia.* These institutions are not to be changed at once, these an-

* The best account of these unnatural institutions will be found in Mr. Longworth's interesting work, 'A Year in Circassia.' I differ from many of my friend's conclusions, but I will vouch for the correctness of his premises, and for his thorough love of truth.

cient usages are not to be put down by one imperial Ukase; but with a firmly established government, as in Georgia, with a steam navy on the coast, with all the sea-ports in her hands, and with good guard-houses at every place of embarkation, Russia might, and *would* give an immediate and great check to the Circassian slave-trade; and this might materially tend to break up the detestable harem system of the Turks, and to put them on a path of moral improvement to which they have as yet made no approach. The respect due to women, and the liberty to which they are entitled, would begin to rise when women were no longer sold like beasts of burden. The sons of the Sultans and great Pashas would no longer be born of slaves, but of free women; the Turks would have to take their wives from among their own people; a better hereditary succession would be established, and the high posts in the state would no longer be filled by bought, demoralized, degraded slaves, whose promotion has usually been preceded by a course of life which, in other countries, would consign them to the galleys or the gibbet. The souvenirs of these men must be destructive of every manly virtue. In what they *are* they can never forget what they *have been.*

Old Khosreff Pasha and the elder Halil Pasha were both Georgian slaves, and both had filled the very highest offices of the state. Khosreff had been sold when a boy at Tophana, and when he had become a great man he had himself bought Halil in the same market. When Halil grew in greatness he bought slaves for himself. Old Khosreff, his former master, who was not without jealousy at Halil's rapid elevation,

used to be facetious on the subject. "Ha! Halil," said the old fox, "I am a better man than thou art. I was sold for 10,000 piastres, when the piastre was double the money it was worth when I bought thee. And for thee, O! Halil, I did pay only 5000 piastres! Mashallah! I was always worth more than thou. Dost remember, Halil, when I bought thee from the belly-pinching dealer and took thee to my plentiful house?"

Pleasant reminiscences! Charming banter this, to pass between a hoary ex-prime minister and a dignified lord treasurer, or lord high admiral! Fancy Lord John Russell having been sold in his boyhood, and then having bought in his manhood the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or the Lord Chancellor, or the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces! When such men as Khosreff and Halil come brightest out of the Turkish fountain of honour, what respect can be paid by civilized men to Turkish dignities? For my part, I could rarely sit for five minutes by the side of any of them without thinking of the joke of old Khosreff.

There are many considerations and circumstances—upon some of which I dare not dwell—which always rendered this white slave-trade far more horrible in my eyes than the trade in negroes. Must our anti-slavery societies have the warrant of ebony to excite their zeal or kindle their indignation? Is their philanthropy dependent on colour? Have they no sympathy for slaves that are *white?* They have stunned us with the woes of the inferior negro races, and they are mute upon the degradation of the superior race of the Caucasus. But there is so much routine in all the philanthropy of the day; men's minds run

in worn tracks, and their attention is so seldom called to the subject of Circassian slavery, and the moral corruption to which it gives rise.

Then, too, Circassia has been named of late years only as a land of liberty and a bulwark against Russia —a power incessantly abused by certain politicians for doing no more than we have ourselves done, and have (in good part) been obliged to do, in India and the regions beyond the Indus. Not an argument can we use in justification of our far-spreading conquests and aggrandizements in the East, but is as available to the Russians as to us. The Russians are excellent pioneers of civilization; the Russians have improved the condition of the *common people* wherever their power has been firmly established (Poland itself not being an exception); the Russians have promoted agriculture, and established order and law where none existed before; the Russians have put down anarchy, feuds, and incessant internal wars, which (as in India before our dominion) depopulated whole towns and villages, and kept the poor people at the lowest ebb of wretchedness, or in the most agonizing state of uncertainty; the Russians are driven upon the barbarous, depopulated, prostrate regions of Turkey and Persia by the same irresistible impulses, circumstances, and necessities, which have impelled, and are impelling us in India.

Mr. David Urquhart, who never did more than merely touch the Circassian coast, was the first to get up the Circassian mania. He took good care not to tell the people of England that his "patriots" were savages that trafficked in their own flesh and blood, and that his "heroes" were kidnappers and child-stealers.

These heroes and patriots were not so grateful as they might have been. As the best donation he could make, Mr. Urquhart invented for them and gave them a *National Standard.* The material was green silk, on which were worked a great many stars, and a sheaf of arrows bound together. The stars were to denote their numbers and their harmonious movements, and the arrows were to tell the patriots what strength there is in union. The inventor was very proud of his invention, and discoursed eloquently upon it at Constantinople. In Circassia an English gentleman saw his green silk flag turned into a pair of baggy breeches. Yes! notwithstanding its emblems, its stars, and its arrows, the national standard of Circassia was thus degraded! The patriots and heroes, who did not often march or show their faces to the enemy by daylight, soon grew weary of carrying this flag from place to place by night; a wife of one of the chiefs fell in love with the silk, and begged that she might have it to make *shalvars.* My informant assured me that the patriotess looked very smart in these her green silk trowsers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Excursion to Nicomedia — Turkish Steam-boat — A Venetian Renegade — Conscription and Parties of Men-catchers — Bribery and Corruption — Slovenliness of Turkish Officers — A fat Colonel — Sour Imaums — Tomb of Hannibal — Scanty Population — Decline of Cultivation — Kara Musal — An Armenian Renegade — Greek Villages — Beautiful Scenery — Town of Nicomedia, or Ismitt — A Rogue for a Drogoman — M. R. — Osman Bey the Governor and his Municipal Council — A Socialist Proclamation from Paris — Osman Bey's history — Achmet Fevzy, late Capitan Pasha — Acropolis of Nicomedia — Ruined Walls and Towers — Fragments of Classical Antiquity — Greeks ill-treated by Turks — Quarters in a Greek House — Salt-pans — A beautiful Plain — The Imperial Cloth Manufactory — Sickness and Death of the European Workmen — Pestilential Atmosphere of the Place — Armenian Village of Slombek — Graves of English Workmen — A frightful Road — The Gheuk Dagh — The Men-catchers again — The Lake of Sabanjah — Causes of Malaria — Armenian Monastery of Armash — Adar-Bazaar — Night at a Turkish Dervent — Return to the Cloth Manufactory — Sickness, Sorrow, and Waste of Money — Rats — Armenian Plunder — Nicomedia and the Dancing Boys — Poor Tanzimaut — Grave of an Hungarian Exile — Imperial Silk Manufactory at Heraclea — More Waste of Money — M. Rivière from Lyons — French, German, and Italian Workmen — More Communism — Turkey eaten up, and the Armenians picking its Bones — More Men-catchers — A Bokhara Trader — Population of Nicomedia — Return to Constantinople — Brutality of Armenian Seraffs.

ON Saturday the 15th of April, at 7.30 A.M., we left the Golden Horn for the Gulf of Ismitt, or Nicomedia. The deck of the Turkish steamer (the same in which we had come from Ghemlik in December) was filthy and very much crowded with deck passengers, and as they had just smeared over the cabin with stinking paint we could not go below at all. The passengers were Turks—military officers and soldiers—

who were going into the interior of Asia Minor men-hunting, or—as they expressed it—for *levying the conscription and collecting the recruits*.

These Nimrods were in all about 160. They were divided into eight gangs: each gang having a captain, a katib or clerk, an Imaum to give spiritual comfort, and an hekim or doctor to examine the recruits, and to attend to the health of his party. There were also three colonels, who were to fix themselves in the principal towns of the interior, and there see the different gatherings collected and put in order to march for Constantinople. Of the hekims, one was a grey-moustached old Venetian, one was a young Frenchman, and the third a melancholy young Swiss; the other five *doctors* were Franks from Pera and Galata, who were said to have had no sort of medical education. These last had not even studied in Galata Serai. This man-catching up in Asia was considered very rough work. Such of the students of the Medical School, as followed the profession, tried to get better appointments. The Swiss was so melancholy, and the young Frenchman seemed so ashamed at being found on such service, or with such a dirty, vulgar rabble, that they shunned our advances and would enter into no conversation. The old Venetian, on the contrary, was only too forward and talkative; as he was dressed in Turkish uniform and *wore a sword*, we needed no one to tell us that he was a renegade. Not having followed his example, the Frenchman and the Swiss had plain clothes and no sword. I have treated in another book* of the Venetian's politics, of his republicanism, and of

* 'A Glance at Revolutionized Italy.'

his predictions (which in the course of a few months were pretty well verified), that Charles Albert would go out like the snuff of a candle, and that the Italian liberals would upset Pius IX. He was one of the cunningest and most roguish-looking men I ever met with; even in this country of sinister countenances *his* struck us at the first glance. He was all over thin and spare: there was nothing of him for disease to catch hold of; and, aged as he was, he was quick, hardy, and alert. Without speaking kindly of his two Frank companions, he spoke most contemptuously of the Perote hekims: saying that it was because Government employed such fellows as those that there were so many hunchbacks and miserable objects in the Sultan's army. From his own account of his history before he became a hekim in the East, I saw reason to doubt whether he himself had ever received even the rudiments of a medical education. He had been a common soldier and a common sailor under Bonaparte, and he had been a prisoner-of-war in England on board the hulks. But whatever skill he might have acquired since, he gave me fully to understand that he had not busied himself with the acquisition of common honesty; and from his own narrative and comments I suspected that he too must have sent a good many miserable objects into the Sultan's army. He had been a man-hunting in the interior four or five years successively. He told me, that though not very pleasant, it was *rather* profitable work; and he explained how money was to be made. The son of a Turk that has *some* property is drawn to serve. Well! the father or mother of the youth secretly slips 200, 300, or mayhap 500 piastres into the palm of the

examining hekim bashi, and the hekim testifies that the young man is unfit for the service, having a narrow, weak chest, a flat foot, bad sight, or some other disqualification. If the recruiting officers should, in certain cases, be curious and doubtful, and examine the man drawn or to be drawn, it is so easy, by the application of an unguent, to raise a frightfully-looking sore, and to declare it to be an incurable ulcer. "These Turks," said the *astuto Veneziano*, "are such born fools, such asses by nature, that a clever fellow may do almost anything with them; not but that we medical officers are often obliged to divide our spoils with the military officers; and sometimes the recruiting officers do business on their own account, selling discharges without our knowledge. As for conscription, as practised in Bonaparte's time in France and Italy, it is all a c . . . . a (fudge); it never touches the Turks who have money to spend; the Turks who have no money run away and hide themselves as our parties approach, and we catch some of them as we can, hap-hazard; and if, when they are caught, any of them have parents, or relatives, or friends that can un-purse (*chi possino sborsare*), why then, as a general rule, we let them go, and begin to hunt down others." Officers and men (the better sort avoid this service and are apparently never sent on it) were a most slovenly, ragged, frowsy company; some were dressed in uniform that was greasy and out at elbow, while others, for comfort and convenience, wore the old Turkish costume, only without the turban, none sporting turbans except the Imaums. Officers and men were mixed in amicable confusion, laughing, talking, and smoking together.

The captains had not only very dusty and ragged coats, but also very dirty shirts. The Imaums, as usual, looked cleanly, and their big turbans were of a spotless white; but they were the only men on board that were uncivil and insolent. One of the colonels, a man apparently not above five-and-forty, was an unwieldy mass of fat and blubber, with an alarmingly short neck, and a monstrous abdomen. He had kept on a dirty pair of French boots, and a loose pair of black cloth pantaloons, but over these he wore a Turkish silk jacket, padded within, and offering without the delicate, feminine hue of the turquoise: sky-blue is not the word, it was turquoise-blue—a colour of which the Turks are very fond. As we got into warm shelter under the mountains of Asia, he lay down in the sun, coiled up under an umbrella; and he slept and snored during the greater part of the voyage. I could not help wondering how this tub of a man was ever to get over the tremendous mountains of the interior; nor could I help doubting whether he would ever get back alive to Stamboul.

The weather was fine, and had we been a little less crowded the voyage would have been delightful. We passed between the main and the picturesque group of the Princes' Islands, and then soon opened the Gulf of Nicomedia. We found ourselves at 11.50 A.M. off the large village or town of Ghebsè, which runs along some hill tops. We could not make out the tumulus which stands near this place, and bears the name of the tomb of Hannibal. On the other side of the gulf just opposite Ghebsè was a small village. On both sides the population was very scanty, and the appearance of agriculture rare.

The mountains on our right now began to grow lofty and majestic. At 1 P.M. we stopped at the town of Kara Musal on the right shore, and under a grand, steep, beautifully wooded mountain. Here more than half of our men-hunting friends left us, the old Venetian doctor landing with them. Across the Gulf and nearly opposite was Herek-keui, with the grand Imperial Silk Manufactory. We took in a few passengers, and started again at 1.30 P.M. Among these passengers was an Armenian boy of Nicomedia, who had recently turned Mussulman, and who had now been at Kara Musal to be circumcised with half a score of Turkish boys—this being a ceremony never performed singly. The Mussulmans of Kara Musal had clapped a big white turban on his head, had given him a fine braided jacket, and had filled his pockets with *khalvà* and other Turkish sweetmeats. He kept munching and sucking his *dolci* all the way, and seemed to be very well satisfied with his new religion and turban. He was a handsome boy, apparently about fourteen or fifteen years old—I was told that he was much older in vice and profligacy. He had been a dancing boy. *Sat.* About a mile above Kara Musal, on the same side, was the large Greek village of Tepè-keui, charmingly situated among trees midway up the mountain. Here and there, on the hill sides, we saw small groves of cypress trees, and detached single cypresses, marking the graves of Osmanlees, and the sites of Turkish villages which no longer existed. At 2 P.M. there was another Greek village on our right, on the margin of the water, and a little further on there was a large village called Congià, inhabited solely by Greeks.

Other Greek villages were concealed from view; but their numbers intimated that here, too, the Rayahs are increasing more rapidly than the Mussulmans are decreasing.

At 3.30 P.M. we came to anchor at Ismitt or Nicomedia, off a rotten, tumble-down wooden pier or jetty. From the deck of the steamer the town appeared even more beautiful than Apollonia when we first saw it across that lake; a part of it curved gracefully round the edge of the Gulf, and the rest ascended and crowned a sharp conical hill, the houses being intermixed with leaden domes, and snow white minarets, cypresses, poplars, and platani, all fresh and full of leaf. In a few hours we had got into another climate; vegetation here was a good month more forward than at Constantinople.

We had brought with us for servant and drogoman a mongrel from Pera, having engaged him, not so much on the faith of testimonials he showed us from English and other travellers, as in an unwise reliance on his soft voice and manner, and meek honest looking countenance. *In fronte nulla fides.* He turned out a great rogue, and a fool and an idle fellow to boot. He had been swilling raki on the voyage, and was muzzy and stupid when we wanted his services. Fortunately in one of the boats which came off to land the passengers we found a friend in Monsieur R——, an intelligent young Frank we had met at Brusa. He took charge of us and procured us comfortable quarters in a clean respectable Greek house. We went with him to pay a visit to Osman Bey, a man of some notoriety, and now governor of this place, once the capital of the great king Prusias and the abode of Hannibal.

The konack where the Bey received us, was a low, shabby building near the water's edge; but he had a good dwelling-house up in the town. At our arrival he had with him the members of the Council of Nicomedia. They were Turks to a man; yet here the Armenians are very numerous and influential. The members soon retired and left us to have a long talk with the Bey about these troublesome times and all these revolutions. He showed us a Socialist proclamation, recently published in Paris, and he asked me whether I did not think that such addresses to the poverty and passions of the people would end in a disorganisation of society. It was curious to read such a paper in such a place. He appeared to be a sensible man, and to us he was very civil and courteous; he was said to grind and oppress much less than Turkish governors in general, but to be notorious for the vice of Turks and Persians. He was once captain of a ship of the line. In 1839, on the death of Sultan Mahmoud, he deserted with Achmet Fevzy, Capitan Pasha, who delivered up the Sultan's fleet to Mehemet Ali of Egypt. Our cannonading of Acre led to the restitution of this fleet, and then Osman Bey remained for some years an exile in the land of Egypt. At length old Mehemet Ali obtained his pardon from the gentle Abdul Medjid. Having made friends at Constantinople with the members of Riza Pasha's government, and holding considerable landed and other property in this neighbourhood, he had been made governor of Ismitt, and he was now said to have good support in Reschid Pasha's Cabinet. His old superior, Achmet Fevzy, had been a common boatman on the

Bosphorus; he was altogether ignorant of such accomplishments as reading and writing, and he was working as a common boatman only a few short years before he became—in rapid succession—valet to Sultan Mahmoud, Lieutenant-General, Field-Marshal, Ambassador at St. Petersburgh, and Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral. My dear old friend, C. Zohrab, knew him well in his humble state, and so often rowed in his caïque to and from Therapia, that he was almost considered as Achmet Fevzy's master. The lucky caïquejee had many good qualities, and among these was a faithful remembrance in the days of his prosperity of those who had befriended him in his adversity. He had been described to me by Christians as one of the best Turks in power that they had ever known. It was neither premeditated treason nor Egyptian gold, neither any dislike of the new Sultan (then an innocent boy), nor any love for Mehemet Ali or Ibrahim Pasha, that induced him to turn traitor, and carry the fleet to Alexandria. He had involved himself in a mortal enmity with the old fox Khosreff, with Halil (formerly Khosreff's slave), with Mustapha Nouree (our Brusa Pasha), and with other vindictive and unscrupulous men. On the demise of Sultan Mahmoud, Khosreff Pasha got the reins of government into his hands, and became, for a time, absolute master of the empire. The Capitan Pasha, who was in the Archipelago, felt assured that he would be recalled, and equally sure that if he ascended the Dardanelles and went to Constantinople, he would be utterly ruined in his fortunes, if not put to death. "I know Khosreff," said he, "the fox shall not catch me! I should be worse than an ass

if I went into his hole;" and so, in his dread of Khosreff, he went into Alexandria and gave his fleet up to Mehemet Ali. Unlike Osman Bey, he could never obtain a pardon. The Pasha of Egypt gave him a small pension, and probably grew tired of even giving that. In about two years and a half after his *tradimento*, Achmet Fevzy died suddenly at Cairo, leaving it a matter of speculation whether he had been taken off by apoplexy, or by a poisoned cup of coffee. Thus was the story read to me at Pera by some who had been well acquainted with the man and his adventures; and by what I now learned from Monsieur R——, this was the reading that Osman Bey now gave.

We walked up to the top of the curious steep conical town. Though far better than many Turkish towns we had visited, the interior by no means corresponded with the beautiful exterior. The streets were narrow and filthy, and at least half of the houses that had looked so charmingly at a distance were falling to bits. High up the hill, on a small esplanade shaded by beautiful plane-trees and by dark cypresses, we stopped at a mosque which had recently been rebuilt by Abdul Medjid, who *once* came to these parts to see the Imperial Manufactories. Here had stood an ancient mosque, erected by Orkan before the Turks conquered Brusa, and made it the capital of their infant empire; but, regardless of the historical interest of the building, the Turks had allowed this early mosque to go utterly to ruin, and little was left of it, except its low, solid, stone minaret. The present structure, which the Sultan had caused to be erected on the spot, was a shabby precarious concern, built of wood that was already starting and warp-

ing; but being painted of a light colour, and flanked and backed by dark trees, it had a striking effect from the gulf below. Before the Turkish conqueror built his mosque, a Greek church had stood on that natural terrace; and that church had probably been erected on the ruins and with the materials of an ancient Greek temple, for truncated columns, mutilated inscriptions, and fragments of Grecian antiquity, were close at hand. On the top of the cone we found the confined Acropolis of ancient Nicomedia. This city was one of the first that felt the fury of the invading Goths in the third century of the Christian era. Then a rich and splendid place, it was plundered, burned, demolished, as Chalcedon had been before, and as Nice, Prusa, Apamæa, Cius, and other splendid cities, were destroyed a few weeks afterwards. The ruins which remained on the Acropolis were inconsiderable, and were all of the Lower Empire, although composed in good part of more ancient and classical materials. They consisted of fragments of walls and rent towers. Some of the towers were square, and some irregularly rounded. The prospect over gulf, valley, and mountain, and the bird's-eye view of the town beneath us, were exquisite. For the scenery alone, I would recommend every traveller in Turkey to make this excursion, and to spend at least one evening among the ruins of the Acropolis of Nicomedia. Close by them we found a Turkish cemetery, which, with its dark cypresses and white tombstones, was a most perfect picture of that sort. Here were a good many fragments, but so minute, so displaced, disjointed, and broken to pieces, that nothing could be made of them except that they were Greek, or Greco-

Roman. The splendid *medaglioni* of Nicomedia, of which I had seen several specimens in 1828, had all been carried off long ago. Collectors and agents of collectors had been here, as in all other parts, and the chance dealings in old coins had been turned into a regular trade.

The Greeks being comparatively few in number in the town, though numerous in the neighbouring villages, seemed to be depressed and timid. Our host's son was afraid to go on an errand into the Turkish quarter, saying that it was after sunset, and that the Turkish boys would fall upon him. The people of the house were keeping the long fast which precedes Easter, in the most rigorous manner, eating little more than bread, cabbages, and bad black olives. The cholera had not come, but was daily expected. The fasting Greeks and Armenians were inviting its visit by their crude, unwholesome diet.

On the following morning, at 7.15 A.M., we were on horseback (if our *rosses* could be called horses), and starting for the Sultan's Cloth Manufactory, with a good-tempered Turkish suridjee, and Giovanni, our roguish and useless Perote drogoman. The town stretched farther along the gulf than we had imagined. A long straggling street, chiefly occupied by wretched-looking shops, reached nearly to the end of the gulf. We met some Turkish travellers—peasants and little farmers —who were coming into the town from the neighbouring mountains. They hailed us as *capitani*, and saluted us with much courtesy and good humour. One poor fellow was going to give us the "Salām-Aleikum," or the "Peace be with you," which *no* Mussulman must be-

stow upon a Ghiaour;* but he bethought himself in time, and only said "*Sal.*" .... At the end of the gulf, close to the town (which had brewers of malaria enough without them), there was a long line of *Tuzlar* or salt-pans, like those under Mr. H——'s chiftlik. We were now upon the verdant plain, which looked more beautiful than it had done yesterday, when seen from the deck of the steamer. At 8.15 A.M. we waded across a river which flows from the mountains near the Sabanjah Lake. The water touched our saddle-girths, but it was beautifully clear, and was running over a good hard pebbly bottom. Near at hand we saw the massive ruins of an ancient bridge. As we advanced, the plain became still greener and more beautiful, and there were patches of wood here and there. To our right, the slopes of the hills, with clumps of trees distributed by nature, looked like an English park, or rather like a long suc-

* Now that Turks dress so much like Christians, and all classes wear the unsightly, inconvenient *fez*, mistakes rather frequently occur.

One evening, while riding from Tuzlar to Brusa, J. Z. met a Mussulman who, in passing, gave him the *Salām-Aleikum*. Going on his way, the Turk learned from a peasant on the road that our friend was a *Christian;* and, turning his horse's head thereupon, he followed John, and with much excitement demanded that he would give him back his *Salām-Aleikum*. "I gave it you," said the Tchelebee: "did I not say *Aleikum-Salām*, as the use is?" "Ay! but," said the Turk, "those be words that must not pass between a Mussulman and a Ghiaour! Are you not a Ghiaour?" John said he was a Christian, and that he thought nowadays Christians and Mussulmans might say to each other "Peace be with you!" "No!" said the Turk, "they may not! Give me back my salām! Tell me that you consider I did not say *Salām-Aleikum* to you!" The Tchelebee, who had his double-barrels in his hand, cared very little whether it was peace or war between them; but he gratified the uneasy man, and they parted.

None of the Turks in Asia Minor—not even those who were kindest to us, and most friendly with J. Z.—would ever give us the *Salām-Aleikum*. It was the same in Roumelia.

cession of parks; but these acclivities were backed by lofty mountains that were densely wooded to the very top. Here, for the first time this season, we heard the vernal voice of the cuckoo. Thrushes, larks, and blackbirds were singing and piping gaily. The storks had all returned, and were busy collecting materials to repair their huge nests. These large grave birds were the visible population of the valley: we saw no men.

Having crossed a stream by a strong rustic wooden bridge, which had been made by an English cloth-weaver, and having ascended the stream for about half a mile, we came up to the grand Fabrica, which, with its appendages, had a respectable and almost imposing appearance. It had taken us nearly two hours to ride from Nicomedia, though I should think the distance was scarcely six miles.

Englishmen had set up the machinery, and expert hands from the clothier districts of Yorkshire had first made cloth in this Asiatic solitude; but the last of the English had been sent adrift two years ago, and the place of our countrymen had been supplied by Belgians who had been engaged by the Armenian Dadians at *lower* salaries. When Mr. N. Davis was here, in the preceding autumn, he found the whole Belgian colony laid up with malaria fevers. Being only in the month of April, we, or the Belgians, were not quite so unfortunate; yet the good men who came out to meet us and give us welcome looked little better than a procession of convalescents issuing from an hospital. All these men (six or seven in number) wore the unmistakeable livery of the malaria demon: they had all suffered

cruelly last year, and, early as it was in the season, two of them had now that horrible fever and ague upon them. They all appeared to be very quiet, respectable men—excellent specimens of the artisans of the Netherlands. They took us into their lodging-house, which was detached from the grand Fabrica, and kindly pressed us to take refreshments. They gave us a moving account of their annoyances and sufferings, which had commenced with their arrival in the country. It was not a blessing they pronounced on those who brought them hither, with the assurance that they were to live in a land flowing with milk and honey and in a most healthy climate. Two of their party had given up the ghost last autumn. Of their English predecessors three had died here and two had carried away diseases which killed them before they could reach their own homes. There was one old Belgian in the room upon whom the fevers had produced a curious effect—they had deprived him of his memory.

The English mechanics finding that they could not live down here in the warm weather, or sleep in the house without being attacked, had taken lodgings at an Armenian village on the hills, called Slombek, where two of them were now lying buried. The Belgians, the summer before last, had tried Slombek and had fevered there; last summer they had tried the Greek village of Kara Tepè, and had fevered there, although it was a good way up the mountains; and now they were trying the elevated Armenian village of Hovajik and were fevering there. They said they suffered a great deal more than the people of the country, but that they hardly knew a native that had been free from the ter-

rible disorder in the months of September and October last. Yet here the country was most beautiful to look upon, and the air was sweet and balmy. The scenery behind the works was like another long succession of parks, having verdant open slopes, with the sun shining brightly upon them, and a magnificent background of woods and mountains. The stagnating waters, though near at hand, were out of sight, in the hollows of the plain. The building stood on a fine open undulating hill-side, and — at a distance — really looked like a nobleman's seat in the midst of his park. As it was Sunday the works were all closed, but we were invited to return to-morrow, when everything would be shown to us.

We re-mounted at 10.15 A.M. to see the lake of Sabanjah (called by the old Greeks "Sophon"), at the head of the plain. Diverging from the road or track, we took a most rugged path up the hills, a mile or two to the east of the factory, in order to visit the Armenian village of Slombek and the graves of the Englishmen who had perished in this perfidious, accursed place, unhappy dupes of Hohannes Dadian.

We reached the village at 11.15 A.M. after a somewhat disastrous ride—the path being now and then quite horrible. It being Sunday, and *Palm* Sunday to boot, the Armenian villagers were making merry, drinking wine and raki, eating parched peas and sweetmeats, and sporting, in their gross way, among the gravestones; for the scene of their merriment was the cemetery. There were no women present, and the men were as repulsive a set as could be seen. A troop of burly, dirty, blear-eyed boys were playing on the tomb-

stone of the poor Englishmen which stood in the midst of the cemetery; and they would not move until our suridjee drove them away. The barbarians had, with stones and hammers and knives, completely obliterated the Christian names and surnames, the ages and native places of our poor countrymen. It is curious they should have selected just these portions for their mischief. All the rest of the inscription was perfectly legible.* It ran thus:—

IN MEMORY OF
* * * * * * WOOL STAPLER, * * * * * *
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 16, 1844,
AND OF
* * * * * * SCRIBBLER * * * * * *
WHO DIED OCTOBER 15TH, 1845,
AND OF
* * * * * * SCRIBBLER * * * * * *
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 6, 1844, AND WAS INTERRED AT ISMITT;
ALL IN THE SERVICE OF THE
OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT.

It was irritating to see this memorial of the dead (erected little more than two years ago by the English survivors) thus defaced and misused by these gross, unimaginative, Armenian boors. The slab, which was raised only some 18 inches from the ground, and which was no longer in an horizontal position, was of the coarse common stuff of the country, called *marble* by courtesy, and described as bright and pure by your

* I afterwards ascertained that the names of the three victims were—
Benjamin Oddy.
* * * * Howard.
J. Binns.
The last (a native, I believe, of Leeds) was the one that was drowned.

Lamartines. No doubt it will soon be broken and will altogether disappear.

Two of the poor Englishmen, who are buried side by side under the slab, died of the malaria fever direct; the third, who was buried at the edge of the town of Nicomedia, was said to have gone mad of fevers, bad living, solitude and wretchedness, and to have slipped out one night and drowned himself in the deep mill-pool of the factory. There were, however, some who reported that he never was insane, and that he certainly did not commit suicide. Both at Constantinople and Nicomedia I heard whispers that some sullen Armenian workmen, to whom he had given offence, had surprised him by night and had hurled him into the pool. No inquiry was made; the poor fellow was but a wool-scribbler—a "low mechanic"—and how can *gentlemen* of legations and consulates occupy themselves about such as he! One of the Belgians had his grave here, close to the two Englishmen; the other was buried by the side of the Englishman at Nicomedia. The ghosts of these poor men, and of the many other European victims, ought to haunt Hohannes Dadian. The Belgian's grave here had no slab or stone; it was merely marked by a slight mound of earth, which the rude feet of the Armenians would soon press to a level with the soil. The brutish people were treating the tombstones of their own fathers and friends with disrespect, sitting or lolling on them, and spreading out on them their wine and raki, *khalvà* and parched peas, and stinking soups of cabbages and leeks in wooden bowls. Many of them were drunk without being merry. We saw one hideous fellow without a nose. Thinking

of former times I asked what pasha had cut it off. "Oh," said the suridjee, "it was pasha . . . . . !".

This Slombek, though scarcely seen from the plain, was large and populous, but many of the houses were mere huts, and the interior of the village was filthy in the extreme, although beautiful streams of water, descending from the wooded hills, were running all about it. At a few minutes before noon we gladly quitted the barbarous place, although we did so under a heavy shower of rain.

Our descent to the plain was precipitous; the path, for a good way, was in a hollow water-course, where the mud was two or three feet deep. At 12.30 P.M. we rode through a very small and wretched Turkish hamlet, where the huts and hovels were made of the trunks of trees, as in the neighbourhood of Kutayah. Shortly after this we regained the hgh road—one of the principal roads of the Ottoman Empire—and a detestable, break-leg, break-arm road it was! A narrow, rough, stone causeway, often under water in winter, and now having deep mud, swamps and bogs, on either side, slippery, broken, full of deep holes, and at times reduced to a mere ridge of rough stones, *à dos d'âne*, and barely two feet wide, ran eastward to the shores of the lake. When the heats of summer dry the plain, travellers cut across it and leave the causeway *à tous les diables*.

We were now right under the loftiest part of the beautiful Ghieuk Dagh or Heaven Mountain, which bounds the Nicomedian plain on the south, and stretches eastward along the lake. It is about 5000 feet high; it is most densely wooded from base to summit, the bold

picturesque tops being fringed with pine-trees. It affords a great variety of timber, and it was here that Mr. N. Davis selected the young trees for the Sultan's model farm. The mountain sends down to the plain hundreds of little cascades and streamlets of the brightest water. The sounds of running waters were heard at every step. We had water from above as well as water below, for the rain now came down in torrents. As we advanced we got engaged in a forest which stretches from the roots of the mountain, across the plain, and down to the western end of the Sabanjah Lake. Plane-trees, hard oaks, evergreen ilices, firs, maples, mountain ashes, elms, beeches, chesnut-trees, were growing all together, in a way I never saw before; but all were neglected and left to themselves, and growing so thickly that none could attain to their full dimensions. With a little clearing—with a slight employment of the woodman's craft—here might be some of the finest timber in the world! We met a few screaming arubas carrying sticks for house-building. Except these poor materials, and a little charcoal, the Turks now derive nothing from these immense forests and woodlands. Formerly, when a government dockyard was in activity at Nicomedia, they cut a little timber here and in the region above. Abounding in fine forests near the coasts, Bithynia was of old a great ship-building country. The Sultans had another dock-yard, in the Gulf of Moudania, close to Ghio, but that also is abandoned, and now the proud "Bithynian keel" no longer braves the Carpathian or any other sea.*

* "Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium Pelagus carinâ."—Hor., L. 1, Od. xxxv.

At 2 P.M. we reached a miserable *dervent*: there was a low coffee-house-and-guard-house on one side of the road, and a backal's shop on the other; and in a green glen, traversed by a beautiful stream, a little in the rear of the shop, was a rude Turkish mill. We had scarcely dismounted at the coffee-house and got out of the heavy rain, when some of our friends of yesterday—the men-catchers—rode up. They had left Nicomedia some hours after us, and had got thus far on their journey into the interior. They were in a pitiful plight—in a worse plight than ourselves—they were drenched with rain, and bespattered all over with mud. Some of them had cotton umbrellas, but these had been slight protection in such a deluge. The Imaums, with their loose robes and big white muslin turbans, drenched through and through and dripping, looked particularly miserable, and much sourer than they did yesterday. The fat colonel, who could hardly dismount with the help of two men, threw off a long brown cloak that was streaming with water, and exhibited himself in his turquoise blue jacket and an enormous pair of mud boots which reached to his hips: he was all boots and jacket. He grunted and groaned heavily as he sat on a wicker stool and sipped a small cup of coffee. It was marvellous how, on a sorry hack, so heavy a man had got along the causeway and reached this place. Some of the officers and men, after taking coffee, went over together to the backal's shop to take some *chasse-café*, in the shape of raki—and it was a good quantity of ardent spirit they took among them. It was as motley a group as ever belonged to an army calling itself regular. Some were foot soldiers and some belonged to the

cavalry of the imperial guard; but all were travelling on horseback and were cavaliers for the time. They were going on to-night to the village of Sabanjah. As that village was a poor little place, we were sure to find no lodging there, unless we chose to lodge together with some of these Turks. We therefore determined to give up that journey and content ourselves with a view of the lake from this end of it.

Having finished their pipes, the men-catchers renewed their journey under an unabating deluge of rain. A few of them had brought their regulation saddles with them, but the greater part rode on the bare *wooden* pack-saddles of the country.

We were told it was only a ride of ten minutes down to the end of the lake. We started at 2.30 P.M. to find that the trip occupied us good three quarters of an hour. It was one of our very worst rides. Under the guidance of a Turk, who knew the spots where there was danger of man and horse being bogged or drowned, we went through thick wood, and thicker underwood, through deep mud and slush, across streams and pools, the rain descending heavily all the while. Our suridjee nearly went with his horse into one of the deep pools. He had gone too far to the right. "*Jhannum*," said the guide, "keep a little this way, or we shall never see thee again." We dismounted two or three times to avoid being knocked off by the branches of the trees, or to cross some water by walking over the slippery stem of a tree laid down for a bridge. At this extremity the lake is completely screened by the dense wood, which forms a broad unhealthy belt between it and the plain of Nicomedia.

Within these tangled groves and thickets is an immensity of water, mostly produced by the annual overflowing of the lake; this water begins to evaporate in the month of May, or as soon as the hot weather sets in; at the same time a prodigious decomposition of vegetable matter goes on, and the broad belt prevents the free circulation of the air and breezes from the lake down the valley to the gulf, and from the gulf up the valley to the lake. Hence a tremendous *foyer* of the worst kind of malaria, a gigantic laboratory of poison and disease! This kills at the Fabrica, at the town of Nicomedia, and on the hill villages. There is no escape from it except at the very summits of the mountain. In such regions, near hills are generally found worse than the level plain. From the lake down to the gulf is a distance of barely *twelve* English miles. Standing on a projecting ridge near Slombek, we saw both gulf and lake; the lake seemed to be the higher of the two, and I should say that there was a slight declination all through the valley or plain from east to west. The waters were running not towards the lake, but from the lake towards the gulf. The plain was cut in the midst by the bed of a river, which flowed from east to west, and had its choked-up mouth near the town of Nicomedia. If this river—called by the Turks the Kara-sou—had its source in the Ghieuk Dagh, it certainly was receiving at *this season* contributions from the waters of the lake through the belt of wood. In some parts the bed of this river was deep, between good strong natural banks; but in other parts it was shallow and obstructed; the winter and spring torrents had eaten into the soil, and there the waters filled the

hollows, spread over the champaign, and were left to stagnate and evaporate. Clear out the entrance to this river on the side of the lake, clear out its mouth on the gulf, deepen its bed or embank it where necessary, train the mountain streams to fall into it, cut down that horrible belt of wood, let in air and free ventilation, and you remove at once the pestilence which desolates a most beautiful and a fertile region. But when will the Turks do this? *Quando mai!* There could have been no such deadly forest, no such swamps in the time of the ancient Greeks, when the country teemed with population, and was celebrated for its wealth and the salubrity of its climate. The great causes must have existed then as now; there must have been the same lake, the same streams running from the mountains into the valley, and the same tendency to a rapid and rank vegetation; but those energetic men of old must have attended to drainage, and have kept down the growth of the woods.

At last we came out upon the margin of the Sabanjah (invisible until we were upon it), and stood dripping among the reeds and bulrushes. It was a fine sheet of fresh water, lying within a picturesque frame of hills and mountains. Here it was scarcely a mile broad; but a little to the east it widened, and became a grand expanse. The total length was about ten English miles. On our right hand, on the southern side, were the lofty crests, the bold declivities, and the thick forests of the Ghieuk Dagh. On the northern side, the hills were of moderate elevation, and sloped gently down to the water. Our guide there pointed out an extensive chiftlik belonging to Osman Bey, the governor

of Nicomedia. The village of Sabanjah stands about midway up the lake, over the south bank, and there is a Greek *Monastir* behind it of no great note. On the opposite bank, or rather in the hills about a mile from the lake, stands Armash, a very famous Armenian monastery and place of pilgrimage. Hither the Armenians resort for a miraculous cure of their fevers and other ailments; and here a grand religious festival is held annually, attended by an enormity of raki drinking, and a prodigality of donations to the illiterate Eutychean priests.

Towards the head of the lake the hills fall away on either side, and the land beyond is a perfect champaign. Adar Bazaar is there situated. It stands in a dead flat, and being surrounded and intermixed with trees and gardens, it is scarcely visible from any side, although a large town, and very populous in Armenians. It is a place which takes a high standing in the list of the American missionaries. We were told that travellers often passed close by it without being aware of its importance, or even of its existence. It must be dreadfully unhealthy; but, being on one of the high roads or tracks into the interior, it is a place, for this country, of very considerable trade. This transit trade attracts the Armenians. The lake abounds in fish; the industrious, persevering Cossacks of Lake Magnass come and fish the waters at certain seasons; but the people living on the banks are too stupid, or too indolent, to derive much benefit from the fish: they merely make wicker inclosures and traps near the shore, and at the mouths of streams which fall into the lake. We did not see a boat, skiff, punt, or canoe upon the broad

waters.* At the proper season this is a glorious place for duck-shooting, for wild swans, and other aquatic game. On account of the difficulties of approach few amateur sportsmen ever come near it. We were told that near the Greek monastery, behind the village of Sabanjah, and at one or two other places round the lake, there were some slight remains of antiquity. Since the days of old Paul Lucas, who in the year 1706 took this route to the interior, the region has never been examined, and but seldom traversed, by a civilized European.† I should think that, between the east head of the lake and the left bank of the Sangarius river, traces of several ancient towns might be discovered. Much reliance is not to be placed in the people of the country, who make no distinction between Hellenic and Byzantine remains—between a classical temple and a monastir or church; but they told us there were many ruins a few miles to the north-east of the lake.

We returned to the *dervent*, as wet as drowned rats, reaching that miserable place about an hour before sunset. We made a large wood fire in the coffee house, and having brought no change with us, we dried our clothes while we wore them. It was too late to think

* Pococke, who speaks of its immense carp, says that in his time they fished the lake in "boats hollowed out of one piece of wood."

Sad as are the descriptions of the state of the country given by this truthful old traveller, I never found myself on his track without seeing that his *bad* had become *worse*. He speaks with rapture of the beauty and fertility of the country along the south side of the Sabanjah; it exceeded everything he had seen; there were no stones in it! Now it exhibits nothing but stones and boulders brought down by the mountain torrents, and wild tangled woods!

† Pococke was here in 1740; Mr. D. Morier in 1809; Col. Macdonald Kinneir in 1814: but these travellers kept a straight course, and did not diverge to the north of the lake towards the Euxine.

of returning to Nicomedia by such roads, and as the café was the lodging-place of five or six Turkish irregulars, and a mere baraque with a roof by no means water-tight, we went across the way to the backal's, and took possession of a room over the shop. It was a small room, with a very creaky floor, and with windows which had no sashes; but it was tolerably clean, and had a tiled roof impervious to the rain, which continued as if it meant to cease never. The backal (a Greek) made a bright wood-fire for us, and gave us a rice soup, a boiled fowl, and some first-rate raki. We measured the comforts of a night's lodging by fleas or no fleas, bugs or no bugs. Here there were none. We kept the fire burning all night, and, under similar circumstances—in such damp places—I would earnestly recommend all travellers to do the same. Judging from past experience, in Turkey and in other countries, I should say that, even in hot weather, a fire ought to be kept up at night where one sleeps: it may be unpleasant, but it is almost sure to keep off the malaria fiend. With good wood fires at night, I have slept at Vico di Pantano, at Pæstum, in the Pontine Marshes, and on the skirts of the Tuscan Maremme, in the perilous months, and without feeling the malaria.

The next morning we were up by times. The tempest of rain was over; the sky was without a cloud; the sun was shining out beautifully, and a beautiful woodland scenery was all around us. We were in the heart of a wood, with the lofty, wooded Ghieuk Dagh, or Heaven Mountain, above our heads. The trees were waving in the morning breeze, shaking off the wet of yesterday and last night; the torrents, streamlets, and

runnels were dashing, racing, babbling, and glittering in the bright morning light; the few cocks of the village were crowing and singing out cheerily; some greyhounds of a spoiled Angora breed were skipping about the backal's door, and the few irregulars of the guard, in the old Turkish costume, and with their bright turbans —reds, greens, and yellows—shining in the sun, were seated cross-legged in front of the café smoking their first tchibouques.

We mounted our hacks, and rode slowly back to the imperial cloth manufactory, where we were again most heartily welcomed by the good Belgians. M. Brixhé, the director, was away with his family at Ismitt, *all of them being sick.* The men took us over the works, and showed us everything. The work-rooms were lofty, very spacious, airy, well lighted, and really excellent; but very little work was doing in them. At most two or three dozen of Armenians were assembled, and they seemed half asleep. There was first-rate machinery from England, France, and Belgium, but the mass of it was English, and fitted up here on the spot by Englishmen. There was a most splendid water-power—water enough to drive a hundred factories—and there was an English iron hydraulic wheel of large diameter, which set all the machinery in motion, and was a beautiful object in itself, and admirably fitted up. The Belgians, much to their credit, had kept this fine wheel in admirable order. But all praise must end with the building and the machinery. Everything was as execrably managed as at Zeitoun Bournu and Macri-keui. There was no system unless it was the system of *gas-pillage.* Badly as I had thought of the conduct of the

Dadians, I was scarcely prepared for what I heard in this place. They were constantly doing and undoing, building up and knocking down, and then building up again as before; they shut their ears to all sensible and honest advice, telling every honest man, "This is not your affair—this does not concern you!" Before they built the great Fabrica here, they well knew themselves, and were repeatedly told by others, that the air was pestilential, that the natives could not live in this place, and much less Europeans; that there were several places in the neighbourhood (with good water power) that were perfectly healthy: but *here* they would have it, and *here* they erected their pest-house. The expenditure of the Sultan's money had been enormous. Besides the separate lodging-house for the Europeans, they had built an immense barrack of a place for the accommodation of the Armenian working people, and they had traced out a regular or irregular village; for this place was to be in brief time another Leeds, the great cloth manufacturing town of the Ottoman Empire! But there was no keeping together a regular resident population; the Armenians would not sleep here in the summer and autumn; long before the approach of night they all ran away to the villages on the hills. For six months in the year the great barrack was useless; and even in the winter time the people preferred their own villages. In all there were said to be about 150 Armenians, men and boys, employed about the Fabrica, but very few of these had learned the mystery of cloth making, and as most of them had mulberry gardens or vineyards, or a field or two of corn land, and as they were irregularly paid, they were

very irregular in their attendance. Eleven good fulling machines were sent out from England, but there was only *one* fulling machine (French) at work. The others were broken, scattered, and could hardly be fitted up at all. The fuller—a decent Frenchman—with his one machine, could not keep pace with the looms, and he had been imploring for many months that they would get him other fulling machines.

They keep on spinning wool and weaving cloth; and when the cloth is made, as only a small portion of it can be fulled, the mass of it is thrown into a damp magazine. Land rats and water rats swarm. The grease in the unfulled cloth attracts the destructive vermin, and the rats eat the cloth and make their nests in the very heart of the unpressed bales. "You cannot take up a piece of cloth without finding it defiled and gnawed, and with holes through and through it." So said the intelligent Frenchman, who would have given us ocular demonstration if the stench of that depôt had not driven us from the door. In his own mind he had formed twenty different theories about the Armenian management; but he had given them all up, and had, indeed, given up the whole subject as an unfathomable mystery. He could allow a great deal for ignorance, obstinacy, and conceit, but this would not carry him through the question, for blunders were committed that no amount of ignorance could account for: he could also allow a great deal for roguery and gaspillage, but then so many things were done which looked like a gaspillage upon themselves—so much was like roguery committing suicide upon itself.

Most of the cloth manufactured was coarse, porous,

wretched stuff; when turned into soldiers' cloaks or jackets there was no wear in it. The whole quantity was of no amount: four years ago the Fabrica was to clothe the whole regular army, but it never had clothed a fiftieth part of it. Now and then the Sultan and some of his household got a blue frock coat a-piece out of the Fabrica, but this fine cloth cost its weight in gold—or more. "It would be very odd," said one of the Belgians, "if we could not turn out a piece of the finest cloth occasionally, seeing that we have the best machinery of England and France, that the finest of wools for the purpose are imported, *viâ* Trieste, from Saxony and the best wool countries, and that we, Frenchmen and Belgians, work it. You could not call it Turkish cloth—it was only cloth made in Turkey by European machinery, out of European material, and by good European hands. We made it as the English before us made it. As for the Turks, we must leave them out of the question, for they hate regular labour and will not work here; but take these Armenians; they could not make fine cloth—and it will be long before they learn—and leave this machinery in their hands without any Franks, and in a month they would spoil and ruin it all. They have no order, no neatness or cleanliness, no mechanical skill."

The Frenchman and an old German were fully sensible of the absurdity of attempting to force on manufactures in a most fertile country where agriculture was in its very earliest infancy. With the money which has been already spent in this place alone the Sultan might have drained these stagnant waters, might have cut down the thick belt of wood and underwood by the

lake, might have made a distribution of proper ploughs and other agricultural implements, might have restored this rich and beautiful plain to perfect salubrity. Again I must say that it made the heart sick and sad to see these profligate, blundering proceedings of the Armenians—for they, and not the Turks, are the fathers of these manufacturing establishments, and the sole directors of them.

Where there was so much machinery, and so much breakage (at the hands of the clumsy Armenians), occasional castings in iron and brass were necessary. Instead of having this work done at Constantinople the Dadians had resolved to have it all done here on the spot, and therefore they were now building a *wooden* structure to serve as a foundry, close to the wooden lodging-house of the Belgians—so close that there was scarcely room to pass between them. And this in a place where ground was of no value, where all the ground, to the extent of at least 200 acres, appertained to the imperial Fabrica!! The foundry, if it ever be finished, will take fire some day, and the two contiguous wooden buildings will blaze together. "*Celà brûlera! Un beau jour le tout brûlera! et c'est ce qu'il a de mieux à faire!*" So said an honest Belgian in the bitterness of his soul. Water there was in abundance; but there was not even a Turkish fire-engine, or so much as a fire-bucket on the premises. Mother earth covers the blunders and rascalities of quack-doctors; a sudden conflagration here, and at Zeitoun Bournu, at Macri-keui, and the other places where they have pretended to establish manufactories, might be favourable to the character of the Armenians.

Besides being bent down by sickness, bad food, bad lodging, and mortal ennui, the Europeans, one and all, were utterly disheartened by the conviction that, as far as utility was concerned, they were doing far worse than nothing. This is a conviction that takes all heart out of a man, and (if lasting) nearly all morality. The very felons that were first sent to our tread-mill—the foes of society, or the men to whom society was a foe—trod the Sisyphus steps with another heart when they knew that their labour was not useless, that the rotations of the wheel tended to a productive labour.

Besides eleven Belgians and the one Frenchman there were now here four Germans—the last but lately arrived. They were bringing out two more Belgians to supply the places of those who died last year. Poor fellows! they little knew what they were coming to. The only European that had escaped the fevers was the Frenchman, who told us that he had dosed himself copiously with raki. Of the men whom we had seen yesterday two were too ill this morning to descend from their village, and three were laid prostrate in the lodging-house. There was not one sound liver among them all! They all looked forward with dread to the hot and autumnal months, saying that if they were so ill now, they must be much worse then! I advised them to put up with pecuniary loss, and to "cut and run" in order to save their lives. Some of them seemed much inclined to take this advice; but others demurred, for if they fulfilled the term of their contract the heavy expenses of the journey back to their own country were to be paid by the Government or

Hohannes Dadian.* I believe that their contract bound them to remain some twelve months longer; and I also believe that if they stayed through the summer and autumn of 1848 half of them must have died there, and the other half have gone home with ruined constitutions.

The Armenians had engaged a Frank doctor to drive away the fevers, which was work rather to be done by a civil-engineer. In the house we found Signor Carones, a very gentlemanly Piedmontese, who was *médecin en chef* to this "Imperial Fabrica." He had not been here long, and he confessed that he was sadly perplexed by the obstinate and dreadful intermittents which would not yield to the sulphate of quinine.

The only visible woman now about the place was an ancient Greek washerwoman who looked very like a witch. By some magical means the poor people contrived to give the hekim and us a very good meal.

At 2·30 P.M. we mounted our horses to ride with the doctor to Nicomedia. This time we did not wade through the river, but crossed it by a staggering wooden bridge, near to which stood a café and a Turkish corn-mill. The imperial courier from Bagdad, with his letter-bags, suridjees, and three or four sadly stained travellers, was halting at the coffee-house. The kind and polite Piedmontese amused us with accounts of some of his journeys in the country, his distant visits to sick Turks, and his various adventures. He had seen little but an increase of misery and a decrease of Mussulman population. He spoke quite affectionately of the simple, honest, docile peasantry.

* *These poor men had been left nine months without any pay.*

We entered Nicomedia at 4 P.M., just as a procession of dancing-boys, followed by a troop of the governor's cavasses or policemen, came down the principal street and entered a coffee-house near the lower cemetery, wherein they were to make their revolting exhibitions. "The march," said an indignant Greek, "is not quite complete; the governor's cavasses are in the rear, but the governor himself and his kadi ought to be at the head!" We walked about the town and heard sad complaints of the conduct of the men-catchers who had started from the place yesterday morning. Though the Tanzimaut abolishes the ancient system of purveyance, and strictly forbids any soldier or officer to take what he does not pay for, and though money is given for travelling expenses, officers and men had helped themselves at Ismitt to whatever they wanted, and had gone away without paying anybody. Then they had pressed into their service so many poor men and their horses to carry them up to Adar Bazaar. Half of the horses would be lamed; and what security was there for payment? If the military could behave thus, so near the capital, one may fancy the little restraint they would put upon themselves when far away in the interior.

On Tuesday the 18th of April, at 8 A.M., we set out by water for the Imperial *Silk* Factory at Herek-keui. Our boatmen were Armenians, and very sullen, dirty, and awkward fellows. About half a mile from the town we landed to visit the neglected grave of an Hungarian Prince and (qy.?) *Patriot.* We walked through some Greek market-gardens, which were less slovenly than most we had seen. We passed some ruins of the Lower Empire—low brick arches, which

apparently had once formed a circular inclosure. The place had probably been an amphitheatre. Just beyond these ruins, at the distance of half a mile from the gulf, was the Armenian cemetery, on a flat pleasant meadow, dotted with small groves of oaks and plane-trees. It was a choice Necropolis. The views all round were beautiful and exceedingly picturesque; there was the steep conical town with the ivied ruins of its fortress; there were chiftliks and villas, and Turkish burying-grounds with their cypresses, on the sides of the hills, which formed a curve behind the meadow; and the panorama was completed by the blue gulf and the grand wooded mountains on the opposite side. In this Armenian cemetery was the Hungarian's grave. It was covered by a coarse marble slab, prone with the earth, battered by time and weather, and so covered with dirt as to be in part illegible. I could make out only some splendid armorial bearings and quarterings at top, and the following words:—

EMERIUS THÖKO DE KESMARK
HUNGARIÆ' TRANSYLVANIÆ PRINCEPS
* * * * * *
TOTA EUROPA CELEBRIS
POST VARIOS FORTUNÆ CASUS
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
HUNGARIÆ LIBERTATIS SPEM
EXULE * * * FINEM FECIT
IN ASIÆ,
AD NICOMEDINENSEM BITHYNIÆ
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
OBIIT ANNO SALUTIS 1705
ÆTATIS 47. DIE 13 SEPTEMBRIS.

It was not until I looked into good old Pococke that I was at all aware that this *Thöko* de Kesmark was the *Tekeli* of history and Opera song.* This unhappy hope of liberty and of Hungary was the lord of serfs

* Pococke says: "Near this Bay of Nicomedia lived the famous Prince Tekeli, or Thökoly, at a country-house, which he called 'THE FIELD OF FLOWERS.' He was buried in the Armenian cemetery at Ismitt, and there is a Latin epitaph on his tomb."

Archdeacon Coxe ('History of the House of Austria'), after mentioning the defeat of Tekeli and the Turks in his text, says in a foot-note:—

"From this period, Tekeli passed the remainder of his active and enterprising life in obscurity. As the emperor refused either to restore his confiscated property, or grant him an equivalent, the Sultan Mustapha conferred on him Ley or Caransebes, and Widdin, as a feudal sovereignty. Mahomet, the successor of Mustapha, transferred him to Nicomedia, where he for a time gave him a splendid establishment; but he was afterwards neglected by the Turkish government, lodged in one of the vilest streets of Constantinople, among Jews and the meaner sort of Armenians, and receiving only a paltry allowance for himself and his family, was even reduced to carry on the trade of a vintner. It is singular that this extraordinary man, after having roused the Protestants of Hungary in defence of their doctrines, should have embraced the Catholic religion towards the close of his life. He lamented to Prince Cantemir the caprice of his fortune, which had urged him to abandon his lawful sovereign, to throw himself under the protection of infidel princes, whose inclinations were as wavering and changeful as the crescent in their arms. He fell a sacrifice to chagrin, and dying at Constantinople in 1705, in about his fiftieth year, was buried in the Greek cemetery, the place appropriated for the interment of foreign ambassadors.—SACY, tom. ii. p. 499; 'History of Europe,' 1706, p. 472."

"His death was preceded by that of Helena, his once beautiful wife. She deserves to be commemorated for the unshaken firmness with which she bore her own misfortunes and those of her family, and her invariable attachment to her husband in exile and disgrace. After defending the castle of Mongatz with great gallantry, she was overpowered by the forces of the imperialists, and to save her own life, and the property of her family, resigned herself and her children to the protection of the court of Vienna. She herself was thrown into a convent, and her children educated under the auspices of the Emperor. She was exchanged for General Heuster, and permitted to join her husband, though compelled to abandon her children; and from that period she shared the fortunes and vicissitudes of his fate, and died in 1703.—'History of Europe for 1703,' p. 494."

There are at least two errors in these statements. Tekeli died not at Constantinople, but at Nicomedia; and he was buried not in the Greek

and a member of a fierce faction which allied itself with the Turks and fought against the House of Austria, then the Eastern bulwark of Christendom. If these Hungarian Magnates had succeeded in carrying out their mad scheme, if they had beaten, instead of being conquered by, Prince Eugene, Hungary would now be in the wretched condition of Moldavia and Wallachia. I could have little sympathy for such a patriot, but I could feel for the melancholy fate of the man. After defeat he had fled to Constantinople; his allies the Turks, after much harsh treatment, had relegated him in this unhealthy corner of Asia, and no doubt the endemic fever and loneliness and desolateness of heart had sent him to the grave in the prime of manhood. Perhaps it was some consolation to him that he was ending his days where Hannibal had finished his, and that he would be buried on the same lonely coast as the great Carthaginian. Two or three years ago the grave of the exile was visited by an Hungarian nobleman, who called himself a descendant of Kesmark, and who exhibited a great deal of sentimentality over it. According to our rogue Giovanni, who was then his drogoman, he bathed the marble with his tears. He

cemetery there, but in the Armenian cemetery at Nicomedia. His age, as set forth in the tombstone, was forty-seven.

He suffered great poverty and hardships under Mustapha II.; but it appears that, when that Sultan had been deposed and succeeded by his brother Achmet III., he was granted a chiftlik at Nicomedia.

As Tekeli and his countryman and associate Prince Ragottsky were treated by the Turks in the last century, so will Kossuth and his companions (if they stay in the country) be treated in this!

Bem and the other patriots who have renounced their religion with him may find employment in Sultan Abdul Medjid's army; but this will not last. Notwithstanding their decay of religious feeling, the Turks *suspect and hate renegades.*

would have done much better if he had raised the dishonoured slab from the earth, and had erected a railing round it to secure it from further violation. Hard by there was a well-head made of an ancient pedestal. Such fragments were not uncommon.

At 9·45 we re-embarked. We kept close under the land on the north side of the gulf. In the days of the Bithynian kings the region was one thickly-peopled garden: now, in five hours, all that we saw was one small miserable village and three detached farms. Except about Nicomedia this side of the gulf was very bare of trees. At about a quarter before 3 P.M. we stepped on shore at the Imperial Silk Manufactory, and were greeted by the Piedmontese doctor, who had ridden down on horseback, and by a hearty, most hospitable Lombard, one of the directors, who took us to his house, which stood near the beach. Here we found another doctor, a Lombard, and his wife, a neat, lively little Sardinian. This Lombard hekim had charge of the health of all the people employed here.

The Silk Factory was a large, tall, and rather stately building, and, all together, the works and dependencies formed quite a village, running parallel with the gulf and standing on an irregular but rather narrow flat between the sea and the mountains. There was one really tolerable street, and there was a shorter and narrower one between it and the water. In the better street there were long rows of dwelling-houses for the superintendents, the hekim or doctor, the draftsmen, the engineers, and working people; and these houses, though low, were substantially built. Here there was the inestimable benefit of good air: malaria fevers, I was

assured, were unknown; and the Europeans all looked healthy. The spot is too distant to be affected by the great *foyer* of malaria above Nicomedia, and it has no stagnating waters in its vicinity, the stream which sets the works in motion descending in a steep bed from calcareous rocks close at hand, and having a rapidly declining bed and a free outlet to the gulf. Indeed there is scarcely a spot where the water could make a lodgment. The Lombard hekim was hipped by the dulness of the place, and but for his lively little Sardinian sposa would have been quite desperate. Before these establishments were made there was nothing here but a Turkish post-house, with a stable and two miserable hovels attached. The village of Herek-keui, which lends its name to the place, is up in the hills and quite out of sight. It is one of the successors to the innumerable *Heracleas* of the ancient Greeks. But the ancient Heraclea at this place was a maritime city and had a port on the gulf; it was here that the Goths in the third century had left their fleet of boats, and it was to this Heraclea that they brought, by land, the great spoils they had made at Nicomedia, Nice, Prusa, and all the best parts of Bithynia. Thus the Turkish village in the hills must first have borrowed its name from the city on the coast, a part of the site of which is no doubt occupied by the present new village. The many fragments scattered about denote that the ancient place must have been of importance. These remains would be far more considerable if Heraclea had not been on the edge of the water and so near to Constantinople. Near the lodging houses of the workmen there was an ancient sarcophagus, large and massy,

which, emptied long since of its illustrious bones and ashes, was doing duty as a common water-trough. The Turkish village of Herek-keui, though so near, was so inaccessible that hardly any of the Europeans had gone up to it: the jovial Lombard, our host, had made the journey once and had promised himself never to attempt it again; he described it as being inhabited solely by Turks, who occupied in all about 100 tumble-down houses and hovels, and who were not unfriendly or bad people—*mà d' una povertà! Una miseria!*

Wherever we saw a plan which had originated with Riza Pasha, it was more free of flaws than any other of the numerous new projects, and had more common sense about it. He may have been a more daring rogue than his rival Reschid, but, for administrative and business talent and activity and energy, Reschid was not to be compared with him. The merinos sheep project was Riza's. Riza selected this healthy spot at Heraclea, and first set up these works. Preferring the useful to the ornamental, he intended the works for a cotton factory, and nearly all the machinery originally set up was for spinning and weaving cotton. It was a private matter, a secret, a "little go" of his own; but when Riza was declining, and the Sultan came to learn about these great buildings, and was angry thereat (wondering how he could have come by the money), Riza made a present of the whole to his Highness or Imperial Majesty. So runs the story; but there are various editions of it. The English cotton machinery, bought, fixed, and fitted up by Englishmen, at an immense expense, was then all pulled down, and such portions of it as were not destroyed were sent over to

Macri-keui. I have said before, that in this unhappy country one Minister or favourite is almost sure to undo or to neglect what has been done by his predecessor. If the work is not undone or neglected, then it is altered from its original intent and purpose. Then, again, the men who divide favour and authority are almost invariably jealous of each other, and ready to mar a plan in which they ought all to co-operate.

> "Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
> Impatiens consortis erit."*

It being resolved to turn the cotton-mill into a silk factory, other costly machinery was bought in Europe. Hohannes Dadian purchased at Vienna the entire fabric of a German—machinery, materials, designs, and everything as it stood—and he brought out the master of the fabric, his family and workmen, all in a lump, in order that they might make at an immense price at Herek-keui the goods which they had made at a moderate price in Vienna. English, French, German, and Italian machinery was here all huddled together, and none could work it properly except the imported Europeans. Recently some improvements in the making of fancy silks had been announced at Lyons, and, thereupon, the great Hohannes had made a new purchase and had brought out, at a very great expense, a superior French mechanist to fit up this machinery. M. Rivière, from Lyons, was a sensible, very superior man, with the information and manners of a gentleman. He had now nearly completed his task, and was looking forward with much pleasure to his return home. The account he gave me of the

* Lucan.

Armenian mismanagement was most pitiable. "It is," said he, "a mixture of folly and knavery that surpasses comprehension! Then, imagine the folly of setting up such fancy manufactures as these in a country where they do not know how to make a plough!"

Here, too, there was water-power enough to drive fifty factories: the water never fails; it was never known not to be over-abundant; but, to throw away more money, the Dadians must have a steam-engine in case of its falling short; and here stands a prime English engine, put together on the spot by excellent workmen imported *ad hoc* from England. It had never been used, and it never will be used. It was covered with dirt and rust. There was a fine English hydraulic wheel, but it was very far from being kept in such beautiful order as the Belgians at the cloth factory kept theirs; it was dirty and neglected, and I much doubt whether it was often employed. All the looms we saw were hand-looms: of these not more than ten were at work. About 150 spinning-machines and looms were set up, and we were told that this number was to be raised to 300. The Armenians keep adding to the number, although, for want of proper hands and for want of money to pay the working people, they cannot use such as are already set up. The Armenians jealously exclude the Greeks; the rough Armenian peasants are slow in learning, and do not willing remain here, as they are miserably and irregularly paid; the Turks cannot and will not learn, they always want to knock off and smoke pipe! Except four or five men who remained as door-keepers or porters, and a few boys, all the Mussulmans had bolted long ago. Of course

their females cannot be employed in a factory among men. The total number of the Armenians, men, women, and children, was about 150; but we could scarcely see any of them at work. The little that was doing was done by *Europeans*, who were languidly making narrow ribbons wherewith to hang the Sultan's orders or medals to uniform coats, and some broad, stiff ribbons for the Sultan's women. Of Europeans there were now on the spot 40 Germans (15 of them being females), 11 Italians, and 10 French. Though not suffering in health, they were all uneasy or depressed in spirits, complaining of the solitude and barbarism of the place, of the want of good food, of the total want of amusement, of the irregularity of their pay, and of the tricks and blunders they saw daily committed without being able to check them.

The great frame-work, the factory buildings, were, indeed, of very superior quality, and the work-rooms were for the most part vast, airy, and well lighted. They showed us some uncommonly rich fancy and brocaded silks of the very brightest colours, made for *shalvars* for the Sultan's harem, for pantaloons for his chamberlains, eunuchs, and secretaries, and some other rich figured silks for curtains, sofa-covers, &c. All that is produced is sent to the Sultan's palace, where everybody helps himself or herself according to fancy or amount of favour; and then the very little that remains —the stuff which nobody prizes—is sent to the bazaars of Constantinople to be sold for account of the Sultan: The regenerator of the Ottoman Empire is thus made to figure as a retail dealer in gauds and vanities, in things reprobated by the Koran and prohibited to the

use of true Mussulmans. In the bazaars there is a separate shop or warehouse for the sale of these silks, with a regular establishment of cashier, clerks, and shopmen, every man so employed being an Armenian and a connexion or dependent of the Dadians. In wages alone this establishment costs the Sultan about 3000 piastres per month. It is rare that anything is sold, or that anything goes there but refuse: last month they sold in it one pike of figured silk stuff, the price of which might possibly be from 20 to 30 piastres. This fact I learned from an indubitable source, not at Heraclea, but at Constantinople. On the same authority I can state that hardly anything was ever sold in the Sultan's cloth-shop in the bazaars, another establishment costing a large sum monthly! The name of the Sultan's women is Legion, and they have all a passion for finery, and—he being so good-natured and so very generous—they must all be indulged. It was, however, said that the division of the produce of these looms led to frequent and fierce contentions among them—that the arrival of a new bale of silks from Heraclea invariably caused a terrible combustion in the imperial harem.

The designs of some of the pieces we saw were very pretty and tasteful, but they had all been imported. They had now, however, three designers, one being a young and clever Italian, and the two others Germans; and we saw two or three Armenian boys copying ornaments and fancy drawings under their tuition. The Brusa silks, and still less the other silks produced and prepared in the country, were scarcely considered fit for the fine work. A good deal of silk had been imported

from France and Italy, and the best, if not the only good piece-goods that were showed to us were made entirely of European materials and by European hands —the machinery being of course all European. And these were shown to the poor innocent Sultan as proof that his own subjects in his own dominions could rival the productions of Europe! "It will be some time," said M. Rivière, "before Heraclea shall be able to make Lyons tremble or cause uneasiness in Spitalfields. They are throwing away their millions of piastres! This machinery I am fitting up is complicated and delicate. I know it will be broken and spoiled before I am gone a month, and then who is to repair it?"

The unhappy politics of Europe pursued us even to this nook. Disorganizing French principles stared us in the face even at Heraclea; for here we found a *précis* of the doctrines of Fourrier, a copy of Louis Blanc's Socialist Manual, and two or three other Communist books and pamphlets.

Our kind-hearted Comasco, whose name was Angelo Camani, played the part of host quite admirably, considering the limited resources at his command and the baraque of a house he had to live in.

Here were intelligent, unprejudiced men, from various countries, and our friend and companion M. R——, who had seen the greater part of the empire. French, German, Italian, or Levantine Frank, there was but one opinion among them—the empire was going to ruin at an accelerated pace; *the substance was gone already, and the Armenians were finishing the dish by picking the bones.* One man, who had been in every part of European Turkey and in nearly every

corner of Asia from Syria to the Persian border, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean, most solemnly declared that, as far as the Turks were concerned, he had nowhere seen anything but a decreasing population, and towns and villages in decay. He would not admit of an exception. Some places were mentioned as having of late years shown symptoms of reviving prosperity and increasing population. "Go to them," said he, "and you will find that the increase is only among the Christian and Jewish Rayahs."

In the morning we walked with our good-natured host up the steep-ascending valley to the head of the waters, a short walk of scarcely more than ten minutes. The water came out from the side of a rock (something like the fountain of Vaucluse) in a grand volume, and was received in a square artificial basin, the solid masonry of which appeared to be ancient, as did also a part of the conduit which conveyed the stream down to the works. It was a power to delight the heart of Sam Slick; but the greater part of the water was allowed to run to waste down the valley into the gulf.

We left this Imperial Silk Factory at 10.30 A.M., on Wednesday the 19th of April. Landing on the opposite shore at Kara Musal, we examined that town, and waited for the steamer from Constantinople which would carry us up to Nicomedia. It took us nearly two hours to cross the gulf, but the boat was a tub, and our fellows about the worst oarsmen in the world. In the town it was the old story; this place, so pleasant and picturesque without, was filthy in the extreme within; there was a cloaca in every narrow street, and nearly every wooden house was falling asunder.

At 1.20 P.M. the steamboat arrived, and we very gladly embarked in her. We found on board another party of men-catchers, as rough and ragged as the former ones. There were two discharged soldiers from the Imperial guard at Stamboul, both young men, both wofully sick, and in tatters. They were suffering under pulmonary consumption. They were going home: one to Iconium, the other to the neighbourhood of Bagdad. Of a certainty the poor fellows would die on the road; their cough was hollow and most distressing. Among the passengers was another Italian hekim, a clever, enterprising, honest-looking Neapolitan, who hailed from the neighbourhood of Bari, on the Adriatic. He had been thirteen or fourteen years in this country; his head-quarters were at Nicomedia, but he frequently travelled, and his range extended well nigh all over Bithynia. He spoke of the Tanzimaut as a farce, and said that every year the country was getting poorer and poorer. Having some knowledge of classical literature and geography, this Signor Carelli had paid some attention to the comparative geography of Bithynia. He had followed the course of the Sangarius (by its right bank) from the neighbourhood of Kiva to its mouth on the Black Sea; and he said that river was or might easily be made navigable for many miles. According to his account, another river, called the Kara Sou (as one half of the rivers are called by the Turks), issues from the E. end of the Sabanjah lake,* runs a long way parallel with and very near to the Sangarius, and falls into that river some miles

* Mr. William J. Hamilton's map is the only one I have seen where this river, flowing from the east end of the Sabanjah or Sophon Lake, is

above its mouth. He laughed—as we had so often done before—at our maps of Asia Minor. Some of the American missionaries, who had travelled this way, had also told us of a river issuing from the E. end of the Sabanjah and descending towards the Black Sea. This is curious, for there certainly was a stream issuing from the W. end of the lake and descending to the gulf of Nicomedia, joining on its way the waters from the Ghieuk Dagh. This stream was also called Kara Sou, but Turkish names signify nothing, and serve no purpose except to produce confusion by their very sameness. Has the Sabanjah the anomaly of a double outlet? or are the best means of keeping its waters to a proper level and draining the country to be looked for at its E. end?

Another amusing character on board the steamer was a Bokhara trader, who was going through Asia Minor for traffic, and then to the holy city of Mecca for devotion. We observed that he had with him a good stock of tea. This must have been for the use of the pilgrims from the tea-drinking part of Asia. He wore an enormous white turban, baggy Oriental silk trowsers, Eastern papoushes, and a shawl girdle; but over his thoroughly Eastern attire he had put a smart black Taglioni coat, which he had purchased at Pera, and of which he was very proud. He was the strangest-looking daw! We had seen all manner of transitions and minglings of Turkish and Christian, Asiatic and

indicated. Mr. H. says it joins the Sangarius, and that it is called the *Killis*.

Commonly the Greeks and Turks use different names: *Killis* may here be the Greek name of the river.

European, but we had not yet fancied the apparition of a Taglioni coat at Mecca! This Bokhara trader was a very swarthy, dark-visaged, disdainful Mussulman. He had a pipe-bearer, and another servant besides. We reached Nicomedia at 3.15 P.M. The Neapolitan hekim kindly offered us the hospitality of his house, but we were very well at the Greek's.

This town was now said to contain 1500 Turkish, and more than 400 Armenian houses. To us the Armenians seemed to be quite as numerous as the Turks. There were only 30 Jewish families, and not above 80 Greek houses. The Greeks have a large village, all their own, at an hour's distance to the E.; it is called Michalitch, is situated high up the hills, is screened from the lake and the plain by a long rocky ridge which conceals it from sight, and it is considered healthy, while the whole of the city is subject to the worst fevers. Protected by the great Dadians, the Eutychean Armenians were holding up their heads, and looking rather insolent. Of the Protestant converts here I could see or learn nothing. Both Armenians and Greeks were making grand preparations for the Easter festivities. Their priests were bustling about, popping into all the houses, dressing out their churches and looking for good crops of grushes. Each morning that we were at Nicomedia they woke us long before daylight with their clubs and clappers.

On Thursday the 20th of April, at 7.15 P.M., we left Ismitt or Nicomedia. The steamer was crowded, as great numbers were going to keep their Easter in the capital. The dirt and the confusion were alike indescribable. As most of the living cargo were Arme-

nians—as the deck fore and aft was littered by them, there was a stench of garlic wherever we moved. There was a strong muster of the Dadian blood—Barons Artine and Stepāno, distinguished offshoots of the dynasty, and the local managers and paymasters of the works, were there, with their secretaries, pipe bearers, and servants, like a couple of Pashas. No doubt they got glorious pickings! They were unshaved, uncombed, unwashed, unmannerly barbarians, rude and overbearing, and quite as foul in speech as in person. They and their retainers took possession of the cabin to the exclusion of every one else; they domineered over everybody, and the captain of the boat (our old acquaintance in the Ghemlik steamer), Mussulman and Osmanlee as he was, was as obsequious and as fawning as a spaniel before their high mightinesses. Only some Turks from the interior Mashallahed a little in astonishment at the presumption and insolency of these Rayah ghiaours, and at the terrible noise they made. They spread out a grand breakfast below, and ate it like hogs; then they piped, turned into the berths, and slept and snored as though they would snore off the deck; then they woke, piped again, swilled raki, and slept again. When awake they were constantly drinking raki, or bawling "Ghel! ghel!" for their servants. There was a secretary fellow on deck, with a bit of gold embroidery on his coat, and a large thick patent-leather French portfolio strapped to his waist. When out of sight of the two Barons he gave himself great airs; but at their frequent calls he had to run up and down the companion-ladder like a lamplighter. What he carried in his big portfolio I know not; I only know

that it was never unstrapped or opened; he wore it as insignia of office.

To watch the fellows below through the skylight, was a good deal like looking into a den of wild show-beasts. The quantity of raki they were drinking was astounding; but I think that in the end they were all intoxicated. Much of their Turkish was altogether unintelligible to us; but there was scarcely an oath or an obscene term in the language but we heard coming frequently out of their mouths. I could perfectly well understand how well-founded were the complaints of the poor Belgians up at the cloth-factory, who had told us that the grossness and arrogance of these men were unbearable. No tyrant like an emancipated slave!

We reached the Golden Horn at 3.30 P.M. At Pera the weather was quite cold in the evening, and in four days we had a return of sleet and rain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Journey to Adrianople — No Roads — A Speculation in Diligences — The Cholera — A Voyage on the Propontis — Fire at Stamboul — Town of Selyvria — Comfortable Quarters — Population — Decline of the Turks — Forced Abortions — Prosperity of Cephaloniote Greeks — Their Factions — The Greek Bishop and Clergy of Selyvria — Growing Disregard of Religion — Tax-Gatherers — Mosques and Old Churches — Turkish Destructiveness — Holy Fountains — Murders and Robberies — Turkish Justice — Kirk-Klissia — A Pilgrim-ship — Travelling German Tailors — A desolate Coast — Town of Heraclea — Marshes and stagnant Waters — Intense heat, succeeded by chilling Weather — Lonely Coast — Town of Rodostò — Another English Farm! — Price of Land — Armenian Jealousy — Inland Journey — Bulgarian Thieves — Mussulmanized Gipsies — Desolate Country — Baba-Eskissi — Beautiful Bridge — More Robberies and Murders — Great Plain of Thrace — Dreadful Roads — Town of Khavsà and its Ruins — Magnificent Khan dismantled — First View of Adrianople — The Hebrus — Bulgarian Labourers — Adrianople and its Filth — A Great Mollah — Pasha of Adrianople and his Drinking Party — Mr. Edward Schnell and the Village of Kara Atch.

HAVING surveyed Brusa, the best Pashalik in Asia Minor, I now resolved to examine Adrianople, the best Pashalik of Europe. I was told that the active trade in corn and other agricultural produce in the years 1846–7 had done great things as well for this part of European Turkey as for the Danubian Principalities, and I was very positively assured by many, that in the great valley of the Hebrus, or Maritza, I should see a grand developement and a wonderful improvement both in agriculture and in the condition of the people. "Go and see the Maritza and the

country about Adrianople and Demotica," was repeated by several Turks in office, to whom I had lamented that I could discover no progress in farming.

How were we to go? In the preceding autumn, while staying at Brusa, we had seen several announcements in the 'Journal de Constantinople,' that an enlightened and enterprising Armenian Company, greatly to their own honour, and to the inestimable benefit of commerce, civilization, &c., had established a number of commodious diligences which ran from the capital to Adrianople three times a week, making the journey in forty hours. On our return from Asia Minor to Constantinople at Christmas, we found large printed placards in the streets of Galata and Pera, which stated, in various languages, that these diligences were running, and which gave the fares, the number of hours, and other information. They had called in the arts of designing and engraving to give greater éclat to this wonderful novelty: at the head of the placard you saw a very cozy and comfortable carriage rolling along a smooth road, drawn by four horses at the gallop. I asked several persons about these conveyances, and while some said they knew nothing about them, others assured us that they were going and returning regularly. In no one thing could the truth be ascertained in this country without great trouble and long delays. It was not until several weeks had passed that we learned to a certainty that absolutely nothing had been done to mend that road, or rather to make a road (for road there was none); that the whole affair had been the wildest speculation and the most complete failure; that before the wet

weather set in a diligence had once or twice performed the journey in *four* days; that after the first heavy rains, the waters were all out, and some of the bogs so terrible, that it required twenty horses to drag the vehicle out of them; that the last journey had been made, with many accidents and circumstances of difficulty and great distress, in *eight* days; and that this would certainly be the very last journey the diligence company would undertake. A few days after getting this information, I saw the Hellenic Vice-Consul of Adrianople, who had made that dismal journey with his wife in that most inclement winter weather; his description of the trip was quite appalling: they had stuck fast in the mud; they had passed from one slough of despond into another; they had been dragged through torrents, at the imminent risk of being drowned; they had passed two nights on a desolate heath, without any shelter, exposed to snow-storms, and the cutting, rattling winds from the steppes of Tartary; they had been starved by hunger as well as by cold; the vice-consular bones were nearly all dislocated, the vice-consuless arrived at Constantinople dangerously ill!

There was no way of travelling by land except on the wretched post-horses. We preferred going as far as Rodostò by sea. Yorghi, an honest young fellow of Selyvria, who had engaged to accompany us as drogoman and factotum, secured us a passage on board a small Greek sailing vessel as far as Selyvria. She was to start at noonday, and, true to time, we were on board with our light baggage and saddles. She did not move until 4·30 P.M. We were told that we were mad to think of going to Selyvria, as

the cholera was raging there worse than ever plague had done. We had been told as much or more up at Pera: a Frank had ridden through Selyvria a few days ago, and had counted fifty funerals going on at once; all that were not dying were then running away; Selyvria would be deserted by this time; he was quite sure of that! As usual, we suspected some exaggeration; and as the cholera was visibly and alarmingly on the increase in Constantinople and all this neighbourhood (four poor Englishmen had died of it within a week), I thought we might be quite as safe at Selyvria as here. We had just had four days of cold, cloudy weather, with frequent rains; but to-day—Saturday, the 29th of April—the sky was cloudless, the sun warm; and this cheered our spirits.

At last our Greek mariners summoned us on board, and slipping from her moorings at a rotten old wooden jetty, our trim bark presently got out into the current of the Bosphorus, and then into the broad Propontis. The bark was such as St. Paul had sailed in, or quite as primitive; but its picturesquely shaped sails caught the wind well, and, favoured by the current, and a very gentle breeze which scarcely ruffled the water, we glided pleasantly along the lonely shores of Thrace at about the rate of five knots an hour. Our fellow-passengers were two quiet, respectable Turks wearing the picturesque old costume, one thriving Greek from Cephalonia, who told us that he was an *Englishman*, and half a dozen decent Rayah Greeks of Selyvria. One of the Turks performed his evening devotions, and appeared to be wholly absorbed by his prayers;

the other remained sitting cross-legged on the deck, smoking his tchibouque. The Greek sailors, sitting under the tall enarching bow, sang a hymn to the Panagia, and then one or two love-songs. I smoked my pipe in peace and pleasantness; and all things were pleasant enough, except a sour, pungent odour of the white cheese of the country. This cheese (made of ewes' milk) formed the bulk of the little cargoes which the vessel, once or twice each week, carried from Selyvria to the capital. When we were off Ponte Grande, where the coast becomes rather bold, the sky behind us was suddenly reddened, and broad, towering flames were reflected across the smooth Sea of Marmora. It was only another great fire at Stamboul, somewhere near the Seven Towers. We *hoped* our kind Scotch friends would not be burned out.

At 9·30 P.M. we stopped at the village of Pivades to land some sugar and coffee. It was ticklish work getting on shore in the dark, over a rotten old wooden pier, broken and abounding in holes; but we reached a coffee-house on the beach, and inquired for news? The cholera was most fierce yesterday at Selyvria, but there was no cholera at Pivades, and a great many of the Selyvriotes had run hither; the café was full of them, and so was nearly every house in the village.

We took coffee and re-embarked at 10·30 P.M. The wind now freshened, and we ran down to Selyvria in less than an hour. Scrupling to disturb a decent family at this time of the night, we took up our quarters in an Armenian coffee-house near the beach, and turning our saddles into pillows, we slept as usual on the floor.

At an early hour of the following morning we went up the hill to the house of Yòrghi's father, who was hekim-bashi of Selyvria, and one of the most respectable and agreeable men we met with in this country. We had known the son ever since our first arrival at Constantinople, and had had repeated proofs of his honesty, sincerity, truthfulness, high spirit, and affectionate disposition; until I knew his father I could not make out how, in such regions, and with such examples before his eyes, the lad had come by so many good qualities, and had retained such good principles. The doctor's house was most clean and comfortable. He was angry at his son for not having brought us straight to it last night instead of leaving us in the dirty café; but that was no fault of Yorghi.

Cholera had been rather fierce, but was now calm; there had been only one attack yesterday, and the woman was doing well this morning. It broke out on Palm Sunday—the day on which we were at the Sabanjah Lake. Half of the people had really run away to Pivades; but the total number of deaths had been only 25! The doctor had attended every case. The mortality was very small compared with the number of the seizures. The Jews, though the least numerous part of the population, had suffered by far the most attacks, yet only 2 of them had died: there had been more than an average of two cases in every Jewish house, for 170 men, women, and children had been very ill: of 70 Turks affected only 1 died, and of 40 Armenians only 2; the disease had been disproportionately fatal to the Greeks, for out of 41 sick they lost by death no fewer than 20. This curious variety in mortality was not to

be accounted for by situation or topical circumstances; the Greeks, as well as the Armenians and the Jews, lived on the hill, which was well ventilated, and by far the best drained part of the town; the Turks dwelt at the foot of the hill, in an unhealthy hollow between the sea-shore and a choked up stream, with marshes beyond it.

In all there were about 800 houses in Selyvria, of which 180 were Greek, 72 Jewish, about 70 Armenian, 17 Septinsular Greek, and nearly all the rest Turkish. There was not a Bulgarian housekeeper in the place, although a recent French traveller (one of those who have taken up the theory that this branch of the great Slave Family is rising in importance, and ought to be *masters* of European Turkey) affirms that the Bulgarians are becoming numerous at Selyvria.* In the country there were a few Bulgarian shepherds, and some Bulgarian labourers, who generally came down in the spring and returned to their own country above Philipopoli in the autumn: they were the rudest and most barbarous of all the people, and the most addicted to robbery. The population of Selyvria had been considerably increased of late years, but not by Turks. They were decreasing. Our host, who had lived here some eighteen years, and who visited, professionally, all the neighbouring regions for many miles, described the Mussulmans as dying out. No man better knew the horrible practices to which I have so often alluded. While the Greek, the Armenian, and the Jewish quarters were swarming with children, we saw very few in the Turkish quarter. "*Il fatto è, i Turchi son persi nella miseria,*

* 'Les Slaves de Turquie, &c.' Par M. Cyprien Robert. Paris, 1844.

e non vogliono aver figli!" So said the hekim. Agricultural produce for exportation had been nearly doubled within the last few years, and would soon be more than doubled again, but for the want of hands to till the soil, the enormous interest on money, and the want of proper protection for the landed property of Rayahs and English protected Greeks. The rate of interest in these parts, with the best landed security, was 2 per cent. a month, and 20 per cent. a year. There were 17 Cephaloniotes or Anglo-Greeks settled in the town, some of them having wives and families. They were active, intelligent, enterprising, thriving men, but much given to cabal and intrigue, and altogether inclining in character to the Greeks of the Lower Empire. Few as they were, they were split into two fierce factions, and as now, and also on my return from Adrianople, I had some intercourse with both, I found it difficult to preserve my neutrality and avoid being involved in their quarrels. They had all come very poor into the country, and most of them not long ago. At first they acted as brokers or collectors of corn, maize, &c., up the country. Then they began to lend money at interest to the beggared farmers, and to buy up produce in detail, on their own accounts. There was now not a place between Selyvria and Baba-Eskissi, or between Selyvria and Kirk-Klissia, which they did not occasionally visit, and in which they had not more or less business. Boldly relying on our last commercial treaty with the Porte, which stipulates that all trade and industry shall be as open to British subjects as to the subjects of the Sultan, and bullying the Turks with the greatness and might of the British embassy, they had

opened ovens, and were baking and selling good bread in spite of the esnaff or corporation of bakers. Nearly every visible improvement in the town was to be traced *directly* to this small colony of British protected Greeks of the Ionian Islands. They had set in motion the Rayah farmers who had increased the agricultural produce. They had built near the water's edge some good stone magazines for holding their corn, maize, linseed, etc., and they were now building others. They occupied the best houses in the town, and their wives and children were neatly, and—on Sundays and holidays—elegantly dressed. "If we had English law here," said one of them; "if the country were in possession of an English army, we would all grow very wealthy in no time; we would bring good labourers from the Ionian Islands; we would farm these waste lands, we would change the whole appearance of the country, which is now little better than a desert; but we can do nothing of this sort with the Turks. They will not let us hold land in our own name." One of them, however, had bought, in the name of his wife, a Greek of Selyvria and a Rayah subject, a very extensive chiftlik near Heraclea, and last year he had got some good crops off it, and had sold the produce at a good price. This was old Sotiri Macri, who passed for a very rich man, and was the head of one of the factions. The head of the other faction had built himself a very comfortable and really pretty house, and had furnished it almost luxuriously, with rich Turkish carpets, French chairs and tables, sofas, sideboards, and chiffoniers. Nay, this aspiring Cephaloniote had even bedsteads in his best bedrooms—real, substantial, nicely varnished, French iron-bedsteads.

We gazed with astonishment at these rarities, of which he was very proud, as he well might be.

They all spoke with contempt or anger of the low, ignorant, rapacious Greek clergy of the town, who did nothing but make broils and plunder the people.

We had many amusing stories about this loose, degraded priesthood. When the cholera broke out, instead of staying to comfort the sick and inter the dead, they were the very first to run away to Pivades. Before taking his departure, the despotos or bishop, with his pastoral staff, thrashed some women of ill fame in the public streets of Selyvria, saying that it was their wickedness that had brought the awful visitation upon the town. The women said that *he beat them because they had refused to give him money.* He was a terrible man, this burly Greek bishop of Selyvria; tall, big, and with a very big voice and a most passionate temper, he was quite an Abbé Watteville. He was always using his crozier, like a quarter-staff, on people's heads or shoulders. Whenever his flock was backward in payments, he thrashed them in the church. He made it rain excommunications—he was always excommunicating somebody, or taking off the curses of the church for grushes. He excommunicated one man for not inviting him to a feast; and he hurled the same spiritual thunderbolt at the head of another who had sold some fish in the market which he wanted for his own table. Our host the hekim, a Catholic from the islands of the Archipelago, had a few years ago taken for his second wife a young Rayah Greek of Pivades (an excellent little woman, an admirable housekeeper, and an exemplary wife and mother), and the despotos had instantly

excommunicated the bride. At first she was very, very unhappy; she was afraid that all her own people would forsake her, and that it would fare ill with her hereafter; but the doctor would not bribe the bishop, her relatives and friends stood by her in spite of the interdict, and she was now quietly subsiding into the faith of her husband, who was no fanatic. Only a few weeks ago there had been a forced marriage, and a forced consummation—all effected by the Greek priests and the despotos, who finished the business by cudgelling the unwilling bride, locking the door upon her and the bridegroom, and putting the key in his pocket. We saw the poor girl during our stay, the very image of wretchedness and despair; she loved a young fellow who was very handsome, but very poor; his ill-visaged rival was rich and had bribed the priesthood. By the canons of the Greek Church the bishops must be celibatarians, and the inferior clergy monygamists. A priest of this place lost his wife, and, like Papas Lollio, who turned brigand, he wanted to marry another. For a good round sum the despotos allowed him to cut off his beard, marry, and turn barber. Another priest was not quite so lucky in his re-matrimonial proceedings, having been seized and exiled to a horrible place. He had attempted to cheat the bishop, pretending that his dead wife and live wife were one and the same person; that his original spouse had never died or been buried at all, but had merely made a long journey which had much altered her personal appearance. Admission into holy orders was *sold* to the most illiterate men and often to the greatest scamps. But everything in the Church, from the Patriarchate downwards, was bought

and sold. Not long ago the bishop, being on a journey through his diocese to see what he could devour, made a priest of a backal's son, who could not read, and who had no inclination to learn. The price paid by the villager was 1500 piastres, or little more than 14*l.* of our money. The son soon repented of his bargain, and wanted to unmake himself. "Give me 500 piastres more," quoth the bishop. The money was paid, and from being a priest the young man returned to keep a chandler's shop. A gardener of Selyvria, a man forty years old, totally illiterate, and a terrible drunkard, lately bought himself into the priesthood, and was now levying contributions on the people. Dispensations and absolutions, even for the most heinous crimes, are constantly on sale. Quite recently, in a Greek village near Selyvria, a man killed his own brother. The murderer went to Constantinople, and paid 1000 piastres to the patriarch, and the patriarch gave him an absolution in writing; this he brought to Selyvria, together with 500 piastres for the bishop, and then the absolution was publicly read in the church: the murderer paid a small sum to his brother's widow, and was now free and unmolested, the Turks taking no notice whatever of the murder.

All this is attended with most pernicious moral consequences; and the Greeks here are beginning to couple a disregard of religion with their disrespect for their clergy.

Mussulmans and Rayahs all were complaining of a dreadful increase of taxation. Municipal funds were taken from the town and applied by government to other purposes. Certain sums were annually allotted

to mend the rough roads and keep the bridges in repair; these monies had been appropriated by government that *never spent a piastre on roads or bridges.* It was the same with other communal charges. For the protection of rural property the town paid so many thousand piastres per annum for the maintenance of a sort of *garde champêtre.* The government took this money, engaging to defray that expense and improve the guard. The first year they did appoint and pay a few men, but the next year they did nothing of the sort, nor had they done anything since. The town now paid the tax to government, and had to hire and pay the guard besides. The Sultan's tithe on lambs and kids was farmed out, and these speculators were excessively rapacious and unjust. They had been demanding the tithe not merely on the lambs dropped this season, but also on the ewes and rams. Petitions had been sent to Constantinople, but no redress had been obtained.

The situation of the upper town is fine, and would be very beautiful if the neighbouring hills were not so bare of trees. The whole of the ancient town stood on the mount, and was surrounded by strong lofty walls, of which, as restored during the Lower Empire, great masses remain. The Turks call all this upper town the Hissar or Castle; but the real Castle, occupying the site of the Acropolis, was on a broad flat at the summit of the hill. Up there, the walls and battlements, built in the Middle Ages, but chiefly with ancient material, are almost entire; and at sunset, and in the dusk of the evening, when armies of bats were on the wing, and owls hooting in the ivied towers, and cucuvajas wailing and flitting all about, the scene was

romantic and most melancholy. Within this inclosure were the ruins of a Greek church, containing some marbles which had evidently belonged to an ancient temple. The church was square below, rounding away into a dome or cupola above, just like the Turkish mosques, which, internally, are but copies of Byzantine architecture. The dome had fallen in, or, what is more probable, had been broken in by the destructive Mussulmans. To the north of this ruined church there was an immense mass of old wall on the edge of the lofty cliff overhanging the sea. The view across the Propontis was magnificent. Here, on this fair elevated esplanade, stood a town that was *old* in the days of Herodotus. Destroyed by war, this Thracian Selyvrium had several successors, each in turns furnishing materials for the construction of another. Some Greek inscriptions stuck into the present walls appear to be of a date subsequent to the conquest of the country by the Romans; others are of the Lower Empire. Over one of the five gates is an inscription of the ninth century, bearing the name of the Empress Theodora, the wife of Theophilus, who is believed to have built the church. When Mahomet II. burst into Constantinople, it was to Selyvria that crowds of the dismayed Greeks fled, as to the nearest place of refuge.

On part of the area of the Acropolis, and under the shadow of the stern massive walls of the Lower Empire, was the filthy Jewish quarter, where the wooden houses were all falling to pieces, and where everybody appeared to be very poor. The children, however, were very numerous, and some of them very pretty. Lower down, and at the opposite side of the old town, we visited the

Hissar Jami, an old Greek church turned into a mosque at the conquest, and now, like several other mosques in the town, abandoned by the decreasing Turks as a place of worship. The conquerors had run up a minaret at one of the angles. Little else was necessary, when altar and screen had been removed, and pictures covered over with plaster and whitewash, to convert a Christian church into a Mussulman temple. In the course of our travels we saw many old churches thus appropriated, where the Turks had given themselves no toil or trouble except merely to add one or two minarets. A number of Greeks followed us to the spot. An old woman said, with deep feeling, "This church belonged to Christ, to the Virgin, and to us, and *now*——! But we shall have it again! The Turks cannot keep it; they make no use of it for religion; the Turks are going out!" * It was an exceedingly interesting specimen of Greek Middle-Age architecture, built chiefly of the flat Roman brick, and having at its east end three curious circular projections, and very curious, small, round-headed arches. The crypt was much more extensive than the church, and most admirably built of Roman brick. It was formed of a succession of arches, which, if left to themselves, would endure for ever; but a savage, senseless destruction had been at work, and the crypt was encumbered with rubbish and filth. On the floor of the mosque or church above, some Turks were drying heaps of flowers of the marsh-mallow, of which they make some medicinal decoction.

* The Mussulmans, well aware of these feelings and hopes, very reluctantly show to a Christian any mosque that has been a *church*. Hence the difficulty of obtaining admittance into Santa Sophia at Constantinople.

There was a narrow zone of cultivation round the town, and beyond that a wilderness—a succession of undulating downs, without a house, or a hut, or a single tree. In the midst of the town there were some gardens and trees, and tall cypresses. About ten years ago, when Turkish troops were stationed here, a tasteful Bimbashi planted some hundreds of trees, to form a pleasant avenue from the south suburb of the town to the long bridge. The trees took root, and, while he was here, flourished; but as soon as the Bimbashi was removed, the destructionists began to cut them down, and now not a stick remained. At that side of Selyvria there is a small stone bridge of three arches, across a stream which was now stagnant; and a little farther on there is a very long stone bridge of thirty-two arches, which crossed two stagnant streams and a broad marsh, covered with deep water in winter-time. Both bridges are rough and slovenly, but strong. At the edge of the town, a little above the smaller bridge, in a foul, damp, unhealthy place, the Greeks had an *agiasma*, or holy fountain, which they held in great reverence, celebrating an annual festa on the spot. The Turkish fanatics amused themselves by polluting the place in all manner of ways, and by throwing dead dogs into the holy fountain; but the Mussulmans also had a fountain which they much venerated, and the water of which they preferred to all other; and there were Greek fanatics as well as Turkish, and generally the Greeks are prone to *vendetta*. The Mussulman fountain was at the side of a bank a little beyond the long bridge, in a lonely place. One dark night some *palikari* threw the stripped body of a dead man into the fountain. Whether they had

murdered him themselves, or whether they found him after he had been murdered by others, was never precisely known; but the first Turk that went to draw water on the following morning at the fountain, found its mouth choked by the naked corpse! He retreated with horror, and from that time no Mussulman would drink of the polluted stream.

It happened now and then in this neighbourhood that an honest man got a shock to his nerves by finding a poor fellow with his throat cut, or with his head taken fairly off. Honest men's nerves, however, are not very sensitive in these parts: people get accustomed to everything. Some two years ago, Yorghi, then a mere stripling, being out shooting, entered a quiet little valley opening upon the sea, at the distance of three or four miles from Selyvria. He found there a donkey browsing all alone. A little farther on, his dog stopped and barked at something in a bush. Approaching the spot, he saw a rough brown coat, such as is usually worn by Bulgarians. The dog now barked fearfully; and Yorghi, going behind the bush, found first a man's head, and then, at some distance, a human body. He clearly made out that the murdered man was a Bulgarian, but he did not give up his sport: he continued shooting until sunset, and when he reached home he told his father of the rencontre. The hekim went to the Turkish governor, who heard the story with great indifference, and said that they had better not make any stir about it. The next day some men were sent to the valley to dig a hole, and bury head and body together, and bring in the poor ass; and that being done, no further notice was taken of the murder by the Turks: yet it was ascer-

tained, almost to a certainty, that the victim had been working at a neighbouring chiftlik, had purchased an ass, and was returning home with five thousand piastres in his girdle, and that the murderer was a Turk who was still employed at the same farm, and who had previously made himself notorious along the country side. There were people who had seen the fierce Turk following the Bulgarian from the chiftlik.

Here, in Europe, we heard of more robberies and murders in a day than came to our ears in Asia Minor in a month. A very devil, in the shape of a khodjà, or Turkish schoolmaster, had recently taken to the road with two comrades, and was robbing *con vigore e rigore*. The trio were haunting the woods between Selyvria and Kirk-Klissia. Some time ago a Mussulman had been found, shot through the body, and cold dead, in those woods, which are never altogether free from bad subjects. But this man had not fallen among thieves; he had been dispatched by another Mussulman of Kirk-Klissia, to whom he had given some mortal offence. The enmity, the rancour between the two, was known to the whole town. But the murderer was a Mussulman, and *poor*. So it was resolved to fix the crime upon a Christian and a Greek Rayah who was *rich*. After several weeks had passed, they selected a quiet, respectable Greek, who, on account of his prosperity, had become an object of envy with his Tchorbajees, or primates. The poor Hadji, at the time of the murder, was absent on business: he could bring people to swear that he was 120 miles off, at Philipopoli. But these witnesses were Christians, whose evidence could not be taken against that of true believers, who, being hired

for the purpose, swore that they had seen the Hadji enter the woods with a gun on his shoulder the day the Turk was found dead. After a dreadful imprisonment and long suffering, the poor Hadji saved his life; but when he had paid the blood-money to the family of the deceased, and discharged all the claims made upon him by the Turkish courts of law and the Turkish governor, and his own priests, all the substance, for which he had toiled and traded many years, was gone, and he came out of his prison a pauper.

Our host, the doctor, had lived two years in Kirk-Klissia, which is about twenty-six hours from Selyvria, and a very large town for this country, containing about 3000 houses, of which 2000 are Greek, 50 or 60 Jewish, and some 800 occupied by Turks or by Bulgarians—for here a good many Bulgarians (seldom stationary below Philipopoli) have become resident proprietors, and have obtained some little prosperity.

In the little bay of Selyvria there was an Hellenic brig, which had been a noted pilgrim-ship, and had carried many Hadjis down to the Holy Land. The Greek skipper had made money by the pilgrims, and had now turned timber-merchant. He had brought over trunks of trees, unshaped, all in the rough, from the Asiatic side of the Propontis, and was selling them to the Ionian Greeks. He said that the trade was not very profitable, but that the timber gave him far less trouble than the pilgrims.

On the "May-day" there walked through Selyvria two peripatetic, far-travelling, much-enduring, young German tailors, who were going to improve themselves and exercise their calling at Constantinople. Such artists

often pass this way, with sticks in their hands and very light wallets at their backs, after having traversed the whole of Roumelia on foot. A friend we had in the town—a gossiping Greek tailor from the island of Syra—could not for his life conceive how, of all men in the world, *tailors* could so travel. The *wanderschaft* was to him a system totally unintelligible. As it is seldom that these schneiders can find work on the road, they beg for what they want in the towns and villages. Our Syriote gave his obolus to the wanderers when called upon; and of late this had happened rather frequently.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of May, we started in a caïque for Heraclea. Our three boatmen were Mussulmans, one of them being a very black Nubian. They were three simple, honest, good-natured fellows, and young and merry. We were impeded by a strong south wind, so that the men had to row all the way. It was a solitary coast, lumpy and bare. For miles and miles no house, no hut, no tree, no bush, no living thing. At 4 P.M. we were abreast of a large village on a hill-side, a good way inland. At 4.30 we saw a chiftlik belonging to Halil the Capitan Pasha, and brother-in-law of the Sultan. It was a desolate-looking place: near the shore there stood a square stone tower, like that on Antonacki's farm, some granaries, stables, and hovels; but a few tall green trees lent a beauty to the spot. At 5.15 we were off a small hamlet which the Greeks call "Old Heraclea." It had five or six hovels and no ancient ruins. Near to this place was the chiftlik of the old Cephaloniote Macri, who had now seven Ionian Greeks and about thirty Bulgarians employed upon it, and who would have had forty more

peasants from his own island if he had been allowed. At 6 P.M. we landed, to walk across a point of land to Heraclea, leaving the boat to be rowed round the jutting promontory, and leaving in it all our money and whatever we had, with the pleasing certainty that the honest fellows would bring everything to us as we left it.

Where we expected a pleasant walk we found a detestable path, wet and deep in mud, with stagnating waters at every hundred yards, ready to emit malaria so soon as the hot weather should set in. There was some slight cultivation in corn, flax, and haricot-beans; but most of the country was a mere sheep-walk. Yet from a gentle ridge we had one of the finest sunset views I ever beheld: the port of Heraclea, forming a deep inlet, and nearly land-locked, lay at our feet, like a calm inland lake; the picturesque old town, with its houses, mosques, and minarets, and windmills, rising one above another, stood on an opposite hill, and beyond the narrow isthmus at the head of the port there flowed the blue waves of the Propontis, and beyond them the glorious picture was closed by the heights of Pandermà and of Cyzicus, by the lofty island of Marmora and the bold connecting lines of the Asiatic coast. Descending from this ridge, we passed some massy fragments of old walls, went through a large mandra, smelling strong of mutton and goat, and entered the town in the dusk of the evening. We slept on the floor in a dirty little room over a Greek backal's shop.

On the following morning we rose with the sun to walk about the town and over the Acropolis. On the hill-top there were but very slight traces of the most ancient Heraclea, which, like so many other cities that

bore the name, is supposed to have been first founded by the great Phœnician navigator and colonizer. The ground was strewed with broken bits of marble: in many places it was hollow under foot, and our drogoman, who was not without his dreams of hidden treasure, would gladly have gone into an excavating speculation. In digging, on the hill, ancient coins, intaglios, etc. are occasionally found. Five droll squat Turkish windmills stood along the ridge. In the undulating plain beneath us we counted six of those *tepé* or *tumuli* which are so numerous in all this part of Thrace. A ruined Greek church, covered with storks and their nests, was at our feet; but a span-new church had risen at the edge of the town. We could see only one small mosque that was in good order and still used as a place of worship. Here, as almost everywhere else, the Turks were occupying the lowest and most unhealthy part of the town, and were fast disappearing. A Greek tchorbajee told us that there were 300 houses in all; but except a few Greek habitations which had been recently erected, nearly all the rest were mere hovels. About a dozen small country craft were anchored in the beautiful little port, which, seen from this point, has the form of a horseshoe. Last year (1847), that year of extraordinary export trade, English vessels took in cargoes of produce here as well as at Selyvria and Rodostò. Down in the town the people had generally a very unhealthy appearance. The market was dreadfully bare: we could get nothing for breakfast but black coffee and some sour bread. The only milk they had was ewes' milk.

Sending our boat round from the port, we walked

across the low isthmus by a short direct path. Here we found more marshes—pools of stagnant water which approached the very skirts of the town, and which might be drained at a very trifling expense. We met an old Greek fisherman, who was trudging from the sea-shore to the town with a very fine fish in his hand. We wanted to buy it, but he told us that he must take it to his despotos. As our boat had not yet come round the promontory, we had some talk with the grey-beard: he said that Heraclea had only 150 houses, of which exactly 100 were Greek; that for a very long time the Greeks could not possess more than 70 houses, evil spirits knocking down old houses as fast as new ones were built. This is a common superstition in the country.

At 8 A.M. we embarked. A gentle north wind helped us on our way, but it soon failed. Towards mid-day the weather became terribly hot. We had nothing to shelter us from the heat and glare; the Sea of Marmora was like a sheet of glass hot from the furnace. This heat would soon bring out the malaria from the stagnant waters, and then the people of Heraclea would wonder why they should be so afflicted. A little after noon we saw a small Greek village up in the hills, called Kalivria—the first houses we had seen since leaving Heraclea. Being scorched and thirsty, we landed by the blocked-up mouth of another little river, to procure some water.

Half an hour farther down the coast we saw a tumulus close to the edge of the low sea-cliffs. As the day advanced the weather suddenly became covered and quite cold. What a climate in spring! At noon I

was thinking of coups de soleil; at 2 P.M. I was shivering in the boat.

As we approached Rodostò a pretty effect was produced by a few dozens of tall very thin poplars, disposed in lines like cypresses. At 3 P.M. we landed at the filthy scala of Rodostò.

We had letters to Mr. C. S——, who had recently managed a farm in this vicinity belonging to Englishmen, and who had previously been a sergeant of artillery. He had come to the country with Colonel Williams. Unfortunately he had left Rodostò on some business at Constantinople two or three days before our arrival. But, while serving in Malta, he had picked up a comfortable notable little Maltese wife, who received us very hospitably and sent for one of her husband's friends and comrades to do the honours and show us the town. This was a very intelligent man, who had lived long in the place and was well acquainted with all the neighbouring country. My first inquiries were about the English chiftlik at Osmanleu, which *was* to have been another model farm. The land, 12 miles in circumference, was purchased about six years ago for 100,000 piastres, or considerably less than 1000*l*. The purchasers were Colonel W—— and a nephew of Mr. H——, whose agricultural exploits at Tuzlar have been already celebrated. Of the two proprietors, one was rarely on the spot, and the other was in England: the chief direction therefore remained with Mr. H——, who wanted immediate returns of profit without doing anything in the way of substantial improvement. Two or three English ploughs and a few other agricultural implements were brought out; but the rough Bulgarian

labourers would not use them, and soon broke them. I believe Mr. S——, who was sent to live on the farm, was an English farmer's son and knew something of the business; but he could get nothing done properly by his only hands, the Bulgarians; and he, or Mr. H——, came to the conclusion that, where land was so plentiful and cost next to nothing, it was unnecessary to aim at improving the soil, or to introduce manures or rotations of crops, or anything of the sort. Scratched by a Turkish plough, a field would give a certain crop of wheat or barley; next year and the year after that the field could be left fallow, and another patch or other patches might be brought under the plough. With a farm 12 miles round, why limit oneself? So they went on farming *à la Turque;* and all idea of setting an improving English example to the slovenly, ignorant men of the country—which alone could render the speculation interesting or in any way worthy of notice —was entirely lost sight of. S—— put the tumble-down house a little in order, but in all other respects the farm remained a *Turkish chiftlik*, an opprobrium in agriculture. The man was discouraged: it was only just before he was turned off that he planted a few potatoes and began to make a hedge or two. The air was good and wholesome, but otherwise there was very little difference between this Osmanleu and Tuzlar. Last year Mr. H—— sold it with all the stock upon it to a Turk, for 180,600 piastres. On the death of poor Kir-Yani at Ghemlik, Mr. H—— wished to transport S—— to Tuzlar; but the ex-artilleryman was not so *silly* as to go—he knew how many overseers had been killed there by malaria. He was now trying to do a little business

in produce on his own account, or on account of houses at Constantinople, and he was acting as a consular agent without having a farthing of English pay. He deserved better encouragement: he had learned the Turkish language, and was active and intelligent. In a place where a book was not to be seen he had a little library. In his neat and cleanly house, in the midst of a most gross, sordid, barbarous people, I read through his copy of the works of Charles Lamb with a most excellent relish. I would have hugged the dear, well-known book anywhere; but to find the 'Essays of Elia' here, was like finding sweet water in a dry, salt desert.

We stayed all the following day and night at Rodostò, a place admirably adapted by nature to be the seat of a considerable commerce. Mr. S——'s comrade collected for us all the information he could, and took us to some other inhabitants of the town, who answered my queries. As I made many inquiries about the state of agriculture, they concluded I wanted to purchase a farm. There were plenty on sale, and going for nothing! Close by there was the chiftlik of the great Izzet Pasha, which was quite as extensive as the farm which Mr. H—— had sold. The Pasha had ceded it to an Armenian seraff, in part payment of a long and heavy debt. Thus goes land and everything else to the usurers! The seraff, having no taste for agriculture, wanted to sell it, and it might be bought for about 800*l.*, with the house and all that was upon it.

Those who are managing the Imperial manufactories, to the ruination of the Sultan, thwart all individual

enterprise, and will not permit private speculations to prosper. Not long ago an Englishman, knowing that the country-people only sold the linseed and threw away the good flax, which they grow rather abundantly, endeavoured to establish a linen manufactory at Rodostò: but every obstacle was raised in his path, and he was driven away in despair from the place. One Dobrò, a Bulgarian, of Selymnia, and a friend of my informant's, had travelled and lived in Germany, and had there learned the art of making good woollen cloth. Returning to his own country, he set up a cloth-factory at Selymnia, having secured for his patron and partner no less a personage than Halil Pasha, one of the Sultan's brothers-in-law. Dobrò got to work, made good serviceable cloth at a cheap rate, prospered, and excited the envy of the Armenians at Stamboul. Halil Pasha gave up the man and the concern, the factory was stopped, Dobrò was involved in lawsuits and ruin, and is now a beggar.

In the year 1847 Rodostò exported to England 400,000 kilos of corn, and to France and Algeria 90,000 kilos of barley, a good deal of linseed, and some oats. In the winter season it is exceedingly difficult to load ships out in the roadstead. There has long been a talk of making a harbour, and the work is already half done by the hand of nature. Mr. Sang might have connected a ridge of rocks, and have thrown out a splendid pier long ago, if means had been put at his disposal. When he had been doing nothing for years, the Government, or their Armenian agents, brought out M. Poirel, a French civil engineer, who was sent to make a few promenades, and

draw up a few reports and plans. M. Poirel came round to Rodostò last year, to see, and survey, and report; and there the matter rested, and there it was likely to rest.

We could not discover in the town any signs of improvement, or prosperity, or material comfort. The streets were most filthy, and more than half the houses rotting and tumbling down. The konacks which had been occupied by Prince Ragotsky and those other fugitive patriots (unhappy pensioners of the Porte) had long since disappeared. The people, as well Mussulmans as Rayahs, were oppressed by the Turkish Governor, who covered himself with his Council, and pretended to do everything according to law and Tanzimaut. The majority of the Council, as in all other towns, was composed of Turks; the Rayah members seldom attended, and when they did, it was only to say, "Pekè!" and "Evat Effendim!" Whenever they displeased the Mudir, he arbitrarily changed them. The population had increased within the last three or four years; but even now it did not exceed 20,000, and cholera was striding down the Propontis to thin it.* Of these not nearly one half were Turks. The Armenians were very numerous and predominating; they gave the tone to the place; they seemed to monopolize everything, even to the suridjee calling, which we had almost invariably found in the hands of the Turks. Instead of being *toute Grecque*, as a late French

* In the big volume about Turkish trade, tariffs, &c., presented by Mr. Macgregor, of the Board of Trade, to both Houses of Parliament in 1843, the population of Rodostò is set down at 40,000. But, with all his statistical parade, this writer is very seldom accurate. The book abounds with *monstrous* blunders.

traveller calls it,* the city of Rodostò may rather be styled *toute Arménienne.* A good many of the Turks and all the native Greeks spoke Armenian: the Greek women dressed in the Armenian fashion, covered their faces, and lived an in-door life that was quite Armenian. I never saw, either before or after, any such surrender of their own customs on the part of the Greeks, who hate the Armenians more than they do the Turks. The Jews were few and poor. There was only one real, bonâ fide Cephaloniote, but there were several Greeks who passed for Ionians, who enjoyed the important advantage of English protection, and who appeared to be thriving.

There was another great novelty—a thing we never saw except at Rodostò. This was a clock-house, with a big, clumsy clock, striking the hours according to the Turkish computation of time. There appeared to be sixteen mosques in all, but some were very small, and some were deserted ruins. In the upper part of the town there was a large, open, dirty, dusty square, an Armenian cemetery, with its flat grave-stones, without a tree, and surrounded by dingy Armenian houses built, as usual, of wood. The Armenian dullness had infected the atmosphere of the place: we did not hear a laugh or see a cheerful smile in Rodostò. Of raki-drinking we saw a plenty, but the fellows were as solemn as drunken owls. The views from the hill-top were, of course, exceedingly fine: the lofty Proconnesus or Marmora lay right before us.

* Cyprien Robert, 'Les Slaves de Turquie.' As incorrect as if he were statistical, this writer also gives 40,000 souls to Rodostò.

On Friday the 5th of May, at 6 A.M., we left Rodostò and the sea to proceed by land to Adrianople. We were told that the road between this and Babà-Eskissi was very dangerous, that the Bulgarians frequently robbed and murdered passengers, and that no Frank ever made that journey without a guard. We, however, declined the guard, disbelieving more than half that was told us, and trusting to our luck, and double-barrelled gun and a brace of pistols. The horses were cripples; our suridjee was a sullen, dirty, ugly Armenian, with a face ploughed up by the small-pox, and with an odour of garlic that made one stagger. He carried one old rusty pistol in his girdle. Seeing that the weather would be warm, and wishing to pass, at a distance, for a Mussulman, he changed his black turban for a white one, but not before we were well out of the town. For about half an hour we rode through a cultivated country, with inclosed fields, some vineyards, and a pretty sprinkling of trees. We then got upon a green wilderness, beautifully undulated, but bare of everything except grass. There were two more tumuli on our left, and in that direction was the English chiftlik. In a bottom we were bogged in the mud of a terrible morass. Making a détour, we got beyond this slough of despond, and reached a little underwood, near to which were a small flock of sheep and goats, with Turkish shepherds, and another flock tended by Bulgarian boys, who looked like young Calmucks. At 9 A.M. we passed a rude chiftlik, belonging to Achmet Bey, where six Turks were lying under trees and smoking pipe. There were a few large corn-fields, and one extensive field under flax. The scenery

round about was wooded and pretty, the trees being chiefly small oaks. At 10 we dismounted at a chiftlik called Khadjak, also belonging to Achmet Bey, who held seven enormous farms in these parts. We were hospitably entertained on brown bread, yaourt, sheep cheese, and coffee by the people of the chiftlik, who were all Mussulmanized gipsies. They would not accept money, and they pressed us to stop and pass the day and night with them. Yet if three or four of these fellows, with guns in their hands, had met us away from the farm, in a convenient place, they might have said "Stand and deliver;" or they might have knocked us off our horses without any speech. Arab hospitality! Arab manners! After eating with them we were safe and sacred.

Such are the customs of the Tchinganei in Roumelia. While we stayed with them they shot at a mark, with crazy guns and very bad powder. The target was the bare bright skull of an ox, but though firing not with bullets, but with shot, they hardly ever hit it. We thought of Tchelebee John's calculations: it was a great comfort to think of them now and then in wild places, and when bestriding horses incapable of canter or gallop. If attacked we must have stood to it; to run away with such beasts was out of the question.

We remounted at 11 A.M. At 12.35 we pulled up for a few minutes by a fountain, under a miserable "wee bit" Turkish village called Tchanghirli. It had the queerest little mosque, with an umbrella-headed minaret, all built of wood. We saw no living creature except some storks, who had built five nests on a blighted tree by the fountain. They saluted us by

clacking their long bills, and were not in the least discomposed by our company. Round this village there were some large patches of corn and flax. Then, as before and after, was a green, undulating, apparently interminable wilderness. We met not a soul upon the road—which was no road at all, but only a track, or ramification of tracks, where you chose your line according to the season or your own caprice. While fording a stream which was deep even now, our drogoman narrowly escaped a good ducking, and our suridjee discovered that he had lost his way. After another détour, and passing two large farm-houses (both in ruins and apparently deserted), we reached the very small Turkish hamlet of Oklarleui, on a broad swift stream, called by the Turks *Erghenè*. Here was a water-mill, and a rude and perilous wooden bridge. At 6 P.M. we reached Bulgar-keui, a Bulgarian village with only a few Greeks in it. Tired with the wretched pace of the horses, and seeing a storm a-head, we would have stopped to sleep here; but the suridjee, alarmed at the proposition, said that we might get our throats cut in the night, and so we rode on. Before us was a wall of black clouds, split by forked lightning. We were presently under a heavy fall of rain, which soaked us to the skin, and which continued during the rest of the evening. At 7 P.M. we crossed a long stone bridge, and dismounted at the new khan of Babà-Eskissi. We had been twelve hours in the saddle; yet I doubt whether we had ridden forty English miles. We were now on what is termed the high Adrianople road.

This new khan had been built by the Armenian speculators in diligences as a place of refuge and rest

for their passengers. It was a miserable wooden structure, with dirty, unswept sleeping-rooms running round an open gallery, and offering no accommodation beyond a little straw matting. The floor of our room was already dotted and blackened with the pieces of ignited charcoal which had dropped from the pipe-bowls of careless smokers. Down stairs, in an angle of the building, there was a café, with a little fire burning on a hearth, and here we contrived to dry our clothes. Yorghi went foraging in the tcharshy, and returned with a smoking pilaff, yaourt, black olives, sardellas, and gritty bread *à discrétion.*

In the morning we were up by daylight, and glad to rush out of this foul-smelling khan into the open air. We walked to the side of the river, and to the bridge which we had crossed yesterday evening in the dusk. Swollen by the rains, the river was flowing with a copious stream to the east; but it still left several arches of the long bridge quite dry. At certain seasons the river is liable to sudden and great swells: the only name the country people had for it was the water of Kirk Klissia, from which town it descends; below the bridge, and a little beyond Babà-Eskissi, it turns to the south-west, and has for some distance a pretty appearance, its banks being fringed with trees and underwood. The stone bridge—the like of which we never saw in Turkey—was graceful, picturesque, and even beautiful as a specimen of that kind of architecture. Its rise and fall were very gradual and inconsiderable: it was indeed almost a flat bridge. It had seven arrow-headed arches, with small arches in pairs between; and beyond the great arches on either side were small arches fantas-

tically shaped. There was the irregularity of Gothic architecture with the harmony we find in the best Gothic buildings. Not that the bridge was Gothic—the style was *sui generis*. Over the keystone of each of the arches was a very pretty medallion, boldly cut in good hard stone or marble. The parapets of the bridge were composed of large solid blocks or slabs about four feet high, and well put together without any cement. In the middle of the bridge there was a beautiful projecting balcony of open, carved stone, facing which, on the opposite side of the bridge, was a tall screen, with a long Turkish inscription cut on a marble slab. In every part the masonry was excellent. The water-cutting buttresses which faced the current (often tremendous) were well conceived, and appeared to have sustained no injury from the floods of many winters. Unhappily the roadway part of the bridge showed some signs of that wanton, inconceivable, worse than brutish spirit of destruction which pervades all Turkey. If people would throw off conventionalities and rote-opinions in taste, I believe it would be pretty generally confessed that the best of our modern bridges are somewhat mechanical, tame, and monotonous. Here was a bridge eminently picturesque and novel, and without discernible defect in its engineering. It was vain to inquire here when it was built, or who was its architect. From certain indications I conjectured that the directing genius had been a Venetian. Between the bridge end and the town there was a fine Turkish mosque, almost covered with storks' nests, and the ruins of a Greek church which had been entirely built of brick. There was another mosque in the main street, and also

a Greek church, but this mosque was small and mean. Pococke, who passed this way more than a hundred years ago, and who was much struck by the beauty of the bridge, says that the town occupies the site of the ancient Burtudizum (?). It now consists of about 300 houses, the majority being Greek. Returning to the khan and cafinet, we were told more stories of robberies and murders, all said to be perpetrated by Bulgarians. The other day a boy was carried off from an Albanian village a little to the west to be kept for ransom. In the coffee-house our companions were an old Greek merchant, enormously fat, and said to be rich, who was travelling with two Albanians, armed to the teeth, for an escort, a fat, good-natured Turkish butcher, and two zaptias, or police guards, who had been sent down from Adrianople to look after the thieves. These last-named members of the police had been taking their ease at their inn, and had been drinking raki this morning; for, early as it was, one of them was already muzzy.

We mounted our horses at 6 A.M. In the town we passed a fine Turkish bath in ruins, as also the ruins of a medresseh. On the other side of the street some Greeks were building two or three wooden houses. Just beyond Babà-Eskissi we rode under a fine large tumulus, which we had seen from afar yesterday evening. Two other tumuli were in sight, at a distance to the S.E. At half a mile from the little town, the scanty cultivation ceased; and then we rode over bare downs, not unlike the higher downs of Sussex, but far more solitary, and covered with far better soil. When people talk of the *flat* plain of Thrace between Adria-

nople and Constantinople, they talk sheer nonsense. In the whole distance there is very little level ground. Now, and on our return, when we rode almost to the walls of Stamboul, we were constantly ascending or descending. Some of the ridges were almost lofty enough to be called mountains in England; several of the descents were steep, rugged, and rather perilous, the ground having been rendered slippery by last night's rain. How the diligences had ever got over these roads was to us a riddle. Nothing whatever had been done to repair or smoothen the horrible track. Only in some of the deep hollows, traversed by streams, they had repaired a rickety wooden bridge, or made a new wooden bridge. At 9.15 A.M. we halted at Kulilli. We asked a Turk how many houses there were in this little village: though born and bred in the place he could not tell.; he had never thought about it. Another Turk said that there might be about forty houses. A Greek, who kept a backal's shop, said there were twenty-five houses, some Turkish, some Greek. There were two khans in the place, an old one, and one quite new built by the diligent speculators. Sultan Abdul Medjid, on his way to Adrianople in 1846, passed through this village, and rested and encamped in the open country just beyond it. While we were sitting in the sun, outside the old khan, a Bulgarian shepherd passed by with the classical pastoral crook in his hand. The last time I had noticed this crook was four years ago at Penshurst, in dear old Kent.

We remounted at 10 A.M. The country now rose to a very lofty ridge, which would deserve, anywhere, the name of mountain. At the top there was a

broad bare heath, and here a great caravan of fierce-looking Mussulman Albanians were reposing; their horses and asses turned loose and grazing round them. They were on their way from Constantinople to their own mountainous regions. For miles and miles the ground had scarcely been scratched. Their natural fertility was evident enough, but the lands were utterly solitary and neglected. With the aid of a judicious plantation—for the country is totally void of trees, and gets burned up in the hot months of the year—there might be here some of the finest corn farms in the world. Over the limestone beds there was a rich soil four feet to five feet deep. At mid-day prayer we crossed a clear little stream by a low rude stone bridge without any parapets, and rode into the village or small diminished town of Khavsa, passing under three Moresque arches, with a stately mosque on one hand, and the ruins of a splendid khan on the other. At the cafinet where we alighted, we asked an old Turkish notable, an Effendi in long robes and turban, who built the khan and the mosque? He replied, the Vizier Ibrahim-Khan-Oglou-Mehemet-Pasha, who also built the fair bridge at Babà-Eskissi. How long ago? The old Turk stroked his beard and said, "about 500 years!" Hardly a man among these people has the slightest idea of chronology, or of the history of the edifices among which his whole life may have been passed. They have no books, and hardly ever any taste for antiquities, or any curiosity about the past.

We walked back to the mosque and khan. There was a pleasant courtyard behind the mosque with trees and tombs, a schoolroom and a fountain with a Chinese

or umbrella top. But everything was neglected, soiled, broken, and gone, or fast going to irretrievable ruin. There was a Tourbè, or Mausoleum, built to contain the mortal remains of some of the kindred of the founder of the mosque, of men who had been great in their day, and benefactors to this town: it was in a shameful state—turned into a lumber-room. The walls of the mosque were cracked; a whole host of storks had colonized the roofs and were destroying the graceful cupolas. In the street, close to the great mosque, was a smaller one with a singularly ornamented minaret; and this too was dirty and neglected. On the other side of the street the ruins of the great khan were very extensive, that which remained showing that the buildings must have been solid and in very good taste. The few architectural ornaments that were not carried off or broken, the medallions, rosettes, &c., were in the same style as those of the bridge at Babà-Eskissi. The three Moresque arches, which spanned the street, had connected the house of hospitality with the house of prayer, and through them was the only entrance (on this side) to the town. Coming from Constantinople the traveller had the mosque on his right hand, and the khan on his left, the two buildings being only a few feet apart. A range of lodging-rooms, nicely separated by stone walls, and each having its fireplace, now lies open to the street, the fronts having been knocked in. Behind this range the khan expands into four spacious, open courts, on the four sides of which there had once been admirable stables, and comfortable, and even elegant, lodging-rooms: but stables and rooms had almost entirely disappeared, little remaining but the strong enclosing

walls. In one of the courts there was the marble base of a fountain; but the fountain itself was gone—the Turks had cut up the material into tombstones. Within these solid stone walls, in an angle of one of the fine spacious courts, a Turk had run up a small house of lath and mud, which was partly fastened to the walls like a martin's nest, and which in part rested upon long poles stuck in the ground; but notwithstanding its double support, most of the hovel had fallen down. It was not with an exulting smile that the man owned his crib: the poor fellow seemed to be conscious of shame and of the force of contrast; he knew that Mussulmans had built those stately walls, had laid out those beautiful courts, and had dwelt there and had entertained the stranger within the gates, in bygone times. Just above these splendid enclosures was another Tourbè in a more ruinous, degraded condition even than the one which stood by the great mosque. The town counted about 100 miserable Turkish houses, and about 40 Greek hovels. A few gardens and some strips of cultivation lay round the place, and then—the green desert.

We were in our saddles at 12.45 P.M. In half an hour we came to a wooden bridge with the remains of an old solid stone bridge close to it. This, as a French traveller has observed, is the history of Turkish reparations! They mend an ancient bridge with poles and planks, or they supply its place with a new and frail wooden bridge. As the water now was not above the saddle girths, we waded through the stream, as travellers always do when they can, preferring the water to crossing the ill-constructed bridges. At 2 P.M. we

saw a small village away to the right, but we could discover no people in the fields, and we scarcely met a traveller on our desolate track. At 3, from a rugged, sandy ridge we obtained the first view of Adrianople, its grand mosque with its four lofty white minarets on a hill showing well out against a dark blue sky. At 3.35 P.M. we came in view of the Hebrus, a broad and shining river, gliding through a beautiful plain. More suddenly than yesterday evening the weather was overcast; the blue sky became of a heavy, leaden colour, black clouds rolled across it, and after a few distant thunder-claps, the rain fell heavily.

We now came out from the hills upon a dead flat, broad and sandy, with a bit of most slovenly, most rugged stone causeway, here and there, to render it passable in the wet season. And this is the high road from the capital to the second city in European Turkey —this is the approach to the Adrianople terminus! In some parts the causeway was little better than that which had led us to the Sabanjah Lake. Now we met a great troop of Bulgarians on their way to the chiftliks near the Sea of Marmora. Like all of their race that we had seen, they were rough, uncouth men, with a look of mingled stupidity and ferocity. Our Armenian suridjee said that more robberies would soon be heard of down the country. We had now extensive mulberry plantations on either side of us, and some few vineyards. Farther on we passed a number of detached Turkish tombstones, and then came to a great crowded Turkish cemetery, by which we entered Adrianople, wet and weary, at 5 P.M. Our suridjee, again losing his way, took us on a wild scrambling ride through the town,

up hill and down, through lanes and horrible alleys. At last we reached a broad open street entirely occupied by tailors and menders of clothes; and here we got a Greek guide to show us the street or lane in which the respectable Franks lived. On reaching that quarter we found that the English consul and all the respectabilities had removed for the spring and summer to Kara-Atch, a village on the other side of the Hebrus, at about an hour's ride from the city. As there was not an inn in all Adrianople, we had nothing for it but to ride on, wet and dirty as we were. The streets were steep, horribly ill-paved, muddy and slippery, and our horses were weary and stupid. In a very precipitous lane we dismounted. We could scarcely keep our legs on the slippery pavement. We were soon obliged to mount again in order to cross a long, fearful deposit of muck, slush, and every abomination, as black as Styx, and as offensive to the nostril as Dante's worst pit of stinks. The filth reached the horses' knees; and where it was deepest and thickest my jaded brute nearly rolled over on his side. We emerged from Adrianople as we had entered it, by riding through a great, crowded Turkish burying-ground, the tombstones, here as there, neglected, vilely treated, broken, upset or driven aslant —all save a very few which glittered with gilded inscriptions and were quite new.

Traversing an irregular suburb we crossed the Tounjà river by a *short* stone bridge, and about 200 yards farther on we began to cross the Hebrus by a *long* stone bridge. At this season the bed of the classical river was pretty well filled up, and the scenery on either side of the bridge was uncommonly cool and

pleasant, as the rain-clouds dispersed and the declining sun shone out on the refreshed vegetation. Tall poplars and other trees stood along the banks. The scenery reminded me of some parts of the not less classical river Po. A ragged Greek we had picked up at Adrianople to guide us to the village, had been keeping St. George's day; he was more than three parts drunk and very frolicsome and talkative. He walked so fast over the rough sandy road that we had much difficulty in keeping our dull horses up with him. He had a ready answer or a joke for every query, and the raki which had sharpened his wit had also raised his courage. I complained of the roads. "Ah," said he, "they will be better when the Muscovites come and take possession, or when the Hellenes shall be masters here!" In a green shady lane between mulberry plantations, we met the great Mollah of Adrianople on horseback, followed by his pipe-bearer and five or six other attendants: he was dressed in flowing Oriental robes.; his turban very broad and snow-white, his face sallow and sour; he scarcely deigned to return my salute. Moving on another line of road or track was the Pasha of Adrianople himself, accompanied by a very numerous and somewhat noisy retinue. *Son Excellence* with his Kehayah, or Tefterdar, and all the male part of his household, had been making *keff* at Kara-Atch. In the morning he had sent out to the house of a Frank in the village an abundant ready-dressed dinner, and the best part of a case of champagne; and he and his people, with the assistance of a few Franks, had finished every drop of the champagne and had swallowed a good deal of country wine and raki into the bargain. The

Mollah had been of the party, but had not joined the drinking bout, never drinking wine in public, but (so it was said) drinking more than any of them in private.

At 6 P.M. we dismounted at the door of Mr. Edward Schnell, the brother of an old Smyrna friend, and the near connexion of many with whom I had been intimate in that city twenty years ago. That brother was dead, but two of his sons were living here with their uncle. They all descended from a good Hanoverian stock, which had been settled for several generations in the Levant, enjoying (of course) British protection and being almost English by intermarriages. Mr. E. S. was about the best remaining specimen of the old, respectable Smyrniote Franks who have been almost driven out of the field by Greeks and Armenians. He had been settled some two and twenty years in this part of European Turkey, and he had married a Frank lady of Adrianople, the daughter of a former consul. For eight days these hospitable, thoroughly amiable people made their house our home; and we enjoyed at this village of Kara-Atch, by the bank of the Hebrus, far more comfort than we had ever known in European Turkey. Mr. W. Willshire, our consul, and his family occupied a villa on the other side of the way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Adrianople — Visit to the Pasha — His Harem — Turkish Ladies — Poisonings — The Turkish Ink Vender and his Four Wives — Delhi Mustapha and his Thirty-second Wife — The Pasha's Prison — The Pasha's Black Executioner — End of Papas Lollio the Priest-Robber — Frequent Executions — Adulations of French Journalists — Bad State of the Troops — Dishonesty of Officers — The Eski Serai or Old Palace of Adrianople — Ruins! Ruins! — Surrender of Adrianople to the Russians in 1829 — Turkish Indifference — Excellent Russian Discipline — Grand Mosque of Sultan Selim — More Destruction — Decay of Religion among the Turks — College in Ruins — Mosque of Sultan Murad — More Ruins — Khans destroyed — Population — Navigation of the Hebrus — Turkish Engineering — Engineering Plans of M. Poirel — Another English Victim to Malaria — Toll levied on the River — The Rafts on the Hebrus — M. Blanqui — New Bridge — Kiosk for the Sultan — Mulberry Plantations at Kara-Atch — The Silk Trade — Vineyards and Good Wine — State of Agriculture in the Valley of the Hebrus — Decline of the Turkish Population — Trading Town of Kishan — Pleasant Frank Colony at Kara-Atch — Mr. Willshire, our Adrianople Consul, and his Family — The Grave of Mr. John Kerr — Life at Adrianople in the Winter Season — Inclement Climate — Sad Effects of Frost — Lady Mary W. Montagu — Bulgarian Farm-Labourers — Turkish Oppression and Insurrection of the Bulgarians in 1840-1 — Frightful Massacres of the Christians — Mission of M. Blanqui — Antipathies between the Bulgarians and Greeks — Tendency of the Bulgarians to a Union with Russia or Austria.

OUR first visit in Adrianople was to the champagne-drinking Pasha. His konack, on a broad, flat hill at the top of the town, though only of wood, had rather an imposing appearance from without,—that is, if you looked only at *the front*, which was green and smart and regular. But, within, that big house was scrambling, dirty, comfortless, lop-sided, shaky, and, in this month

of May, exceedingly cold, the wind blowing through and through it. The long, dusky corridors were crowded with lazy, ragged, ill-looking retainers. Of zaptias alone this Pasha had 140; his grooms, pipe-bearers, cooks, and coffee-makers, running footmen, and the like, swelled his household to a prodigious extent. While the country all round was languishing for want of hands to till the soil, there were from 200 to 300 Turks living about the konack in a state of idleness and utter uselessness. As they get hardly any pay, they must live by *backshish* and by oppressing and robbing the people. Rustem Pasha gave us but a cold welcome in a very chilly room, the ill-fitting glazed window-frames of which were shaking and rattling in a gale from the N.W., which came down from the snow-covered summits of Rhodope and Hæmus. He was wrapped up in a coat lined with furs; but, as we had thrown off our top-coats before entering his august presence, we shivered till our teeth almost chattered. He was a man of a coarse and vulgar appearance, with manners corresponding. However merry he might have been with his last Saturday's champagne, he was dull and heavy enough this Monday morning. He told us that if we wanted anything we might apply to his Frank drogoman and secretary. The only anxiety Rustem showed was to know from me whether people at Constantinople did not think that Reschid Pasha would be restored to power so soon as Sir Stratford Canning should return. I assured him that such was the general opinion; but whether this gave him pleasure or pain I could not discover. We swallowed our coffee and speedily took our departure.

This man, who was so very lax in other essentials, was a severe observer of Turkish law or usage with regard to women. He hardly ever allowed his females to quit the harem. Once a-week these caged birds were permitted to go to the windows that looked into a back street; but *then* two cavasses were placed under the windows to take good care that no man stopped to look up at them. He had brought three wives with him to Adrianople, and had recently taken to himself a fourth. From some of the Frank ladies at Kara-Atch, who occasionally visited the harems of the great, and received in their own houses the visits of Turkish ladies, I heard many curious details of domestic life, which, being *true*, and in *plain prose*, bore but little resemblance to the fancy pictures drawn by Miss Pardoe and certain other travellers. The Turkish women—*sans moyens et sans ressources*—were slaves of ennui, or only excited by the violent passions of jealousy and hatred: they were almost incessantly quarrelling with one another, or with their lords and masters: the poor man that had but one wife had a chance of peace within doors, the rich man who had two or more wives had none. Some of these Turkish ladies were very plain in their speech. The other day one of them said to Madame ——, "Indeed, I am quite weary of being as I am. I am sick of that brute, my husband, and I very much want to poison him!" From the stories we heard here and elsewhere, poisonings must be rather common domestic occurrences. The hags who deal in abortion are said to be skilled in this art also. There are Turkish Tofanas and Brinvilliers. The thing is so easy to do, or it may so easily pass off unnoticed, *post*

mortem examinations being unknown, and bodies being hurried to the grave almost as soon as dead. This is the practice among all classes. Lately at Pivades the Greeks had buried a poor woman alive; and at Brusa, while the cholera was raging, there were several such interments, or cases where the poor people recovered sense or motion as they were being jolted to the grave. But the Mussulmans are in the greatest hurry of all: so soon as the breath ceases, they give a slight washing to the body, and then make a race with it to the cemetery.

Polygamy was far from being so very much out of fashion as I had been told. Of the great pashas who had only one wife a-piece, most were married to free Turkish women, connected with rich and powerful families. But those who *bought* their wives and women, generally purchased three or four a-piece. In all times the poor man had been obliged to rest satisfied with one wife. Yet here occasional exceptions are found. We had an acquaintance at Pera who had filled up the lawful number of four. Old Murekebjee got his living by selling Turkish ink, which he hawked about the city of Constantinople, Scutari, Pera, Galata, and Tophana, and the large villages up the Bosphorus. He would be for three or four days in one place, and three or four days in another; and, although his whole circuit was limited, he was always moving about. He had a wife in Stamboul, another over in Asia at Scutari, another at Tophana, and another up the Bosphorus, so that, go where he would, he—like the wandering friend of "Anastasius"—always slept at home at night, and had a spouse at hand to cook his pilaff. One day, when he was asked how,

with such a very little trade, he could keep so many wives, the grey-beard replied—"Mashallah! I am but a poor little man, but God is great! I am always with one wife or the other: when I go home to one, I take my dinner and something more with me; and *some* paras are not wanting: each of my other wives is at the same time sure of her lodging, her loaf of bread, and (in winter time) her candle: in each of the four quarters where my wives live I have credit with a backal, who furnishes a loaf and a candle daily; as I go my rounds I pay the backals in turn, so that the credit is always good. Inshallah! I shall sleep at Tophana to-night, but every one of my three wives over the water will have her loaf of bread and her candle! As they fare better when I am with them, every one of them is always so glad to see me!"

As the greatest facility is afforded to divorce, some of these Turks have had in rotation a prodigious number of wives. There was a fellow in Adrianople, one Delhi Mustapha, who had just married his thirty-second wife, but his was an extreme and *rare* case. For some services rendered to Sultan Mahmoud at the time of the bloody destruction of the Janizaries, Delhi Mustapha enjoyed a pension of some 700 piastres a month, which would make less than 80*l.* a year; yet he had always a full harem. As he was not yet fifty years old, there was no saying how many more times he might be wedded before he died. He was not known to possess either house or land, but he was said to increase his income by lending small sums of money to imprisoned debtors at high rates of interest and good security. He had formerly been rather liberal to his harem, keeping

an aruba and a pair of oxen with gilded horns for their use; but of late he had felt the pressure of the times and had become penurious.

There was one very noticeable improvement which Rustem Pasha had introduced. His konack was as usual flanked by a prison, which was a complete pest-house when he came to Adrianople, and which had repeatedly spread disease through the konack. He enlarged this prison, he pierced it with windows, he separated the prisoners, divided the Christians from the Mussulmans, and the debtors from the criminals; he had the building well cleansed and whitewashed within, and coloured with a yellow wash without, and he took other measures for rendering the place wholesome. At present it was the best prison in the empire. The debtors were upstairs, in apartments which were at least sufficiently aired; the criminals, or those accused of crime, were below on the ground floor.

At our first visit to the Pasha's konack, just as we issued from the gate we were saluted by the headsman, or executioner, a horrible looking Nubian, of gigantic size, who had come up from the land of Egypt, and who could say, "*buon giorno, capitan.*" He had his heading-tool in his girdle—a big, broad, Turkish yataghan; he was facetious, and disposed to be familiar. I have had some strange acquaintances in my time, but I never before exchanged salutations with one of his profession. The last head he had taken off was that of Papas Lollio. Yes! that famed priest-robber, bold and cunning as he was, had been caught at last, in a village between Adrianople and Gallipoli, and lodged in the Pasha's prison. If we had only arrived a few days sooner we

might (but most certainly *would not*) have been in at the death. One of the young Schnells had attended the awkward execution, and had scarcely yet recovered from the sickening effect. The priest-robber did not die game, nor did he die quiet and penitent. In the teeth of the most crushing evidence he swore that he was totally innocent. When they removed him from his prison for execution in the public streets he shrieked and screamed most fearfully, calling upon the Pasha to save him—to save a man unjustly condemned! With his hands corded behind him, they had to drag him to the spot—he shrieking all the way: he was so troublesome under the hand of the executioner that the Nubian had to cut and hack at him, and could scarcely get his head off at all. It was a horrible, revolting sight; but there were few spectators, the Armenian and Greek Christians running away and hiding themselves.

Whatever they might be at Constantinople, capital executions were far from being rarities up at Adrianople. Within the last five months the Nubian had cut or hacked off no fewer than seven heads. At the last execution the fellow had done his work with evident reluctance; he was getting heart-sick of his calling, and protesting that he would quit it. A head or two in a year he might manage, but more than one a month—Allah! it was far too much. Though hideous and fierce in his looks, some of our friends reported him to be a very good-natured fellow. In case he threw up his office they doubted whether there was a man in the city that could be induced to take it.

All the men executed of late were Christians, with

the exception of Papas Lollio, Bulgarians of the Greek Church. Rustem Pasha allowed the dead bodies and heads to be removed after a short exposure and buried in the Christian cemetery, and did not throw them into the river as his predecessors had done; but he pleaded that his *religion* did not allow him to interdict the beastly custom of putting a Christian's head to his posteriors. When a Mussulman is executed his head is put under his arm. It was necessary, he said, to keep up this distinction; he must not offend the Osmanlees; he durst not venture to change the ancient usage; it was *adet*, a part of religion. And this man was swilling wine and raki daily and openly.

My enquiries fully satisfied me that the so-called Council was as much a shadow and sham at Adrianople as at Brusa: except an Armenian who was the Pasha's seraff, hardly one of the Rayah members ever approached it. Yet, compared with most of his predecessors, Rustem was considered as a tolerably good and just governor. Our Brusa friend, Mustapha-Nouree Pasha, in the course of his numerous changes, had once been here, and we were assured that if he had stayed a little longer he would have eaten up the whole country —he would have left nothing behind him but dry bones. Rayahs, Mussulmans, Franks, all concurred in denouncing him as the most rapacious Pasha they had ever known.

Rustem had been extolled to the third heaven by the 'Journal de Constantinople,' which had especially praised him for the many improvements he had introduced in this city. These improvements consisted of a new wooden khan and coffee-house, and a very small

wooden post-office opposite to the café. They were mere sheds; but being span-new and painted with bright colours, and ornamented, they looked smart, and the café was remarkably attractive. He was getting good interest for his outlay, the khan being let at an annual rent to an Armenian, and the coffee-house to a Greek. He was very proud of these buildings, which have probably fed the flames before now. Seeing what he did every day that he went out in Adrianople—the ruins of splendid old Turkish khans, solidly and beautifully built like those at Khavsà—his pride in these constructions of poles, laths, and painted planks ought to have been abated.

The regular troops were under the command of Ismael Pasha, a very different officer from Achmet Pasha at Kutayah, to judge from the wretched state in which the troops were kept. The officer next in rank to this Ismael, and one who commanded in his absence, was a black fellow from Nubia or Sennaar, who very much resembled the black executioner. We had been told over and over again that there were 5000 regulars at Adrianople; we now learned to a certainty that there were not quite 2000 foot, and about 300 horse. Nothing more likely than that the Sultan was paying for the larger number. Very extensive barracks, about a mile and a half from the town, on a gentle elevation beyond the river Tounjà, were built by Sultan Mahmoud, and finished about two years before the Russians (in 1829) came to lodge in them. They were almost as extensive as those at Scutari. There were detached stables and barracks for the cavalry, but these were small and mean. There was

no detached hospital; and, generally, there was an appearance of carelessness and neglect. Nothing could well be more ragged, slovenly, and dirty than the men. The cavalry soldiers, who were constantly lounging in the town about the bazaars and coffee-houses, were, of the two, rather the worse; they were short, ill-made, ill-looking fellows, and in a truly pitiable condition as to clothes! There was not a clean man, or a whole jacket, or a pair of untorn trousers in the lot. There would be excellent drilling-ground in front of the barracks, but no pains have been taken to level it. But drill and every kind of exercise seemed to be dispensed with as useless and troublesome ceremonies.

Among the ruins of the Eski-Serai or Old Palace, between the barracks and the Tounjà, we saw, huddled together under a wooden shed, a number of good brass field-pieces; the gun-carriages were rotting and worm-eaten through want of a little care and paint. And near this park of artillery (which certainly could not be used on any sudden emergency) there was a great heap of tent-cloths lying on the damp ground in the most slovenly manner, and being torn, dirty, and offensive to the nostril. Thus are army materials wasted through sheer indolence and carelessness! The canvas had been originally strong and good; most of the tents had been smeared over with light green paint. When good tents are thus treated, it may be understood how the camp equipage of the army forms such a heavy item of expenditure. The expense is still further swelled by roguery and plunder. It is the custom of the Turks to remove the men out of barracks about the middle or the end of May, and to keep them under

canvas until the beginning of September. The *bimbashis* or battalion-commandants almost invariably return more men than are present under arms, and thereby obtain more tents than are needed; the *mir allai* or colonel usually doubles this false return: so that between colonels and chiefs of battalions, some fifteen or twenty tents are obtained per regiment, half of which are never sent back to the stores. Sometimes, when accounts are kept, the colonel is charged with the deficit, and then the colonel throws it upon his subordinates; but, except on very rare occasions, payment and punishment are alike evaded.* Where people are so likely to be burned out of house and home as at Constantinople, the possession of a few tents is an important consideration. Whenever a great fire happens, people are of necessity driven under canvas. One night, in the month of April, more than half of the large and populous village of Arnaout-keui, on the Bosphorus, was burned to the ground; and when we passed the spot, two or three days after the catastrophe, it was covered with dirty green tents.

Such is the fatuity of these men, that they almost always encamp their troops on unhealthy ground, by which means sickness and mortality are greater under canvas than in barracks. It was so at Constantinople, and so was it here. With abundance of room to choose, they were

* For further particulars about the camp equipage and the gross abuses in this and other departments of the Turkish army, see 'Three Years in Constantinople, by Charles White, Esq.,' vol. iii. p. 42.

I have repeatedly quoted this writer because I am aware that he took great pains in obtaining correct information, and because I know personally and well some of the gentlemen (Turks and others) who were the main sources of that information. And I quote Mr. White the more readily, as, on the whole, his work is written in a kind and very indulgent spirit.

going to pitch the tents for the soldiers on a low, flat, damp triangle, between the hills, the Tounja, and the Hebrus. In every branch of the public service the system of peculation is indeed unlimited; but, from what I saw at Adrianople and elsewhere, I am disposed to believe that the Sultan loses annually quite as much by negligence as by plunder. If a superior officer would check this foul system, he must do everything or see to everything himself, like our friend Achmet Pasha at Kutayah.

We had been in few places, even in Turkey, so forlorn as the Eski-Serai, which Lady Mary W. Montagu has painted in such charming colours. It was the frequent residence of many successive Sultans when they wished to be near the seat of the war which they were waging against Christendom, and it was the constant residence of some of them when the turbulent Janizaries would allow them no peace at Constantinople. The greater part of the palace has entirely disappeared; they knocked down a great deal of it to get materials for the barracks, and they destroyed a great deal more to get stones for building the long bridge across the Hebrus. The Serai must have consisted, like the Serraglio at Constantinople, of very numerous detached buildings, standing within an inclosure, or rather within a series of inclosures—stone walls and stone towers within stone walls and other stone towers. The whole area within the almost obliterated outer walls is *immense*. Two tall, massy, square towers remain tolerably perfect; but should more stone be wanted, they will be levelled with the ground. In an inner inclosure we noticed a very curious, India-looking tower, which was

square below, then round, and then projecting like a caouk on a tombstone. Opposite to this tower there was a long array of solid and very picturesque kitchen-chimneys, which formed one of the most conspicuous parts of the dishonoured remnants of this imperial palace. In another inclosure there was a shabby mosque, wherein the Sultans used to pray; but nobody prayed here now, and it was falling rapidly to pieces. That grand corps de logis, the imperial harem, wherein (traditionally, at least) *one thousand and one* of the fairest women in the universe had been lodged for the solace of *one* padishah, had almost entirely disappeared; but in front of it there stood, as yet entire, the by no means extensive wooden kiosk in which the Sultans used to dwell. Internally this kiosk had been decorated with a good deal of taste and magnificence, though the plan was small and confined. Two or three of the rooms were lined with those beautiful porcelain tiles which are seen in perfection in the grand mausoleum at Brusa; and the ceilings of these apartments were prettily inlaid. The roof of one room was a small dome richly and most tastefully embellished and gilded. But there was nothing solid, nothing made to last, no single part that was good throughout; the best of the rooms had mean, ill-made doors and windows, and at best the whole kiosk looked like an adorned tent or some slight fabric set up, at an extravagant expense, for a merely temporary occasion. We opened a curious variety of presses and cupboards, and peeped into a great number of queer little holes and recesses in which the attendants of the Commander of the Faithful had been accustomed to deposit his papers, Korans,

clothes, trinkets, drinking-cups, and sweetmeats; and we descended into a small but beautiful marble bath, which had been used by the Amuraths, the Mahomets, and Mustaphas of old; but all and every part of the kiosk was covered with dust and dirt, and showing symptoms of rapid decay. There was not a single article of furniture left. We sat down on our heels in one of the rooms wherein was signed the humiliating capitulation of Adrianople in August, 1829, and pondered over that war, of which I had seen the beginning in 1828. Within the city, hard by, there were thirteen great pashas in command of troops—*treize à table.* They had, all together, a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men, wild Albanians and other irregulars, yet they dared not attempt a combat with 10,000 wearied, very sickly Russians. There was no heart in them, or in any of the Turks; they would have capitulated if the Russians had been only half the number and twice as sickly as they were. The Mussulman population of Adrianople looked on with a stupid wonder, or a total indifference; the Rayahs secretly rejoiced at the approach of the Tzar's army. Some of the pashas absconded; some others were too much frightened even to run away. Our friend Mr. E. Schnell first went out to propose the terms of capitulation to the Russian generals, and but for his forethought and perfect self-possession it is doubtful whether any conditions would have been made. There was not a thinking man who witnessed that day's proceedings, and that utter prostration of the once proud Osmanlees, but was convinced in his own mind and heart that the knell of the expiring Ottoman Empire had sounded, and that for a brief and

precarious remnant of existence it must be indebted to foreign steel and foreign ranks, or to the jealousy borne by the great powers of the West towards Russia. That very jealousy was the cause of the very grossest misrepresentations being spread at the time in France and England. All those tales about the patriotism, grief, despair, and silent rage with which the Osmanlees saw the Muscovites take possession of Mahmoud's barracks, march into the city, visit the mosques, and drink the holy waters under the very dome of the grand mosque of Sultan Selim, were fables and pure inventions. There was nothing of the sort. I took much pains to ascertain the truth—during eight days I spoke with many persons of different interests, opinions, and religions, and they one and all affirmed that the feeling of the Turks in general was one of total indifference, and that when they had a few days' experience of the excellent discipline which General Diebitch maintained among his troops, the majority of them were rather friendly than otherwise with the Russians. The Albanians and the rest of the irregulars broke up and made for their own homes, plundering and butchering on their way their own people or fellow-subjects, and making little distinction between Mussulmans and Christian Rayahs. The country people from far and near flocked to Diebitch's head-quarters to sell their fruits, vegetables, poultry, and all manner of provisions, and nobody could remember the market of Adrianople ever to have been so well supplied as during the stay of the Russians. In nearly every man they met the Russian soldiers found a co-religionist, for the Bulgarians, who swarm in the upper valley of the Hebrus, were, like the Greek

Rayahs, of the same Eastern Church as themselves, following the same creed with none but the slightest variations, practising the same ritual, and worshipping the same panagia and saints. That which was perfectly true was the fearful mortality which broke out in Diebitch's little army. Some said it was a plague, but the malady appears to have been a good deal more like cholera, and to have been chiefly produced by the fruit and raw vegetables which the men bought for very little and consumed with great avidity. Long loose ridges of earth above the left bank of the Hebrus marked the great grave-pits in which mouldered the remains of Cossacks from the Don and soldiers from nearly every part of the measureless empire of the Tzar.

The grand mosque of Sultan Selim, the pride and boast of Adrianople, merits (externally at least) all the praise that has been bestowed upon it, and perhaps even more. The elevated site is magnificent, rising like an Acropolis above the city. Though inferior in size, this mosque produced upon me an impression of more grandeur than the most famous mosque of Sultan Achmet by the Hippodrome at Constantinople: its white minarets, stone-built and strong, but light, airy, and most elegant, shot up in the blue sky, and exhibited each its golden crescent at a sublime elevation, looking as if they had grown out of the solid earth, and were yet growing in height. The sight is worth a journey of more miles than lie between the city of Constantine and the city of Hadrian. Yet here too were signs of decay, and more signs of neglect and wilful destruction. Some curious, and at the same

time rustic work, cut in solid stone at the basement, had been much broken and defaced, the fractures proving that the barbarous deeds had been done recently and at much trouble. The very fountain attached to one of the flanks of the mosque, in order that the faithful might perform the prescribed ablutions before entering the house of prayer, had been battered and defaced, and in part quite spoiled. Of a long row of brass cocks, placed at regular distances for the convenience of the followers of the Prophet, some had been wrenched from their sockets, and some had been broken and rendered useless. This was not the work of unbelieving Christians and Jews; the Rayahs seldom came near the mosque, and whatever might be their inclination, they would not have courage enough to touch a stone of the edifice: the work of destruction must all have been perpetrated by the Turks themselves. Twenty years ago it forcibly struck me that, if these barbarians were driven out of Europe, they would scarcely leave behind them a trace of existence except in a few stately mosques. Are they now determined that these too shall down? Have they bound themselves by a vow of destruction? Will they leave nothing to show that they have been here but their tombstones? Nay, they bid fair not to leave even these.

The interior of this beautiful mosque was a good deal spoiled with paint and plaster, but it never could have been comparable with its exterior. The celebrated fountain in the centre, under the great dome, is a shabby little thing cut in stone, and that which a late French traveller* calls "*une tribune carrée, du travail*

* M. Blanqui, 'Voyage en Bulgarie.'

le plus exquis," is merely a paltry wooden stage put over the fountain. It was prayer-time, but only two Turks were within at their prayers. We ascended the wondrous minaret with the three corkscrew staircases within it, these staircases having their three several entrances, and running one within another, in a way which the Turks consider altogether incomprehensible. Their legend is, that the man who built it was put to death, in order that it might have no fellow, but remain unique in the world. It is certainly a most remarkable construction, and the panorama which it affords of the city, the open country, the Hebrus, the Tounjà and the Ardà, the bridges, barracks, ruined palace, cemeteries, and encircling mountains, is one of the most curious, and, at the same time, one of the finest that can be conceived. The sun was bright and hot, but a cold impetuous wind came down the valley of the Hebrus and shook the minaret. As we stood out in the narrow stone gallery (from which the muezzin call the faithful to prayers), high up in the air, the sensation was not very agreeable.

The medresseh or college adjoining the mosque seemed quite abandoned. They said there were some students, but we did not see one. The apartments were shut up, and grass was growing at their thresholds; the little gardens in the quadrangles were covered with docks and weeds, and the paths with coarse grass. Another of the innumerable proofs we had seen that the Vakouf law has entirely lost its sanctity, and that the endowments of temples and colleges have been seized and wasted by government!

The mosques are very numerous in the city; and

though none can be for a moment compared with the *Selim Jami*, there are several that are interesting, and some three or four that are very stately. In the large courtyard of the mosque of Sultan Murad I was much struck by the irregular, grotesque appearance of the colonnade: no two columns were alike, in style, size, or material; they seemed all to have been taken from different places, and from different ancient Greek edifices which had been raised at very different periods. And this, in fact, is the manner in which the Turks have provided the columns of nearly all their mosques, quarrying and cutting none themselves, but taking some *here* and some *there*, just as they found them, in the classical temples, old Christian churches, and other edifices. If some were shorter than others, they gave them a taller pedestal or a broader capital, and so made the "odds" or the lengths even, caring very little whether the bases agreed or disagreed, or whether the capitals were of *one* fashion or of *twenty* different styles. The great Santa Sophia itself (at Constantinople) is little more than a collection of stolen goods, for the degenerate Greeks of the Lower Empire had adopted this system long before the Turks came into Europe.

In the square of the mosque of Sultan Murad there was a fine covered fountain which had been no better treated than the others. In the lower part of the town, towards the Tounjà, we visited the ruins of an old Greek church, which had been converted by the conquerors into a mosque, and which for four hundred years had echoed "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet;" but the domes had been allowed to fall in, and the twice holy place had become a dor-

mitory of the filthy, unowned dogs of the town. Yet, within it, there was an *agiasma*, or holy fountain, with some low bushes growing by it; and on these bushes Greeks and Turks had been tying bits of rags, as an effectual or approved method of tying up or getting rid of their intermittent fevers. In a very short walk from these ruins we passed *five* other totally ruined mosques, and several ruined medressehs and baths. The finest of all the Turkish baths was utterly abandoned, and was fast becoming an unsightly heap of stones, bricks, and rubbish. In the upper part of the city, above the great khans, there was another *klissia-jami*, or church mosque, which was as yet entire and used by the Mussulmans as a place of worship; and into this the Turks would not allow Christians to enter without an express order from the pasha.

We visited two or three of their ruined khans, which exhibited sad and irritating sights. They had been admirably planned, and built even more solidly than those which had so much interested us at Khavsà; they had had fine stables, fine open quadrangles, stately arcades and corridors, commodious apartments for travellers and merchants, fire-proof magazines for merchandise, ovens, fountains, and baths; but they had been knocking them down to get the iron and the lead, and to have the stones for throwing on the horrible causeway! These were works built by the Turks not three centuries ago; and now the Turks themselves were destroying them! In the great quadrangle of one of these khans there were a few patient camels that had come off a journey, and about half a score of Turks that were smoking among the ruins as if totally uncon-

cerned in the devastation. Even the great old khan of Rustem Pasha, where M. Blanqui found a very comfortless lodging-room,* and where Mr. Schnell and other merchants had their offices, was in a sad, slovenly, dilapidated condition: only two quadrangles of it were left. A small mosque, with a fountain beneath it, which stood in the first quadrangle, was an unsightly ruin; but the Turks neither used it, nor would permit it to be removed. The pavement of both the courts was almost as rough as the causeway. In the rear of this khan there was a foul cloaca flanked by fine ranges of stabling, and by spacious, solidly built magazines, all void, and going to that ruin which was universal. Opposite to this great khan of Rustem Pasha there was another occupied by native merchants or dealers, and in a still worse condition.

In different walks and rides we went through every part of Adrianople, yet we did not see *one* decent habitation. We saw some big rambling houses, and some houses which had been quaint and pretty enough when

* The Parisian Professor of Political Economy is quite pathetic on this subject; but his description is here correct:—"Qui croirait, que dans une ville comme Andrinople, la seconde de l'empire, il nous fût impossible, même avec l'assistance de l'agent consulaire de France, de trouver une auberge habitable! Après de longs et inutiles efforts, il fallut nous résigner à accepter pour asile une des loges du grand khan, dit de Rustem Pacha. C'était un vieux caravansérail bâti en forme de couvent, avec une vaste cour intérieure et une galerie couverte au premier étage, galerie sur laquelle s'ouvraient une suite de cellules destinées aux voyageurs. Quand nous entrâmes dans celle qui nous était assignée, nous y trouvâmes une couche de fumier de plus de quarante centimètres de hauteur, due au séjour de plusieurs centaines de corneilles qui y avaient établi leur domicile de temps immémorial. Il ne fallut pas moins de trois heures pour les premières opérations d'assainissement; après quoi, lorsque j'eus fait acheter en ville les nattes, un peu de vaisselle et les éléments primitifs du mobilier le plus indispensable, il nous fut permis de prendre un peu de repos."

new and freshly painted; but they were now dingy and tumbling to pieces. Many spaces not long since covered with habitations were now vacant; and a good deal of room within the town is taken up by gardens, which are very mean, and by trees and groves which produce a very pretty effect when seen at a distance.

I had the usual difficulty in ascertaining the amount and the relative proportions of the population. According to the best information I could obtain, the ten years' cessation of plague had not been attended by any increase on the part of the Mussulmans; the entire population was rather below than above 80,000, and the Turks were now far outnumbered by the Rayahs. The Greeks were evidently the most numerous of all. The Armenians and Jews were said to amount to nearly 20,000, but I believe that in this calculation some contiguous Armenian villages were taken in. There were Bulgarian labourers in the country (mostly migratory), but there was no Bulgarian element in the population of the city. All the *Bulgarian* ladies that M. Blanqui saw dancing at the French consul's at Adrianople were *Greek*; but this traveller, like his compatriot M. Cyprien Robert, was looking for Bulgarians, and framing a political theory, and was predetermined to find Bulgarians everywhere.

Considering its size, and its situation in the centre of a naturally rich country, and on a large river which is not altogether useless to commerce, the trade of Adrianople has long been comparatively insignificant. The unprecedented activity in the exports of produce in 1846–7, which had not been accompanied by any visible increase of manufactured imports, had been followed by

a dead lull. There was nothing doing. People were bitterly regretting that they had invested money in agricultural speculations, or in advances to farmers who had been extending the cultivation of wheat, barley, sesame, and linseed; they said that nothing would bring them right but bad crops in England and France. As there were no roads that merited the name, and as the Hebrus (now always called the Maritza) could be used only during certain months of the year, the *moyens de transport* were difficult, sometimes dangerous, and always expensive. In the month of May, 1846, when Abdul Medjid and Reschid Pasha were at Adrianople, there was a great talk about making immediate improvements; and before I left England in 1847, I had been assured that funds had been issued from the Sultan's private treasury to render the Maritza navigable to the gulf of Enos, to repair the embankments of the river, to canalize it where necessary, and to clean out and deepen the port of Enos. These were grand desiderata. Before quitting the city the Sultan was said to have thus delivered himself to an Armenian banker and merchant of the place: "I am well satisfied with your city; *the country seems poor*, but with God's help I will do that which shall render it again prosperous. Ships will soon come up your river, and great ships be able to anchor in the port of Enos. Commerce will bring you all that you want." There had really been here something more than fine phrases or a bare intention. A beginning had been made, something had been done; but how? While they had skilful civil engineers in their pay and doing nothing, and while M. Poirel was promenading the country and drawing up reports and

plans, the Turks sent an ignorant, blundering pasha to direct the works, and persisted in turning a deaf ear to those who represented that the pasha did not understand the business, and was only throwing away money.

At the choked-up mouth of the port of Enos, which was not to be cleared by *a dozen* powerful dredging-machines—which was not to be cleared at all without various preliminary labours—they employed *one* small steam-dredger, brought out from England for the purpose, and managed by a sober, respectable Scotchman, a good practical man, though not a scientific engineer. He found that the sand was rolled back by the waves of the Ægean Sea quite as fast as he could remove it; his work was as idle as drawing water in a sieve, or with a bucket that had no bottom; and so he told the pasha, who merely said, "Baccalum, dredge away!" The poor fellow dredged his heart out, caught the malaria fever in its worst form, threw up his employment in the autumn of 1847, went up for cure to Constantinople, and died at Pera three days after his arrival. His name was John Mikeison.

Many native labourers died on the spot; the blundering pasha escaped by keeping himself at a village on the mountains, and by hardly ever coming near the scene of the operations. These were worse on the river than on the sea-port, for there the dredging had left matters in *statu quo*, while here his embankments and dikes, besides interrupting such navigation as there was, had done a vast deal more harm than good to the course of the river. All last year—the busiest year they had ever known—the merchants found their produce stopped by an immense Turkish *barrage* or dam, which was

conceived in ignorance and executed in fatuity. Against all advice and remonstrance the pasha had placed this *barrage* in the very spot, and in the very direction, in which it ought not to have been; he had laid his foundations in the water with small stones, and had kept all his large heavy stones to put at top, and to give the concern a good bold outward appearance. That which had been predicted had happened; when the rainy season of 1847 set in, when the Hebrus began to be swollen by the torrents from Hæmus and Rhodope, the miserable dam was swept away—ay, swept away at the very first flushing of the river, as if it had been but a bank of loose sand! After wasting prodigious sums of money, and pocketing a round number of purses for himself, the engineering pasha had gone back to the capital, the works had been entirely abandoned, and the enlightened government of Reschid Pàsha had come to the conclusion that it was not in their *kismet* to clear out the commodious port of Enos, and to render the Maritza navigable at all times of the year.

Many curses had gone and were yet going after this precious engineer. He had converted chiftliks into swamps; by his blunders he had given the hand to devastation; for his great works the Turks had laid on a duty of 10 per cent. on the freight of every boat or raft that ascended or descended the river, and they were continuing to levy this toll all the same. They will never take off the imposition unless Sir Stratford Canning, or some other foreign minister, oblige them so to do. Foreign diplomacy has some right to interfere, for the 10 per cent. really falls upon the Frank merchants. In the case of an Ionian Greek boat which

had come up the river from Enos, and was now here, Mr. Willshire, our consul, after a hard fight with the pasha, had successfully resisted the demand. During all the busy year of 1847 the merchants were obliged to unload their rafts above the *barrage*, to transport their produce overland, and then to load again in other rafts; and through the expense, damage, and loss of material and time, the commerce of Adrianople had incurred a sacrifice of some hundreds of thousands of piastres. Except the one Ionian boat, which might be of about twenty tons, rafts of the rudest construction were the only vessels we saw at Adrianople: they were oblong squares, varying in length from 20 to 40 feet, and in breadth from about 7 to about 15 feet; they were made of fir planks; upon a platform frailly put together, planks, on either side, and fore and aft, were raised to the height of two or three feet; and upon these crazy *radeaux* they put their corn, linseed, and their other produce destined for exportation at Enos. The rafts could carry but small cargoes, which were always more or less damaged by water; not unfrequently they went to pieces and spilt their cargoes in the river, when wheat, sesame, and linseed were whirled down the rapid Hebrus like the head of Orpheus, which could not stop, but could only sing reproachfully at the savages of old Thrace. The rafts are sold for fuel or for building materials, as they could not well be brought up from Enos against the strong current. As the waters were yet high we saw some of them come floating down from Philippopoli to Adrianople; but these voyages would soon be stopped, and in July and August there would scarcely be any water here in the bed of

the river; and what looked now so fresh and beautiful would be nearly all bare sand or dark mud. At the end of the summer of 1841 M. Blanqui, coming from Philippopoli and entering this city by the long stone bridge, passed the classical Hebrus without knowing it, and even without being aware that there was any river there.

The Tounjà (at the time of our visit a full and very rapid stream) falls into the Hebrus or Maritza, by its left bank, a very little way below the city; the other great affluent, the Ardà, cutting the right bank, joins the Hebrus a little above the village of Kara-Atch, and in the month of May it also brought down a great volume of water with an impetuous course. Between the city and the Eski-Serai the Tounjà is crossed by three rough old stone bridges, one of which appears to be a Roman work.

The new long stone bridge over the Hebrus was commenced by Sultan-Mahmoud, and finished in the second year of the reign of his son: it is narrow, and is but roughly made; the Armenian builder had in his eye some of the graceful lines and forms of the old bridge at Babà-Eskissi, but was incapable of re-producing them; the jutting balcony or gallery, the screen with the inscription, the parapets, the ornaments between the arches, were all of scamped, slovenly workmanship; but the piers appeared to be strong, and the buttresses boldly faced the current, which was then heady, and had been tremendous a month or two before. The pressure against the piers and buttresses must be alarming whenever the Hebrus is much swollen. In the month of April, 1841, on the great Greek

festival of the "Forty Martyrs," the bridge, not then quite finished, broke down, in part, and caused the death of 72 persons. For no distant date one may safely predict some similar or more fatal catastrophe. Near the head of this bridge, on the town side, right over the bank of the Hebrus, they had erected a large, staring, wooden kiosk wherein to lodge the Sultan in 1846. At a tithe of the expense they might have rendered the kiosk in the Eski-Serai a comfortable lodging for Abdul Medjid, who was to stay only a few days; but the Turks and their Armenian managers always prefer making new buildings to restoring old ones. This house, having served its purpose for a few days, was shut up at the Sultan's departure: it had never been opened since, and as it was entirely built of wood it would very soon go to ruin like the kiosk, built on Olympus, above Brusa, for the like temporary purpose.

Near the opposite end of the bridge were the new houses and enclosed gardens of some Armenian seraffs, to the left of which (near the side of the river) was a long straggling village, intermixed with mulberry plantations, and occupied by poor Greek and Armenian gardeners, who suffered greatly from the intermittent fevers.

The country between this end of the bridge and Kara-Atch, where not covered by broad beds of deep sand left by the overflowings of the river, was nearly all one mulberry garden, the different properties being separated by embankments and ditches, which were made or maintained in a very negligent manner. The mulberry trees and straggling plantations were far from being

managed with such care as those at Brusa. Some improvements had been made, but the market value of Adrianople silk was still from 10 to 15 per cent. below that of the silk of Brusa. The people of Adrianople depend a great deal on this production: nearly every married man that has anything has a mulberry-plantation, and employs his wife and children in tending the silkworms. The cocoons they generally sell to some wealthy Greek or Armenian who has the machinery, the large reels, etc., for winding off the silk. This industry, which might be a very good walking-stick, is but a bad crutch; and the people have got too much in the way of depending entirely upon it. Besides the great and sudden fluctuations in the prices of the commodity, the climate is not altogether propitious either to the worms or to the plants which feed them. This year things were wearing a very bad aspect; prices were very low; there was hardly any demand in England, and none at all in France.

Much of this rich alluvial soil might be more profitably employed than in growing mulberry-trees. In the neighbourhood of Kara-Atch there were some spacious vineyards, and on either side of the Hebrus a very pleasant light wine was produced. The Frank families, who had bestowed some slight extra attention to the making, had some wine which was quite equal to the second-class Bordeaux. Even this might be improved upon, and an immense quantity of excellent wine might be produced in the neighbourhood.

For some miles above and below Adrianople, and on either bank of the river, the country was certainly better cultivated than any other part of Turkey that we had

hitherto seen. There was an immense deal of fallow ground, there was much ground which had evidently not been touched for ages, and nowhere was the farming neat or good; but still the valley of the Hebrus had a cultivated cheerful look. All this, however, was but a mere strip; if you quitted the valley and crossed the ridges on either side of it, you were again in a desert like that which we had traversed in coming from Rodostò and Baba-Eskissi, and from that place to Adrianople. In the best cultivated parts, where the people had been excited into an unusual industry by the late demands for produce, *the villages were very wretched and the people to all appearance as poor as ever.* Our host Mr. S.——, who knew the country better than any one, allowed there was little to show what streams of foreign money had recently flowed through these districts: he said that the extortions of the local governors and the Armenian farmers of the revenue had risen in proportion with the temporary increase of prosperity; and that some of the farmers, who had really made money in 1846-7, and had contrived to secure it, were afraid of showing their prosperity by repairing their wretched houses or improving their dress and appearance, and that they had hid and buried the money in the bountiful soil from which it had been procured. In this manner the money was lost and dead—was of less use than a heap of unspread manure. Mr. S—— knew, in the way of trade, several Greek Rayahs who had made money, but not one who liked to have it known; he knew several Greek towns and villages which had increased in population, and which had furnished large portions of the produce exported to

Western Europe; but he could not mention one that had been cleansed and beautified or in any way improved—he could not name a district where a road had been made or a bridge built. I attach the highest value to his testimony, for he was a sensible practical man of business, without theories or any political prejudices, with a feeling rather favourable to the young Sultan and the Turkish part of the population, and he had resided so many years in this pashalik, and was almost constantly travelling through every part of it. Others, who had lived here still longer than he had, told me that they had witnessed a gradual decline of the Turkish population. Mr. S—— declared that, notwithstanding the late activity in trade, the country was indisputably far poorer and more oppressed than when he first came into it twenty-two years ago; and he gave me many proofs derived from his own experience in business. He said that the bazaar-trade in British manufactures was so decayed and sunk, that it was no longer worth attending to; that what remained of it was in the hands of the Armenians, who were now complaining that there was nothing to be made by it. We scarcely saw a bale of English goods in the whole bazaar.

One of the chief points for collecting the produce of the valley of the Maritza was at Kishan, a healthy town on the hills between Adrianople and the port of Enos, with about 5000 inhabitants. Here Mr. S—— resided a great part of the year, and hence in 1846-7 he had hurried his produce, through Enos, on board ship as quickly as possible. But many were the journeys he had to make through wild regions and over no roads to

get up his produce to Kishan in time. The operations of trade in those regions were like the operations of war—he might have gone through a campaign with less risk and danger.

With gardens in it, and mulberry-grounds and tall-growing trees all about it, Kara-Atch was a pleasant green village. The little Frank colony was the gentlest, pleasantest, most friendly society we had met with in the Levant; all its members seemed to be near relations or closely connected by marriage, and though all were engaged in trade, jealousy and dissension seemed to be unknown among them. The harmony was the more striking from contrast with the discord which had been forced upon our notice at Pera. They had a neat Catholic church in the village, and the privilege of using church bells; but I regret to state that the only quarrelling which had taken place here had arisen between two Catholic priests from Constantinople.

Mr. Willshire had turned a slovenly Greek country-house into a very pleasant little villa, and he and his family were setting examples of neatness, order, and domestic refinement, which might be advantageously followed by others. Their house, with English comforts, was indeed an oasis. But for their own resources and indoor pleasures they would have found their residence here (and in Adrianople it was worse) irksome and altogether insupportable. For many years, and until driven away by the fanfaronnade and bombardment of the Prince de Joinville, Mr. W. had been consul at Mogadore, and several of his children had been born on that African shore. They all declared

that Mogadore was incomparably a pleasanter residence than Adrianople, and that they had not seen in that part of the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco one-half of the misery and decay which surrounded them here in the dominions of the Sultan.

The Greeks of the village had a church and a churchyard, but while the Frank Catholics were allowed a bell they had none. Among the Greek tombstones I found the grave of a countryman and an old friend—poor John Kerr, a man of ability and acquirements, and of a gentle, most friendly heart, who had been several years English consul at Adrianople, and who had perished in his prime on the banks of the Hebrus. Like his successor Mr. Willshire, he was deserving of a far better place, and would have been a valuable public servant where there was business to be done and national interests to attend to.

At the approach of the wet season the Franks and all the Greek respectabilities quit Kara-Atch for Adrianople; the sandy road soon becomes flooded and impassable; the waters of the Hebrus overflow a good part of the village, rising in some seasons to the first floors of the best houses, and occasionally washing away, or sapping the foundations of, a house or two. Then, for five or six months—unless impelled by desperate business—people remain shut up in their cold, wooden houses at Adrianople, shivering over pans of charcoal, or fencing out the blasts of Rhodope with fur-lined cloaks and duplicated inner clothing. Mrs. Willshire described the last winter as having been terrific; hurricanes of wind! rain, sleet, and snow! snow, rain, and sleet! deep, long-lasting snow in the streets of the city,

and in the country below a tossing, rushing, roaring inundation, spreading far and wide.

"Here summer reigns with one eternal smile!"

Fie! again, Lady Mary. In this *genial* month of May we had worse weather than in England. On the 7th of May it rained from morning till night and was very chilly; on the 8th it blew great guns, and that night, as the wind ceased, the snow fell heavily on the neighbouring mountains, and some travellers out in the storm lost their way and were almost frozen to death. As these wayfarers rode through Kara-Atch, in the grey of the morning, they looked as if they had been travelling in Siberia. It was quite common to meet here poor men whose feet had been frozen, and who had been rendered cripples for life by the frost. The sight was not uncommon in the parts of Thrace near to Constantinople. The brother of our Greek host at Macri-keui had been thus lamed of a leg. A poor Greek of Kara-Atch had been more seriously crippled: he went out one terrible evening to look after some sheep; he got enveloped and bewildered in a snow-drift, lost his way, and lay out all night.

"Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, et imbres,
Nivesque deducunt Jovem; nunc mare, nunc silvæ,
Thraïcio Aquilone sonant." . . . . . .

The poor fellow was now going on crutches and begging his bread, his useless legs looking as if they had been partially consumed by fire. On the 10th of May the weather was covered and cold, with a few scorching-hot intervals when the sun shone out; and in the evening we had a tempest of wind and a deluging rain.

On the morning of the 11th I was shivering with cold while reading Lady Mary's sunny descriptions of Adrianople. Where are the numerous and beautiful cypresses of which her ladyship speaks? If they were ever here, they are gone. There is now only *one* forlorn cypress in the whole place. Since leaving Selyvria we had seen none of those trees. About noon on this day the sun shone out, and under a scorching heat we walked some two miles to the village of Demir Bash, famed as a temporary residence of Charles XII. of Sweden. We were cooling ourselves by the side of a neglected, broken fountain, when all of a sudden the wind changed, the sky became clouded, and the air quite chilly. Then, after a few thunder-claps, there was a heavy fall of rain, which drove us for refuge under the ruined gateway of a most wretched farm, and thence into the shop of a Greek backal, who purveyed good raki, of which some Turks were profusely drinking. On the evening of the 12th, as we were returning from Adrianople to Kara-Atch, we were soaked by rain, and that night was very chilly. The 13th, the last day of our stay, was cloudy, rainy, cold.

We saw some Greeks working in the fields and mulberry plantations, but they were working on their own account. All the *hired* labourers were Bulgarians, wanting whom the cultivation (limited as it is) could not be carried on. Considering the price of provisions, the price of labour was very high. The pay of the Bulgarian labourers was 7½ piastres per day, and in shorter days 5 piastres. The price of bread was only 24 paras the oke (a little more than a penny for 2¾ lbs.

English weight): the price of lamb, the only meat, was 1 piastre 27 paras the oke.

These Bulgarians were rough and boorish, like all of their race that we had seen; they were capable of very hard work, but they seemed to me to be deficient in intelligence, and their agricultural implements were all of the rudest and most awkward description.

As we did not go on to Philippopoli and to the country between that city and the Balkan mountains, where the Slave element predominates, and where in fact the Bulgarians have the country almost entirely to themselves; as we did not visit the region of attar of roses, or sojourn at Kasanlik, "the rose land," where every field and hill side is covered with rose-bushes carefully cultivated—where, at the proper season, you see little else than blowing roses for miles and miles—where the fair flowers, with the morning dew upon them, are said to be joyously gathered by fair maidens of sweet engaging countenances, and of nymph-like forms;* as we neither saw their proper districts nor came in contact with any of the Bulgarians, among whom civilization was reported to have developed itself of late years, I would speak doubtingly and modestly of this class of the Sultan's Rayah subjects. Those with whom I spoke on the subject represented them generally as a laborious, gross, unintellectual, unimaginative people. It would be unfair to judge of them by the hinds we saw; but where a peasantry is not frank and cheerful, gentle and social, and averse to

* See, more especially, 'Les Slaves de Turquie. Serbes, Monténégrins, Bosniaques, Albanais, et Bulgares. Leurs Ressources, leurs Tendances et leurs Progrès Politiques, par M. Cyprien Robert. Paris, 1844.'

deeds of blood and ferocity, it will generally be found that the classes above them are not commendable for amiable qualities; and the bulk of the Bulgarian population is rural, pastoral or agricultural. Of late years, however, some few had taken to commercial pursuits, and these men had given a certain impetus to civilization and education. They had a newspaper printed in their Slave dialect; they procured a few books, some printed in emancipated Servia, and some at Vienna; and they had opened a school here and there; but as the population lived for the far greater part in small, widely scattered hamlets, the progress of education must be very slow. We never met a Bulgarian that could read, or that had the remotest idea of letters. From all that I could learn, the recent French theorists, who have taken the "Bulgarian element" under their patronage (and who seem to think that these shepherds and rough labourers ought to succeed the Turks as masters, that the Bulgarian lion ought to be crowned again with his crown of gold, and that the Bulgarian kingdom of the Middle Ages might be restored with far wider limits and without its original ferocity), must have greatly exaggerated the numbers as well as the virtues of these people dwelling in European Turkey. M. Cyprien Robert, among other bold assertions, sets down the Bulgarian population at 4,500,000. I doubt whether it reaches half or even a third of that number. The entire population of European Turkey falls short of 7,000,000. The Turks are *not* numerous, but the Armenians, and still more the Greeks, *are*. Out of Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonica, and a few other large towns, one cannot well use the word *populous* anywhere;

but all along the line of coast, and in every part where the country is comparatively peopled, the Greeks particularly abound, and the Bulgarians, except as migratory shepherds and farm servants, are invisible. Then there is Bosnia—then there are the four Albanias, and Wallachia and Moldavia, and beyond these there will remain the Israelite element, which (if not otherwise) is at least important in number. M. Robert in his wild statistics would leave no room for all these classes.

Furious and most bloody were the wars the Bulgarians waged with the effeminate Greek emperors; but to the Turkish Sultans they had long been the most obedient and contented of Rayahs, the most submissive of slaves. But the visit of the Russians in 1829 put a few new ideas into their heads, and the fiscal tyranny had of late repeatedly roused them to insurrection. In 1840 they called for the expulsion of the insatiable Armenians, who were monopolizing every branch of trade, not excepting even that of *attar of roses,* who were establishing maximum prices, farming the taxes and plundering the country in the name of the Sublime Porte, or of some local pasha. They also demanded an exemption from forced labours, and from all *avanias.* In the following spring few or none of them would come down to the low country, and through a great part of Roumelia farming operations were stopped, and the herds and flocks perished for want of their attendance. It is said that, for the first time, *secret societies* were formed in Bulgaria, and that twelve priests of Sophia, regarded as twelve apostles of religion and of liberty, travelled throughout the country, calling upon the people to arm, and flattering them with the hope that they might drive

the unbelievers out of Constantinople, and raise the altars of Christ and restore the Greek church within the holy walls of Saint Sophia.

The smouldering fire was blown into a flame by a nephew of the Pasha of Nichà, who stole a Bulgarian girl from one of the villages. Armed only with clubs and their heavy sheep-crooks, or agricultural implements, the peasants overcame and massacred a great number of Turks, and then threw themselves into the defiles of the mountain. A body of irregular Turkish cavalry was destroyed shortly after in one of those narrow and difficult passes, and the fortress of Ak-Palanka fell into the hands of the insurgents. If the war could have been maintained a little longer, the improvident, thoughtless Turks, must have been starved out of all their strong places. But Mustapha Pasha called down 7000 fierce Arnaouts from the mountains of Albania, and old Hussein Pasha marched from Vidin with some troops of the Sultan's regular army, and a few pieces of field artillery. The flame of insurrection was quenched in blood. In their hour of success the Bulgarians had shown little mercy; after their defeat they found none. Whatever might be the wishes of Sultan Abdul Medjid, or the orders of his government, the undisciplined, irregular troops could not be restrained. Seven or eight thousand Bulgarians, old and young, men, women, and children, fled into Servia, and others found refuge in Moldavia and Wallachia. Since this war of 1841, the people had been submissive as before the outbreak; but their sullenness was said to have increased, and a great many more robberies and murders perpetrated by Bulgarians have been heard of.

It was the opinion of most people in the country that in case of another invasion, if the Russians would only furnish them with arms, ammunition, and a few leaders, the Bulgarians would rise to a man, and would not fail to take a ferocious vengeance for the cruelties committed by the Turks seven years ago.

It was while reports of the sufferings of a Christian people were ringing in the West of Europe that M. Guizot, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent Monsieur M. Blanqui on his mission into Bulgaria, to ascertain the real state of things, and to assure himself as to facts on the spot. In the published account of his journey this writer, though an applauded member of the French Institute, takes such hasty and superficial views, commits so many palpable mistakes, and betrays so much prejudice, that one can hardly repose confidence in anything he says. It appears, however, that towards the end of August, 1841, he found bands of wild Arnaouts, who had ravaged the country with fire and sword, still lingering in various places, and the plains of Nissà and Sophia militarily occupied by more than 20,000 men of the Sultan's (so called) regular army, with a numerous artillery. Here and there he saw houses burned, fruit-trees torn up by the roots, and women and children wandering about the woodlands and wasted fields. In one wide district there was nothing but symptoms of terror and traces of devastation. The peasants said, "Give us arms! If we had but arms and powder, we would soon drive these wild beasts out of our woods."

"The insurrection was suppressed, but terror reigned in all hearts. One must have seen the sombre despair

of the Bulgarian peasants, and the insolence of the Albanian hordes, to form an idea of what this Christian population must have suffered during this short and sad period. Europe, which takes so lively an interest in the cause of the African negroes, is not sufficiently aware that there exist at her gates, or one may say in her bosom, some millions of men, Christians like ourselves, who are treated as dogs, in their quality of Christians, under a government to which all the Christian powers send accredited ambassadors!" * The Hatti Scheriff of Gul-Khanà had been a miserable mockery to the Rayahs of Bulgaria; and his fiscal regulations and the whole of the finance system of Reschid Pasha and his Reform-school had proved, in action, to be more oppressive, more unjust, more cruel than the old system. Instead of paying *once*, the unhappy Rayahs often saw themselves obliged to pay *twice*. As hardly any of them knew how to read and write, they were frequently deceived by false receipts, wherein sums and dates were changed at the pleasure of those who gave them. Still more frequently their only receipt was a tally, or piece of wood cut in so many notches. "In fine, it was still the ancient system of extortion and violence, *rendered only more odious by hypocrisy and a perfidious appearance of legality*. Here is what the Turkish spirit had made of the Hatti Scheriff in matters of finance—*an atrocious deception*."† I can take all this for unexaggerated truth; for, wherever we had been, we had ample proofs that such

* 'Voyage en Bulgarie pendant l'Année 1841. Par M. Blanqui, Membre de l'Institut de France. Paris, 1843.'

† Ibid.

was the operation of the reformed financial system. In Asia Minor we had seen the system applied as mercilessly to Mussulmans as to Christians.

Notwithstanding their unity in religion, there is no similarity of character and very little sympathy between the lively volatile Greeks and the dull plodding Bulgarians. The Greeks indeed consider themselves vastly superior, and look down upon their neighbours with a feeling very like contempt. If the two races could unite heart and hand, they would need no foreign assistance in driving the Turks out of Europe. But the natural tendency of the Bulgarians is to a union with Russia as the great Sclavonian nation, or to a union and fusion with their neighbours, the Slave populations of the Austrian Empire.

CHAPTER XXX.

Return from Adrianople to Constantinople — Village of Demir Bash — Charles XII. of Sweden — Great Heat — Desolate Turkish Villages — Town of Demotica — The Acropolis, the Kizil-derè, and the Maritza — Caves and Subterranean Passages — Prison of Charles XII. — Tippling Greeks — The Underground Prison of Demotica — Romantic Scenery — Crossing the Hebrus — Agriculture — Sad Roads — Ouzoon-Keupri — Whipping to Mosque — Indifference to Religion — Robbers — Albanian Colony at Criza Zaliff — Bulgarian Thieves — No Guardhouses — Imaum Bazaar — More Desolation — Bulgarian Shepherds — Babà-Eskissi — Town of Bourgaz — Circumcision Festival — The Governor of Bourgaz — Population of Bourgaz — Ruins of Khans, Baths, &c. — Another Wilderness — A Tumulus — Albanian Caravan — Village of Kharisteran — Khan of Erghenè — The wild Desert of Tchorlù — Murder of Mr. Wood — Civil War — Gipsy Encampment — Town of Tchorlù — Poverty of the Turks — Cherry-trees — Vineyards and good Wine — Ruinous Restrictions on Trade — More Ruins and more Deserts — The Propontis — Kinikli — Concert of Frogs — Farm of Arif Bey — Fine Corn-fields — Bulgarian Labourers — A Guardhouse — A Fakir from Hindostan — Reach Selyvria — Temperance Reaction — Sarim Pasha, the sober Vizier — Case of Sotiri Macri — Discouragement of agricultural Improvement — A Tumulus — Village of Pivades — Lower Empire Tower — A German Pedestrian — Bourgaz on the Sands — Kalicrati — Buyuk Tchekmedjeh, or Ponte Grande — More Turkish Desolation and Ruins — A dangerous Pass — Reschid Pasha's New Khan — Lancers of the Imperial Guard on the march — Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh — Arrive at San Stefano.

On the 14th of May, at 10 A.M., we quitted the village of Kara-Atch to ride down to Demotica. This time our suridjee was not an Armenian, but a gipsy, who professed to be a Mussulman, but who never said a prayer or performed an ablution during the six days he was with us. His tribe bore but an indifferent character for honesty, but we found him honest, attentive, and

exceedingly good-natured. He was also sober, and sobriety seemed now to be rather a rare virtue in the country.

As far as the village of Demir Bash the country was pretty well cultivated with wheat, oats, rye, and a little flax. There were also a few vineyards and some rather extensive mulberry-plantations, with rough, badly made inclosures. Although the name has been corrupted from Demir Bash, or "Iron-Head"—the name the Turks bestowed upon the fighting Swede—into Demir-desh or Demirtash, or "Iron-Stone"—the name given to a vast number of villages in Europe and in Asia—there is no doubt that Charles XII. dwelt for some time in the place. Accurate old Pococke, who passed through the village only a few years after Charles had been released from captivity, and when the hero's name and adventures were in every mouth, says, "Charles XII., King of Sweden, resided here till he was removed to Demotica, as it is imagined by the instigation of his enemies, who, it is said, thought that this place was too near the great road." It had been a considerable village, but the Turks had left hardly anything behind them except a large cemetery, two ruined fountains, and one mosque, which was almost a ruin. The few wooden houses which remained were almost entirely inhabited by Greeks, who still spoke of the iron-headed Swede. Their traditions were confused and not very conformable to history. Beyond the village, between the hills and the Hebrus, there is a splendid open plain, on which, according to their account, the indomitable Swede had fought a great battle with

the Turks. There had been no such battle, but in the Middle Ages the plain had been the scene of bloody conflicts between the Bulgarians and the Greeks.

A few hundred yards beyond Demir Bash the cultivation ceased. The morning had been cloudy, but now the sun shone forth, and with a warm south wind the weather was quite oppressive. Spring, at last, seemed to assert her full rights; the breezes were soft as they came over these Thracian plains, and the deep chasms worn by the wintry torrents now murmured gently with only rivulets within them.

> "Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant
> Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ;
> Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
> Hibernâ nive turgidi."

The plain was soon broken by bold ridges, declining, like downs, towards the Hebrus. We had considerable mountains on our right, to the west, and on our left ran the stately river. At noon we stopped at the Turkish village of Emirli, which contained twenty wooden houses and huts, a new little wooden cafinet, an old stone mosque in ruins, and the ruins of a bath and a fountain. Here they were growing a good deal of millet and canary seed, and one or two of the Turks had good yokes of buffaloes. We remounted at 12·30 P.M., crossing an undulated country without trees, and very like our English downs. At 2 P.M., the sun being scorching hot, we waded a cool stream and passed through a little Turkish village in a hollow, called Yell-Bourgazi. Here was a very small wooden mosque and a few hungry-looking Mussulmans smoking their tchi-

bouques. At 3 P.M., being on a lofty ridge, the mountains to the west opened grandly upon us, running from north to south. We passed some pastoral and some woody nooks, but the flocks were few and not large. From one of these nooks proceeded the wailing of a bagpipe, the favourite and common instrument of the Bulgarian shepherds. We saw a very few fine cows and oxen. Fording two more streams and crossing two valleys sprinkled with valonia oak, we then ascended a bold swell, which, on our left, was all wooded with valonia oak. We could discover no house, no hut. We met only six persons on the road, and these were all Christian Rayahs. It has often been noticed, and must always be felt, that one of the strange things in travelling through European Turkey is to meet with so few Turks.

Descending from this height, and then ascending a still higher ridge, we had a glorious view of a fine country, which only wanted wood and water, and a little human industry. I doubt whether on our whole ride, where the banks of the river were concealed from us, we had seen 100 acres under cultivation. Now we caught a view of the towers and battlements of old Demotica, with the Maritza beyond, broad and shining, and partly fringed with trees—a beautiful view and romantic, if ever there was one on earth. The ruined fortifications crown a lofty rocky hill, which rises from the plain like an island. As we sloped down we had glimpses of the Kizil-derè river, which shaves round the rock on which the ancient town stands. Coming down upon the plain we had corn-fields on our left, and vine-

yards on beautiful slopes, and nicely enclosed and well managed, on our right. We were presently on the right bank of the Kizil-derè, where a clattering mill, a picturesque old bridge, a cool green valley, and the rock, and towers and battlements, presented a most charming scene. We rode into Demotica at 4 P.M. As our horses were fresh and rather better than usual, we had probably made about four miles an hour.

The streets through which we passed were full of Greeks, all keeping holiday with much joviality. Their women were sitting out at the doors, most of them being neatly dressed, and some of them very pretty. They saluted us as we passed, wishing that our happy days might be many. We alighted at a Greek cafè, and secured a very narrow chamber overhead in which to sleep. The first question put to us was, whether we would not go up the rock and see the dark prison where Charles XII. had been confined? Climbing up steep streets, where we saw none but merry tippling Greeks and a few Armenians, we were soon at the hill-top, standing on the irregular plateau of a splendid natural Acropolis, which was still almost entirely surrounded by the walls and massy towers which the Greeks of the Lower Empire had raised upon far more ancient foundations. These buildings were chiefly of brick—of brick admirably made and baked, and well put together by the bricklayers. In spite of countless wars and the tempests of six hundred winters, some of these nobly placed towers were still comparatively perfect. Above and below there were dark arched gateways between walls of prodigious thickness. There had been double

and in some parts treble lines of these walls, with projecting towers and turrets close together, as at Kutayah. Most picturesque masses of ruined masonry and masses of fallen rock lay at our feet, rocks and walls having fallen together into the valley. The view from that Acropolis at sunset was one of rare beauty and magnificence. Beneath us the Kizil-derè swept round the rock to join, at a short mile from the town, the broad waters of the Hebrus, now glowing like a river of gold; and afar off, to the north, we could faintly discover the snow-covered ridges of Hæmus and old Rhodope.

The face of the calcareous rock of Demotica was quite honeycombed with caverns and subterraneous passages, the latter being blocked up by stones and rubbish. In some of the caves we found Greeks drinking wine and raki, and singing out lustily to the evening breeze. About midway down the rock, and near a solidly built Greek church of recent date, we entered the terrible, underground state-prison of Demotica, where, according to tradition, the royal Swede was confined. Tradition is again at fault: the Turks never behaved so barbarously to their captive; Charles was lodged in the town, and, though attended by some Mussulman officers, he was allowed the range of the neighbouring country.* As the prison holes were utterly dark and abominably dirty, and as we were

* "Charles the Twelfth of Sweden," says Pococke, "lived at this place (Demotica) for some time: I was informed that he commonly rode out every afternoon, and that some few of his followers who were given to gallantry were obliged to be very secret in those affairs, the King having been always very remarkable for the strictest chastity.

"Druggermen (*drogomans*) and people of great consideration often came to him."

unprovided with lights, we arranged to return on the morrow morning with a proper supply of tallow-candles. We found our coffee-house crowded with tippling Greeks, who were very noisy, but not at all uncivil. Yorghi procured us some lamb, a rice-pilaff, yaourt, and some black olives. The last (of which there was a great consumption) must all have been imported, for since leaving Constantinople we had not seen a single olive-tree.* The wine of Demotica, like that we had drunk at Adrianople, was very good. It cost less than a penny a quart, and was certainly a great deal better than most of the wine sold in England at an extravagant price under the name of claret or Bordeaux. Even with their miserable rafts it might easily be floated down the Kizil-derè and the Hebrus to the port of Enos, where it might be embarked for foreign exportation, or whence it might be sent up to Constantinople. But exportation and even production were discouraged by the fiscal tyranny. A man could not send a barrel of wine out of the town without being called upon for a duty: on the river a transit duty was always demanded; and then, before shipment, another duty must be paid at Enos. The Greeks had given up the trade and all thoughts about it. They sometimes sold a little of their wine in the neighbourhood; but if they sent it to any distance, the expense of the land-carriage ate up all the profit.

* M. Blanqui talks of villages surrounded with olive-groves and vineyards, on the coast of the Propontis between Selyvria and Constantinople. There is not an olive-tree there. Close to Constantinople, almost under the Seven Towers, there are, indeed, a few miserable olive-trees which have given its name to the spot whereon they have built the Sultan's grand manufactory—Zeitoun Bournu, or "Olive Point."

Quitting our coffee-house, we went to the tcharshy, and bought some candles to see the subterranean prison —"*La fameuse prison de Demotica*," says M. Blanqui, "*où tant de malheureux ont péri, et qui possède en Turquie une réputation aussi sinistre que les plombs de Venise.*" Yesterday evening, without the aid of candle-light, we had seen quite enough to convince us that this member of the Institut had been indulging the Victor Hugo or picturesque-and-romantic part of his imagination. Instead of being inaccessible, and so hermetically closed that not even the instances of "*notre ambassadeur*" could procure admission, the place was, and for many years had been, open to anybody. In the outer and upper apartment we found some Greek boys playing at an ancient, primitive game of pitch and toss, with lamb-shanks and knuckle-bones. The doors had been broken down and burned long ago; there was not a fastening left. Instead of being an "*affreuse Bastille*," the prison was merely a narrow, dirty cavern—a hole in the rock, an abominable hole for any men to live in, but still only a hole, and utterly devoid of romantic features. There were three very small rooms, and a little lower down (but at no depth) there was a narrow black dungeon scarcely larger than the vestry of one of our old country churches. According to a Greek of the town, who was our guide, the last persons confined here were some half-dozen of Frenchmen, who had been captured during Bonaparte's campaign in Egypt (in 1799), and certainly the only indications we could find of captives in the dungeon were fragments of French words and sentences, candle-smoked on the rocky roof. These smoke-inscriptions had been affected

by the damp, and battered with stones; most of them appeared to have been only the names and surnames of the unfortunate men; the longest and most perfect stood thus:—

* * * * 8 * 1 * * * HÉLAS * * *
VINGT * * * SOUS-OFFICIER DE FRANCE * * *
DANS * * * AFFREUX * * *

As for M. Blanqui's "*fameux puisards à la manière Persane, et les crocs intérieurs sur lesquels on précipitait les victimes,*" there was nothing of the sort, nor had there ever been. There was a well, descending below the level of the Kizil-derè river, but it had long been choked up with stones to the mouth, so long, that tradition had taken hold of it, reporting that a mighty strong man, as a trial of strength and agility, had filled up the deep well with those great stones in a single night. M. Blanqui does not pretend to have visited the spot; he only pretends that, in order to draw up his 'Report upon Turkish Prisons' for Monsieur le Ministre de l'Intérieur, he was very desirous of visiting it, and that *he was prevented by the Turks.* This is absolute nonsense, and something worse. The member of the Institut did not like the journey, and, thinking it necessary to say something about a noted place, he drew upon his fancy for his facts. No Turk or Rayah could have told him that it was impossible for him to visit "*cette affreuse Bastille;*" no application to the Porte, no firman was necessary to see a hole open to everybody. Verily, among their literary *missionnaires* the government of Louis-Philippe did rather frequently employ men strangely indifferent to truth and careless of research!

On the whole, this Demotica was one of the most interesting places we saw in Turkey. It produces a considerable quantity of silk, which is sent to Adrianople. The entire population of the present town, though said to be a great deal more, is probably rather under than above 5000. There was a Frank hekim, an Italian practitioner in the town, but as, contrary to the usage of such men, he kept out of our way, we could put no questions to him.

At 8 A.M. we mounted our horses for Ouzoon-Keupri. We now found that the Turks occupied the low and unhealthy part of Demotica towards the rivers and marshes, as they do at Selyvria, and indeed almost everywhere else. They are too lazy to ascend a steep hill. In a small school-room near an old mosque a number of children were humming passages of the Koran. Below the town, moored to the left bank of the Kizil-derè, we saw two Greek boats from the island of Scio loaded with lemons and citrons, and another curious boat full of rude Turkish crockery. They were in a great hurry to unload and be off; if they were not gone soon, there would not be water enough in the Hebrus to float them down to the sea. We passed some extensive and well managed mulberry-plantations, and then came to underwoods and broad marshes, forming another foyer of disease, and being difficult to pass without a guide. A slow ride of half an hour brought us to the right bank of the Hebrus, a few hundred yards above the confluence of the Kizil-derè. At this season, and at this spot, the Hebrus was as broad as the Thames at Battersea Bridge. We had to wait some time for the Turkish ferry-boat, or a huge heavy awkward raft

which did the duty of one, and which was propelled by long poles. We crossed with four horses, four oxen, two mules, and seven Turks, the water being nowhere deep. Here and there the banks of the river were prettily willowed. It was 9 A.M. before we remounted. Here was some of the best agriculture which the valley of the Maritza had to show; but I was again astonished at the narrow extent of it. For about a mile we rode up the left bank, most pleasantly refreshed by a cool breeze from the broad waters. We then struck across a fine champaign, a splendid alluvial flat, where half of the rich soil was under cultivation and producing magnificent crops of wheat. But we crossed this narrow belt in half an hour, and then came again to the wilderness. Crossing another ridge, we then descended into the broad green valley of the Emirghenè-derèssi, where a few sheep and decent looking cattle were grazing on another alluvial flat. This valley, flanked by tall hills, is traversed lengthways by a river (the same we had crossed in coming from Rodostò), which swells in the wet season and lays nearly the whole of it under water. The soil was as flat and as green as a new billiard-table. The valley was crossed by a low stone bridge, about three-quarters of a mile long; it is called the "Long Bridge"—Ouzoon-Keupri—and gives its name to the town. We counted 174 arches, only three or four of which had water under them at this season. The bridge, of a very rude and Turkish construction, was said to have been built by Sultan Murad: at its upper end there was a Turkish water-mill on either side; the town was at the other end. We passed a large khan, now in ruins, also said to have been built by Sultan

Murad; and we dismounted at a cafinet as the muezzin was calling to noonday prayer. Even in this rural district hardly a man among the faithful attended the call; out of a crowd of Turks that were smoking round about the coffee-house, not one laid aside his pipe or rose to perform his devotions.

Sultan Mahmoud, who had himself openly infringed all the laws of the Prophet, and who, by his violent changes, had given deadly blows to the religious feelings of the people, had some compunctious visitings in his latter years, and took summary measures to bring about, or force on, a religious "revival." During the month of January, 1837, a royal order was issued at Constantinople and proclaimed through the streets, requiring all true Mussulmans to perform their devotions regularly, and *in the mosques*. This order was so far an innovation, as it is a privilege granted by the religion that the Mussulman may offer the stated prayers in the mosque or elsewhere, at his pleasure or convenience. The new regulation was of course intended to arrest the growing neglect of this most sacred duty. The Oulema, who had urged on the Sultan, thus gave the strongest proof of their own conviction that there was a decline in all the observances of Islam! This was the common belief in 1837, and we found that it was almost universal in 1847–8. Mahmoud's edict would have been nothing without a penalty attached to its violation—the disobedient were forcibly carried to the courtyards of the mosque, and were there soundly bastinadoed. This had the desired effect; the lost devotion of thousands suddenly returned; the mosques were again crowded, and the stalls of Mussulmans in

the bazaars were deserted at the hours of prayer. But all this devotion was very short lived; the government forgot the edict, and when their cavasses left off bastinadoing, the people left off going to prayers. "On my return to Constantinople in 1838," says Bishop Southgate, "the law was still in force, though the multitude were gradually reverting to their old habits. Yet I remember one day seeing a cavass walking through the bazaars at the hour of prayer with a whip in his hand, rousing the Turks as he passed, and driving them off to the mosques. In the mean time I was curious to know whether it had been promulgated elsewhere, and made inquiries for it in every part of the kingdom. I found that it had been everywhere proclaimed, and heard various comments upon it in different quarters. An old Turk at Baibout, to whom I applied for information, bore a high testimony to the religious character of his townsmen. 'There is no need of such orders here,' he said, 'for we all go to mosque five times a-day.' His boast led me to observe how far his own practice was conformable, and I noticed that during the day which I spent there, he did not perform his devotions at any one of the prescribed hours. Whether his testimony respecting others was any more veracious, I cannot tell, farther than that I passed the day among them, and saw no one at his prayers."*

Were there some other belief taking the place of the old one, were there other religious observances substituted for those of the Koran, this decay of Islam might be matter of congratulation; but as far as I could dis-

* 'Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia,' vol. i. p. 169. New York, 1840.

cover, Mahometanism was only giving way to a thorough and heartless infidelity. This was also the impression of Bishop Southgate, of Mr. William J. Hamilton, and I may say of nearly every recent traveller that had paid any attention to the subject. "The Turks," says Mr. Hamilton, "are now in a sad predicament, and the only religious change they are likely to undergo is from *Mahometanism* to *atheism*: it has been frequently remarked in various parts of Turkey, that those who have been the most eager supporters of the reform measures of Sultan Mahmoud, are bad Mahometans, and careless observers even of the outward forms of their religion; but in this they have made no step towards the truths of Christianity, and have only changed the precise formalities of Mahometanism for the vague uncertainties of scepticism."* Among the Turks in Europe we were often struck with their mutual distrust—a sure proof of decaying honesty. The man who believed nothing himself, would not trust another man, because he knew he had no religious belief. But one need not travel to Turkey to discover this feeling and the consequences which result from it.

This town of Ouzoon-Keupri numbered about 600 houses, of which above 200 were Greek; there were no Armenians, but the Mahometanized gipsies were rather numerous, and there were a few resident Bulgarians, who were cultivating some very fine corn-lands. The mudir of the town seemed to take a very lively interest in our safety; he said that the whole of the country between this valley and Babà-Eskissi, on the high road, was wild and desolate, and much frequented by Bulga-

* 'Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia,' vol. i. p. 356.

rian thieves. According to his account all the thieves in Roumelia were either Bulgarians or Arnaouts; there might be a Greek robber now and then, but he would not admit that any Osmanlee ever took to the road. We could have got up an argument on this last point, but it would have been impolite and very useless. He recommended that we should take one of his zaptias or irregular guards with us: we did not think that one fellow, mounted on a lame horse, and with one bad pistol and a long knife in his girdle, would add very much to our security; but as our suridjèe had never travelled by these out-of-the-way tracks, and confessed that he might very probably mislead us, we thanked the mudir and took his guard. At 3 P.M. we mounted for Criza Zaliff, an Arnaout or Albanian village, where we intended to pass the night. We recrossed the long bridge, our horses making a fearful clatter on the rough irregular stones. Turning round to our right by one of the water-mills, we passed a few fine corn-fields, and then got into a most scrubby country—a perfect wilderness, abounding in brushwood and in deep gullies cut by the winter rains. In about an hour and a half we had a large village, called Yeni-keui, on our right hand, but at a considerable distance. At 6 P.M. we drew rein in Criza Zaliff, a pretty, prosperous looking village, seated on a gentle eminence in the midst of a vast vineyard. The Greek cross on the top of a little church, and other indications, told us that we were among a Christian people. Women were working in the vineyards, or bustling about with unveiled faces, and the village absolutely *swarmed* with children. Prettily and picturesquely grouped together there were about 320

houses or cottages, presenting an air of solidity and comfort which we had seen nowhere else in the country. The cottage in which we took up our quarters, though small, was as neat, clean, and comfortable as could be desired. Within and without, the walls, built of stone and plastered, were whitewashed; the roof was excellently thatched, and in front of the door was a pleasant open portico, where the family always slept in the warm season. According to their own account, these Albanian Christians had been settled here nearly two hundred years. On the other side of Ouzoon-Keupri there were two other Christian colonies of the same stock—Ibrik-Tepè, containing 200 houses, and Alteun-Tash with 150 houses. Those villagers devoted themselves entirely to the cultivation of corn, sesame, and flax: the people of Criza-Zaliff only grew corn enough for their own use, a little sesame and cotton, their chief industry being the careful cultivation of the vine and the making of wine and raki, of which they sold large quantities to the Albanians of the two other villages, and to the Greeks of Ouzoon-Keupri and other neighbouring places. Their wine was very good, and their vineyards were well entrenched and carefully and neatly managed. The movement, the industry of these energetic people was quite a reviving sight. There were no rags and tatters here; men, women, and children were all well dressed; the costume of the women was quite pretty. They wore clean, strong cotton aprons, gracefully embroidered with worsteds of different colours, and other parts of their dress were ornamented in the same manner. They seemed all busy, contented, and thriving; and though somewhat bashful before strangers,

they were evidently free and merry enough among themselves. Every cottage into which we looked was as clean and orderly as our own quarters. We could scarcely fancy ourselves in Turkey; except in the Cossack village on Lake Magnass, we had seen nothing like this order and admirable housewifery.

The people themselves complained of being oppressed by the Turks and dealt with in a very unfair manner by the ushurjees. They had trusted to themselves for their defence against irregular marauders and professional thieves; even in the winter-time most of the men lay out by night in the porticos of their houses with guns by their sides; but this year the Pasha of Adrianople had made a great stir for carrying into effect the disarming order of the Sultan, and they had been obliged to conceal their weapons.

They were now afraid to let their children stray out of sight, and the cows and sheep that were mainly tended by the boys, instead of being allowed a wide range over the downs, were all kept in a valley close to home,—as green and pleasant and pastoral a valley as eye could behold, with a clear, cool stream running through it. These good people, like all the rest, were annually paying a tax to Government for the rural guard; but in all these wilds there was no *dervent* —there was no guard at all where many were needed; the idling irregulars and police-agents kept wholly in the towns: since leaving Selyvria we had nowhere seen *one* of those guard-houses which occurred rather frequently in Asia Minor.

On Tuesday, the 16th of May, we were in the saddle at 7 o'clock. We left the good people quite charmed

with their cleanliness. The pleasant valley was covered with flocks and herds, and beyond it were some good fields of corn and millet. For a short way the country was dotted with trees and copses. Innumerable larks were singing in the bright blue sky, and the voice of the cuckoo, which we had scarcely heard in Europe, or since our excursion to Nicomedia, was ringing on every side. Between broad downs, from 300 to 400 feet in height, there were narrow valleys, with rivulets or with swamps that were not always easy to cross. The downs were covered with sweet, short pasture, abounding in aromatic herbs, and both downs and valleys were besprent with bright and beautiful wild flowers. Some of the hollows were completely carpeted with crocuses of a soft lilac hue.

At 8.50 A.M. we forded a rapid and rather deep stream, and in another half-hour we entered the unhealthy desolate village of Imaum-Bazaar, which has a terrible morass right in front, wherein the loud-voiced frogs were making a deafening concert. At the entrance of the village there was a deserted and utterly ruined mosque, and some fine tall trees, which gave an aspect of beauty to the forlorn place. From nearly 200, the houses had decreased to 22: these were all occupied by Greeks; not the shadow of a Turk was left. The guard furnished by the mudir of Ouzoon-Keupri had thought proper to leave us at Criza Zaliff, and we had taken one of the Albanians of that village as a guide. He was rather a fierce and robber-looking fellow, but a staunch and zealous son of the Greek Church. "As that mosque has tumbled to pieces," said he, "so will the infidels fall. There was no Cross

here; they allowed of none; and where the *Cross* is *not*, men cannot thrive!" An old Greek woman, who was walking up and down spinning with the distaff, which has not been altered since the days of Homer, devoutly echoed our Arnaout's sentiment.

At noon we came in sight of the tall tumulus already mentioned, but it took us another good hour to reach the town of Babà-Eskissi. As usual, we had scarcely met a human being on the road. Near the town we passed three or four Bulgarian shepherds, with their pastoral and truly classical crooks in hand; but knowing the uses to which some of them applied the bucolic staff, we had no inclination to linger among the "gentil pastori."

At 2.15 P.M. we remounted. We were now on the high road, but the loneliness continued much as before. At 6 P.M., when our spirits were quite oppressed by all this waste and solitude, we came to a ridge, and had a close view of the town of Bourgaz, the outer aspect of which is quite enchanting, tall poplars growing among tall white minarets, and planes and other trees being mixed with the mosques and houses, two twin tumuli rising in the rear, and green fields and sloping downs lying all round. We took up our quarters at the slovenly, tottering, wooden khan, which now did duty for the splendid old khans, which had been allowed to fall into decay, like those at Khavsà. There was a grand tom-tomming and piping in the town, and a number of Turkish wrestlers, in sheep-skin leather breeches saturated with oil, were collected in the khan, and were our fellow-lodgers for the night. A circumcision festival had begun to-day; and to-morrow there

would be joy in Bourgaz town, for young Rifat, son of Halil, the chief of the police, was to be circumcised, with nine other boys.

On the following morning we visited the mudir or governor, a hard-smoking, moody man, who had formerly been a kapoudjee or door-keeper at the Sultan's palace. He showed his disrespect by giving us coffee without pipes. This Salih Aghà, who told us that there was no money to be made now-a-days, and that it was better to be a kapoudjee than a mudir, had a host of idle retainers in his konack. To our remarks about the insecurity of the roads, he replied with Baccalums and Inshallahs.

The town of Bourgaz now contains about 1000 houses, of which about 400 are Turkish, 570 Greek, and 30 Jewish. There were also a few Armenian traders living in khans. There were three mosques, the principal being a very beautiful edifice with a medresseh, a tourbè, baths, and a stately khan attached, as at Khavsà. Everything had been most solidly built of hewn stone, but, except the mosque, all was in ruins, or on the verge of ruin. All this devastation could not have been the work of time and the seasons: in several places there was evidence that violence had been employed; the country around was repeatedly the scene of civil war among the Turks at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and as late as the year 1812 one Delhi Katri, with a band of 4000 or 5000 robbers, held Bourgaz, and committed the most horrible excesses. Some of the rents must have been made by cannon or by gunpowder employed in mines: there were arches and domed roofs that would have stood for

ever if undisturbed by man. The people of the town assigned all these goodly edifices to the great Ibrahim-Khan-Oglou-Mehemet Pasha, whom they represented as having been a favourite and Grand Vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent. Recently they had been knocking down some of the walls and using the materials to make a causeway across a bog. The medresseh was void of students, but in a miserable corner of it they had fitted up a room for a common school. An old Turk, who accompanied us in our perambulations among the ruins, said that the Government had eaten up all the property of the college long ago, and that since the vakoufs had been invaded, every establishment had fallen to pieces. This spoliation is no secret; every Mussulman in the country knew that mosques and medressehs had been robbed, and very few of them hesitated to say so.

At 2.30 P.M. we resumed our journey towards Selyvria, plunging into the desert as soon as we crossed the corn-fields of Bourgaz. At 3.15 we shouldered another tall tumulus. The scorching heat had again given way to a chilling cold, and a northerly gale coming over the mountains of Kirk-Klissia and Visà, accompanied us from the tumulus on the heath to the slightly built wooden khan in which we were to sleep, blowing at times as if it would blow us out of our saddles. M. Blanqui came to some indisputable conclusions:—"*La première condition pour voyager dans ce pays est de se bien porter et de tout porter avec soi.*"* We carried nothing with us, trusting to such supplies as the villages and khans in the desert might offer, but we were happily in very good health, and suffered nothing

* 'Voyage en Bulgarie.'

but a little temporary annoyance from these sudden changes of atmosphere and from rude fare and lodgings. We met a very long caravan of Mussulman Albanians returning to their homes, all armed with muskets or pistols and yataghans, and very savage in their looks; and these were the only people we saw between Bourgaz and Kharisteran, where we arrived at 6.30 P.M. A broad stream, which we crossed by a rough stone bridge, ran in front of this ruinous Turkish village: the cafinet, built by the diligence speculators, was quite new and detached from the village, having at its side a backal's shop kept by a Greek, and a long magazine or warehouse. Kharisteran now counted only 60 houses. Another small village, occupied entirely by Greeks, lay a little to the north.

On Thursday, the 18th of May, we were up at sunrise, but the cafèjeè had already kindled his charcoal fire, and divers old Turks were toddling in from the village to take their tiny morning cup and smoke their first tchibouque.

We mounted at 6 A.M., upon the most monotonous ride that we had yet had. We passed a few patches of oats, sesame, and flax—the flax being now in flower and looking beautiful to the eye—but this slight cultivation presently ceased.

At 9 A.M. we dismounted at another new and rather large khan, built in a lonely place called Erghenè, by the diligence-company, having crossed two stone bridges just before.

At 10 A.M. we continued our route across a dull, bare, lumpish country, which nowhere offered the slightest shade; and although the morning had been

chillingly cold, the weather was now blazing hot. Truly it was like an African desert transplanted into Europe, and set down on the verge of a great capital. The road, or roads—for there were at least a score of them—were nothing but tracks worn in the heath by aruba wheels, and the hoofs of camels, horses, and oxen—*rien que du frayé.* Far as the eye could reach across the plain, not a house, not a tree, not a bush was to be seen. *Les Turques y ont fait table rase.** Or, to speak more correctly, the Turks have only finished a devastation which was begun and greatly advanced by the Bulgarian savages in their invasions of the Greek Empire, long before the Mussulmans crossed over into Europe. The Bulgarian shepherd-warriors wanted vast pastures for their flocks and herds, and they cared for little else.

We were now on the Tchorlù Kour, or Desert of Tchorlù (commonly called Tchiorlà), where, about the year 1812, Mr. Wood, an English traveller, and the janizary who accompanied him, were murdered by the Arnaout marauders of Delhi Katri of Bourgaz. The plain was well suited to cavalry evolutions, and here a bloody battle was fought between Bajazet and his son Selim. In this unnatural warfare the son was defeated; and "he owed his safety to the swiftness of his horse, called the 'Black Cloud,' and with that steed he fled to the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, who was his father-in-law."† As we slowly approached the town, which stands on the edge of this Arabian desert, we saw some herds of brood-mares, with their foals, and a large gipsy encampment.

* M. Blanqui. † Busbequius.

In front of the town of Tchorlù, there was a broad bed of a stream, deep and impetuous in the winter season, but now much shrunken; the chasm was spanned by a new stone bridge, which looked solid, but very rough. We preferred fording the stream a little above the bridge, at a spot where a few very thin cows and oxen were drinking. On a hill above the opposite bank, we came upon some ruined walls of the Lower Empire, and saw the slight remains of a small fortress or castle on another detached hill. These were no doubt parts of the defensive works raised by the Emperor Anastasius, who carried a wall right across the peninsula, from Heraclea on the Propontis to Derkon on the shore of the Euxine, to cover Constantinople and the other few Thracian towns which yet belonged to him from the attacks of the fierce Bulgarians. At 12.20 P.M. we alighted at a Turkish coffee-house, in this rustical, not unpleasant town. The place looked quite cheerful after the wilderness we had passed, and the people were civil and obliging.

Tchorlù now contained about 300 Turkish, 500 Greek, 100 Armenian, and 60 Jewish houses, to be added to which were from 70 to 80 hovels occupied by gipsies. There was evidence that the town had once been very much larger. It had three mosques, the principal one being surrounded by ruins, and bearing on its own walls the marks of musket-ball and cannon-shot. Another of the mosques had had its dome cracked by artillery. The town was the scene of a fearful conflict between the reformers and anti-reformers of Sultan Selim's time (in 1807–8), and, together with Bourgaz and several other towns in these

regions, it had suffered very severely. Some large houses, with gardens, which had been konacks of rich and prosperous Ayans—the hereditary provincial aristocracy—were levelled with the ground, or, being curtailed of their dimensions, were turned into hovels for the poor Turks, or into stables for cattle. All the Turkish houses were in a dilapidated condition, and most of their occupants seemed miserably poor. Such has been the march, or such the consequence, of reform all over this wretched empire! The rich have indeed been sent empty away, but the hungry, instead of being filled with good things, have become far more hungry and bare than before.

For a long time we had scarcely seen a fruit-tree, but here at Tchorlù were a good many cherry-trees, and the place is renowned for its cherries. The vineyards round the town are extensive, and a great quantity of wine—some of it being good—is made on the spot. The best was selling here for twenty paras the oke, or about an English penny the bottle; but the people said they could not send it to Constantinople because the mudir of the town took twenty paras the oke, and the custom-house at Constantinople took as much more, and the expenses of carriage were very heavy. Thus, with these duties, and with these horrible tracks for roads, trade, even at this short distance from the capital, is checked and choked, and all production and industry discouraged.

At four in the afternoon we took the road for Kinikli. For some distance we had on our left the famous vineyards of Tchorlù, but some of them were sadly neglected, and others seemed to be altogether abandoned.

From the first ridge we ascended, we caught again a magnificent view of the broad Propontis, which we had not seen since our departure from Rodostò. The weather, which had been so oppressively hot in the desert, was truly delightful on the downs near the coast; there was what old Busbequius called "a Thracian breeze, and an incredible sweetness of air." But the country was all bare and desolate—as lonely as the desert we had left behind us.

At 6.30 P.M. we had the port and old town of Heraclea on our right hand, but at some distance; and beyond the town we saw the same view which had enchanted us on the 2nd of May.

At 7.30 P.M. we crossed a stream by a rough stone bridge, and alighted at Kinikli, in a deep hollow with pestiferous swamps on every side. Not long ago here was a very considerable Turkish town and a prosperous population; it was almost destroyed in the civil war of 1807-8, and the malaria fevers, the consequence of the negligence and poverty which had left the stream to overflow the land, so far completed the work of destruction, that there were now at Kinikli only two cafinets, a forlorn khan, a backal's shop, and one tumble-down farmhouse. Of two fair stone fountains one was ruined and useless. The noise from the marshes was so loud as almost to prevent sleep, and the flooring of the room over one of the cafinets, where we had our quarters, was not harder, but more uneven than usual.

On the morning (the 19th of May) we were up with the sun. We did not leave Kinikli until 7 A.M.; and then, instead of taking the direct tract to Selyvria, we made a circuit to visit a Turkish chiftlik which was

much famed all over the country. A few patches of corn and oats lay on the hill sides by the ruined town. Riding across a most lonely and rugged wilderness for nearly three hours, we came to the farm of Arif Bey, who grew the best corn in these parts and in great quantities.

In the absence of his master, the kehayah, not a Turk, but a very intelligent young Greek, received us very hospitably, placing before us bread, milk, yaourt, honey, sheep's cheese, and coffee, which appeared to be all he had to give. The stables, barns, and other out-buildings were extensive and numerous, and though rough and slovenly enough, in far better order than common. The bey had more than 2000 sheep and nearly 100 cows. They made hardly any cheese of cows' milk, but were great producers of the acrid sheep's milk cheese, exporting on an average 30,000 okes a year to the capital by way of Selyvria and the Sea of Marmora. In a large dairy we saw them churning the ewes' milk. The bey's kitchen-garden seemed to be stocked with leeks and onions, and with nothing besides. His *basse-cour* had but a poor show of poultry. He lived upon lamb until lambs grew into sheep, and then he lived upon mutton, according to the universal usage of the country. Except a few Greeks all the farm-labourers were Bulgarians, who were now receiving from six to seven piastres a day. These fellows would vanish as soon as all the crops were gotten in. But there were a few of the Bulgarians who were stationary, being engaged by the year, and receiving from 1000 to 1200 piastres per annum, together with their daily food, which consisted almost entirely of

coarse bread, milk, garlic, and black olives of the poorest sort. Yet these fellows were uncommonly robust and strong. There was a small vineyard merely for fruit for the table and for *petmez*. Several of the corn-fields were uncommonly clean, covered with splendid crops, trenched and sufficiently protected from the inroads of cattle, which are often very destructive. His wheat well merited its praise. By living in the country, by looking after his own farm, and by engaging the best Bulgarian labourers, Arif Bey, from a very poor one, had made himself quite a rich man, and he was still young. With only a little agricultural science and a few better implements, he might certainly have doubled his crops and his income. Yet, if other Turkish gentlemen were only to do as he has done, the face of the country might yet be changed. But where can one look for such men?

Remounting at 10 A.M. we soon crossed this oasis, and came again upon the desert. In half an hour we stopped at a little coffee and guard house near a swamp and a wooden bridge, where the guard consisted of three Turkish gray-beards, who made very good coffee, but were so old that they could scarcely toddle. Two junior guards had gone into Selyvria to amuse themselves. We loitered at this wild spot, talking most of the time with the old Turks about robbers. While we stayed an old Mussulman, in a "transition state," came down to the water with an aruba, a pair of very small oxen, a mattress, a coverlet, a hen, and his wife. He was moving with *all* his worldly goods, in the desperate hope of getting out of the way of the tax-collectors and seraffs. It was about 11.30 A.M. when

we remounted. We had the blue Propontis close on our right almost ever since leaving Kinikli. Now, crossing a stiff ridge, we came down to the sea-beach, along which we rode for about twenty minutes. The only being we met upon it was a dingy, wandering fakir, who told us that he came from *Hindostan!* Climbing another ridge, which was very steep and jutted out into the sea, we again descended to the level shore. Although we had made short stages and frequent rests, our poor Adrianople horses were by this time quite done up, stumbling at every three steps, and moving and looking as if they were fast asleep. But Selyvria was now close before us, and traversing the long stone bridge, we entered the town at 2 P.M. We had been five days and nights without taking off our clothes or seeing the sight of sheets, and the only means we had had of performing our ablutions was to stop at some fountain or stream on the road. A Turkish bath and a Selyvria barber soon made a new man of me; and the first night in the hekim's comfortable house and clean beds was a perfect Elysium.

The cholera had not re-appeared, but there was choleric news from Stamboul and Kirk-Klissia. Sarim Pasha, the new vizier, had struck up a temporary league with the anti-reform or anti-wine-and-spirit-bibbing party; in the capital a fierce war had been made upon the wine-pots, and the poncherias and raki-shops (many of which were kept by Maltese and Ionian Greeks) had been forcibly shut up. Improving on the example set at head-quarters, Arif Pasha, governor of Kirk-Klissia, whose harem we had passed in the Tchorlù desert, had bastinadoed two Mussulmans to within an inch of their

lives for being found drunk on raki. And at this very time there was not at Constantinople a single pasha of name or note but indulged in wine and spirituous liquors. We all knew how it would be; the storm would soon blow over, the persecution would exhaust itself in its first fury; and those who had a mind to it would tipple just as before. On our return to Constantinople the raki-shops were all open and Sarim Pasha's edict seemed to be forgotten.

Old Sotiri Macri, the Cephaloniote, who had taken to agriculture and purchased the chiftlik, near Heraclea, was deep in trouble and anxiety, for his right to hold property was questioned. Something of this I had heard before, but while we were away at Adrianople his anxieties had increased, and he now told me the whole story about his farm. The chiftlik had passed from its original Turkish owner to an Armenian creditor, a certain seraff, who rejoiced in the name of Sarkiz-Boyaz-Oglou, who had sold it to Macri for 96,000 piastres, money down. The seraff, as a Rayah subject, had every right to hold or to sell, and Macri had conformed to the Turkish law in having the deeds drawn up in the name of his wife, a Rayah by birth, and a native of Selyvria. When it came into his possession the farm was *nudo*, quite naked, there was nothing upon it. Macri had spent some 20,000 piastres more in stock, stabling, house-building, etc. The crops he had raised in 1847, and the good prices he had gotten for them, had excited the cupidity and envy of a big Turk named Emin Bey, the proprietor of an adjoining chiftlik of immense extent, but scarcely scratched by the plough. Instead of doing upon his own grounds

what Macri had done on his, the Bey must needs have Macri's chiftlik. He had raised a terrible outcry against the enormity of landed property being held by a stranger, and the danger of allowing seven Ionian Greeks (the men who had introduced all the improved cultivation that there was) to live upon a farm in the Sultan's dominions. The Bey had friends among the Oulema at Constantinople, and those precious managers of the Vakouf, who had committed, or submitted to, every species of irregularity and illegality—who were now seeing the property of which they were the holy guardians turned from its purpose and seized and squandered—refused to give Macri some necessary title, and were telling him that he must out, and that Emin Bey must have the farm on his reimbursing the 96,000 piastres. Thus do they encourage agriculture in reformed Turkey!

We spent five days rather pleasantly at Selyvria.

On Wednesday the 24th of May, at 8 A.M., we left to travel by land towards Constantinople. We rode under the landward face of the old walls and fortifications, having on our left hand some fields of corn and flax, a few vineyards, and a long desolate Turkish cemetery. At 9 A.M. we had a tall tumulus, called Arab Tepè, on our right, and another tumulus on our left, both standing on a rough, broken, lonely heath. The Arab Tepè was so named from a daring black robber, who, when surrounded by the irregular troops of some ancient Sultan, had retreated to the top of it, and had there sold his life dearly. A little beyond the Tepè, in a hollow, there was a rude bridge, and close by it the grave of a German courier, who was murdered

on the bridge by robbers in the latter days of Sultan Selim. In another hour we dismounted at the sea-coast village of Pivadés, where we had landed in the night of the 29th of April. We were hospitably entertained by the father, mother, and sister of our good hostess at Selyvria, who all lived here in a clean and comfortable house. The village was entirely occupied by Greeks; there was not a Turk in it or near it; and so, without offence given, a number of pigs were strolling about the streets. Though most of the wooden houses were rather *delabrées*, the place had, comparatively, an air of neatness, activity, and well doing. Down by the sea-beach we saw a good solid stone magazine rising up, but this, like the stone warehouses at Selyvria, belonged to some Greeks of the Ionian islands. These active enterprising people have certainly done nearly all of the little that has been done along these desolated coasts. It was by capital they advanced that cultivation had been somewhat extended round this village, where we observed more flax, a good sprinkling of wheat, and some very large bean-fields. On a bluff, lofty, seaward cliff, above the village, stands a tower of the Middle Ages, eminently picturesque in its ruin.

At 11 A.M. we remounted for a very pleasant ride along the beach of the Propontis. Though so near the capital, the country was still most desolate, and hardly a traveller was to be seen. At last we met a solitary man in a Frank dress, trudging along on foot with a staff in his hand and a long pipe-stick, and a very small parcel at his back. He was a German; one of the artizans that had been trepanned by Hohannes Dadian: he could bear the life at the imperial fabric at Zeitoun

Bournu no longer; in order not to run mad he had run away, and he was now walking back to Germany. Poor fellow! He had a long and rough journey between him and the Danube, he had hardly any money, and he could speak no language but German; but he was young and strong, and if some Bulgarian shepherds did not knock him on the head for his pipe-stick and little bundle, and if marsh fever did not lay hold of him, he would probably get safely enough into his own country.

At 1 P.M. we halted for a few minutes at the reduced miserable little hamlet of Koumbourgaz, or Bourgaz on the Sands, standing on the brink of the sea, and affording a pleasant light white wine, and the prospect of the ruins of another old tower. The villagers were Greeks; the Turks were all gone, and had left nothing but their gravestones behind them. In another half-hour we quitted the sea-beach and struck across undulating hills. On a charming green cape jutting out into the Propontis we saw the small Greek village of Panagia, with some corn-fields and vineyards, which appeared to be very neatly tended. About 3 P.M. we were near the end of the very long bridge which bears the names of Buyuk Tchekmedjeh, or Ponte Grande, having the Greek village of Phlaya on our left, and the larger Greek village of Kalicrati on our right, over the sea, on the side of a beautiful little inlet. The scenery here had other charms besides being picturesque: though in narrow limits, there was some appearance of order, industry, and prosperity; the corn-fields and some fields of flax were inclosed, the vineyards were very neatly and judiciously managed, and a few fishing-

boats and small trading-vessels were anchored in the inlet. It is the bridge that is called *Buyuk* (great or big), and not the lagoon, which is inferior in size and in picturesque beauty to the other lagoon. As there, (at Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh,) the passage, which would carry the excess of waters into the near sea, has been allowed to be obstructed, and in part blocked up with sands, so that in the wet season the lagoon inundates a broad strip of country, of which a part remains a pestilential swamp through the rest of the year. This swamp is crossed by the very long bridge, of the roughest workmanship, and of a truly Turkish design. I believe it to be unique; rather than one bridge, it looks like *four* bridges set together, end to end, the steep ascents and descents (which the Turks must have in their stone bridges) being repeated four several times. I think there were twenty-eight arches in all, but now there was not water under more than two or three of them. At the end of the bridge was the village of Buyuk Tchekmedjeh—another congeries of ruins and dilapidations! A posting town, in an important and commanding station on the high road, a place through which all travellers passed, had dwindled down to the merest hamlet, wherein nothing was solid except some old stabling, and nothing new except a wooden coffee-house. Mosques and minarets, and stone khans, were down, or were shattered; of many houses only the brick-and-stone foundations were left; turn which way you would, you came upon ruins. There were a few cypress-trees near a minaret of very singular construction, and by the coffee-house, near a Moresque fountain, there was a splendid plane-tree, in the shade of which

nearly all the lazy Turks of the village were smoking their pipes. We left the forlorn place at 3.30 P.M. After traversing one of the richest of alluvial flats, which was producing nothing but weeds and brambles, we toiled up a steep, bare, and lofty ridge of sandstone, passing through gaps or gullies famed for the robberies and murders which had been committed in them. We met a few Greek villagers carrying produce down to the little port of Kalicrati, on the backs of poor horses and starving donkeys. At 4.30, in a green hollow among the hills, partially wooded with small oak, we passed the glaring, staring, new khan, which had been built by Reschid Pasha, or rather by his Armenian banker. It was daubed over with that yellow colouring which is so offensive to the eye in the new barracks and other buildings at Constantinople. It had not been built for eternity—it was no more like the grand old khans of the Vizier of Sultan Suleiman, than Abdul Medjid is like Mahomet II.; one wall had already declined from the perpendicular, and, owing to some awkward settling in front, there was already a crack which had been ingeniously filled up with mud and mortar, and covered over with the thick yellow wash.

At 5.30 P.M. we reached the hills which overhang the lagoon or lake of Ponte Piccolo, or Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh, the long and broad waters of which were shining beautifully in the declining sun. Presently horse-soldiers appeared in the hollow, winding round the base of a bluff hill; and these troopers were followed by more and still by more, their lance-heads glittering in the sun, and the scarlet pennons under them floating on the breeze. It was a pretty sight at a distance, but

a beggarly exhibition when seen close. As the men ascended from the lake, we drew up by the side of the rough path, and saw them defile before us. They formed two regiments of lancers of the Imperial Guard, and were on their march to the Danube to stop the progress of revolutionism in Moldavia and Wallachia. Russia, nearer at hand and better provided, had already sent troops into the principalities, as she was entitled and, indeed, bound to do by treaties. But there was to be a joint occupation—the Sultan and the Tzar being by treaties joint *protectors* of those ill-governed, unhappy countries—and the Porte was displaying the greatest anxiety to have a force in the field *equal* to that of Russia. Equal in numbers it might possibly be, but in appointments, discipline, training, and all martial qualities? These lancers were the fellows I have already described at Constantinople, but they looked more ragged and dirty now than then. Although this was their first day's march, the appearance both of horses and men was altogether deplorable. We could see no baggage-train, no camp-equipage, nor any provision for the accommodation and comfort of the troops. They had hurried off infantry for the Danube in steam-boats, and between the 1st of June and the 4th of July we saw several steamers crowded with foot-soldiers leave the Golden Horn for the same destination. The lancers suffered loss from sickness before they got across the Balkan mountain: by the middle of June the terrible Danubian fever was in full force; the malady prevailed until October; and in the course of that summer and autumn the mortality among the Sultan's ill-provided troops was said to be awful. Knowing that this must

be the case, we looked upon these poor, bare lancers as victims driven to a pest-house.

At the wooden bridge or platform beyond the lagoon the Albanian guard demanded our passports—this being the first time they had been asked for since our departure from the capital. We went across the wilderness, skirted the Sultan's model farm, rode into the village of San Stefano, and alighted at the hospitable door of Bishop Southgate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

San Stefano, Macri-Keui, and Zeitoun-Bournù — Hohannes Dadian — More Importations of European Mechanics — The Imperial Manufactories — Horrible Mismanagement — New Arrangements — Works stopped for Want of Money — Sad State of the English Working-People — Four Englishmen drowned — The Grande Fabrique at Zeitoun Bournù — Fall of a Tower — No Water — Ecole des Arts et Métiers — Destruction of English Machinery — The Imperial Manufactories by Moonlight — A Cast-Iron Fountain for the Sultan — Mining Operations — Coal — Copper — Silver — Denial of Justice to English Workmen — The Iron Steamboat — Calico and Print Works — Manufactory of Fezzes — Dreadful Poverty — More Waste of the Sultan's Money — Another Cloth Factory — A Leather Factory — Imperial Porcelain and Glass Manufactories — Achmet Fethi Pasha a Brick and Tile maker — The Sultan's Model Farm finally ruined by the Armenians — Mismanagement and Robbery — The Agricultural School and its Students — Malaria Fever at the Model Farm — Return of Dr. Davis and his Family to America.

WE remained several days at San Stefano, and we afterwards returned to our American friends as frequently as we could, visiting the imperial fabrics on our way.

I shall now endeavour to put together my observations on those works which were to be Birminghams and Manchesters in Turkey, as also all that remains to be said about the model farm, which was to put a new life into Turkish agriculture.

During the protracted absence of the great Hohannes Dadian, the director-in-chief of all the imperial works, it was constantly said that matters would be arranged and go right as soon as he returned from Christendom.

Boghos, his locum tenens, was said to be inferior in ability as in authority—a rough, ill-mannered person, very obstinate, and generally very careless and indolent: but Hohannes—*Ha! parlons nous de çelà!*—Hohannes would soon be here, and then all things would go on well and pleasantly. As the model farm was under the same supreme direction, poor Dr. Davis took comfort in these assurances, and was always asking when Hohannes was coming. In the meanwhile the Constantinople newspapers devoted occasional paragraphs to the travels of Hohannes in England, France, Belgium, and Germany—describing how he was everywhere received "with the honours and distinctions due to his talents and patriotism!"

At last, on the 14th of February, the great Hohannes Dadian, Baroutjee-Bashi, etc., arrived in the Golden Horn, bringing with him a great many more European mechanics, chiefly Germans. He had been preceded by Mr. Thorman, of Newcastle, a clever and very superior man, who had been employed eight years in setting up engines and manufactories on the Rhine, and who was now to be chief superintendent of the Sultan's works on the Propontis. Mr. Thorman, like all the rest, had been led to believe that wonders would follow the arrival of Hohannes. About this time we saw Mr. T—— rather frequently: he was full of hope; everything had been most shamefully mismanaged; old Mr. H——, in his incompetency and submissiveness, had been committing the strangest blunders, but there was a plenty of good English machinery collected, and, with all these European workmen, he had no doubt that he should be able to get the imperial manufactories into

something like good working order. Again, those who knew Hohannes and his doings told us that things would go none the better for his coming. It was expected, after paying and receiving his visits of ceremony, he would hurry down to the works, pay the mechanics their arrears, examine the reports of the English engineer, and introduce some order and system where there was none. It was also believed that the great man would make haste to visit the Sultan's model farm, which had cost so much money, and was perishing in its birth through the inexplicable conduct of Boghos and the want of labourers, which proceeded from the want of money to pay them. But weeks and weeks passed, and nothing was seen of Hohannes, who kept himself warm and snug in his house near the Sultan's palace at Beshiktash; and when people applied to him for instructions or for authorizations to do that which ought to be done, they were referred by him to the boor Boghos, who had disgusted them all and thwarted the best endeavours of every one of them. Just as before, everything seemed to be done to retard the completion of the works. It was not until the middle of March that Hohannes came near to the manufactories, and then, followed by his tail of dependants and servants, he merely walked through them on his way to the house of Boghos at San Stefano, looking at nothing but the outsides of the buildings, listening to nobody and asking no questions of the Europeans. Though, when at San Stefano, close to the model farm, he did not go to it, nor did he once visit the establishment all the time we remained in Turkey.

It was at this juncture that the Porte was most

scared by the Paris revolution of February, and wanted every piastre it could lay its hands on to equip the fleet and strengthen the army. There were loud complaints about the money which had been spent, to no visible purpose, at the model farm, and the enormous sums which had been thrown away upon manufactories which manufactured nothing. I heard these complaints from many Turks—I heard them from persons connected with the government, but not from any of the great pashas. The reason of the exception was obvious; there was not one of those pashas but was deeply in debt to the Armenian seraffs; and the numerous dynasty of the Dadians, with their connexions and powerful alliances, could exercise an influence everywhere, and present an array of creditors sufficient to strike terror into the boldest hearts. But as the scarcity of money was more and more seriously felt by government, as Sarim Pasha threw up the finances and Reschid Pasha was turned out of the Viziriat, a storm began, or seemed to begin, to gather round the heads of the Dadians. Hohannes shut himself up in his house like a pasha in disgrace, Boghos became invisible, and Narcissus Dadian and his cousin Arikel, who attended at the works for form sake, left off shaving themselves, and wore a dejected and most humble appearance. All the Dadians were evidently in the dumps; but the aspect of Narcissus, with his three weeks' beard and unbrushed coat, was most forlorn. One morning that we saw him at Zeitoun Bournu, he looked like one that had been doing penance in dust and ashes; his arrogance was all gone; from a bear he had become a lamb. By the command of the Sultan

the accounts of Hohannes and Boghos were under the unpleasant process of being overhauled. Woe! Woe! For many sums they could give no account at all. But that which appeared in a startling, glaring light was, that the expenses had been increasing year after year, and that the sum total of the expenditure on the unproductive imperial fabrics now exceeded 280 millions of piastres! Sarim Pasha was a good accountant, and was now Grand Vizier. Many people said that the long reign of the Dadians must now surely be at an end; that Hohannes and Boghos had good savings safely laid up in the English funds, and that some fine morning we should hear that the whole family had fled to England. Everybody we met seemed to rejoice at their trouble; but there were many who did not at all believe either that the hour of their ruin was come, or that the crisis would be either long or serious. "*Ils s'arrangeront avec les pashas*," said they; "they have such influence; their means are so great! The pashas are so needy and greedy; in a few days Narses will shave his beard, and Boghos will carry his head as high as ever." And, verily, so it happened. By the Sultan's orders his brother-in-law, Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, one of the most ignorant, indolent, extravagant, and most deeply indebted of all the great pashas—was made superintendent general of the imperial manufactories, and of the model farm as well. All notion of the Dadians being in disgrace was dissipated by Achmet Fethi Pasha's feasting with them, and taking a night's lodging in the house of Boghos at San Stefano. All that the Grand Master of Artillery did was to order that no more Euro-

peans should be imported, and no more contracts renewed. The Dadians were left to be the sole administrators and managers as before. Some persons opined that they must have bled very freely; that this arrangement must have taken a good deal of the gilding off their gingerbread: I know not; I can only say that Narcissus shaved his beard, that Boghos appeared to be radiant with joy, and that all the Dadians seemed to strike the sky with their heads. Some men whose contracts had expired were shipped off for their own countries; others were so ill treated that they broke their contracts, and returned home at their own expense. Of those who remained the greater part were condemned to a continuation of idleness, because their workshops and the machinery which was to set them going were not yet ready. Their pay was of course more irregular than before.

The English mechanics never obtained any assistance from *their* consul. It was truly sad to see the desperate courses to which these fellows betook themselves. Except a few very worthy respectable men, who kept themselves at home with their families, they were nearly always to be found in the raki-shops. Accidents as well as riots were of course frequent. On a fine afternoon, while we were staying at the model farm, four of them got drowned in the Sea of Marmora. In a drunken frolic five of them, and a hard-drinking Greek, embarked in a little tiny boat, which could not safely carry more than two men; they rowed down to a tippling-shop at San Stefano to take in more grog. Bishop Southgate, who lived close to the beach, saw them arrive in the punt, and saw them take

their departure. They then hoisted a sail, and stood two good miles out to sea. A gust of wind came down the Bosphorus and capsized the boat, and out of the party of six only one Englishmen and the Greek saved their lives by swimming until they were picked up by a caique from the shore. I believe that three of those that were drowned had wives and children in England. Three days after the catastrophe we spoke to the English survivor, who was still in a state of intoxication. The jackals of Asia would provide burial for the four that were dead, for the current would waft them to that lonely coast.

The Grande Fabrique (as it is called) at Zeitoun Bournu was indeed a grand place in its outward dimensions. Three sides of a prodigiously large square were inclosed by stone walls, the front of the square on the low sea-cliff being left open to the Propontis. Several of the workshops within this area, though not very solidly built, were spacious, well ventilated and lighted, and well suited to the purposes for which they were destined. The barracks, built to lodge *all* the workmen, of whatsoever nation or race, flanked nearly the whole of the square on the south side, and were of prodigious length. They consisted of a ground-floor and one upper story, through the whole length of which there ran a narrow corridor. This corridor was 650 feet long. The walls were of stone, but the staircases, flooring, partitions, and everything within were of wood. No precautions were taken against fire, and should a fire break out in this interior, the barracks would be gutted in a few minutes. Some Englishmen who were living there looked upon this catastrophe as

inevitable, seeing the frequency of drunkenness among the Franks and the carelessness of the Armenians. Once lighted nothing could stop the progress of the flames, for the air rushes through those corridors as through a funnel, and the woodwork—slight and flimsy—is almost entirely of inflammable pine, and, now, as dry as a bone.

By the west wall of the inclosure, which stands by the road leading from Constantinople to Macri-keui and San Stefano, they were building an enormous square tower, the height of which was to rival the altitude of that ex-famous tower at Fonthill Abbey. I forget to what use it was to be applied when finished; but I believe its dimensions and height were intended rather for the sake of effect than for any necessary or useful object. Once this tower of Zeitoun Bournu had fallen down with an awful crash, killing above thirty of the stonemasons and labourers. Mr. Sang had told them that, from the way in which they were building, it must inevitably fall; Mr. Taylor had repeatedly given the same opinion, and even old Mr. H. predicted that there would be some terrible catastrophe. But the Dadians would neither make use of the science of the English engineers in the pay of government, nor even listen to their advice or warnings; the Armenians, as architects of the Turks, had built tall towers and aspiring minarets without any aid from Franks; no doubt they could build them yet; and to work the Armenians went—with the success that has been related. The terrible accident reached the ear of the tender-hearted Sultan, who ordered money to be given to the families of the deceased. This was well, but not so what followed;

instead of punishing or disgracing the ignorant, presumptuous, obstinate architect of the tower, Abdul Medjid, upon being told by the Dadians that he was overwhelmed with grief, sent him a nishan, or the decoration of honour, and entreated him to be comforted, as the loss of so many lives had been all *kismet*, or an accident, and not a crime on his part. Since the recommencement of the tower they had been building on a safer plan, but the work was now suspended through impecuniosity, and the tower, surrounded with an enormous scaffolding, was not 60 feet from the ground. No inconsiderable portion of the stone or coarse marble used in the tower had been taken from the Turkish and Armenian burying-grounds: the Armenian priests had *sold* the tombstones of their people, and the turbaned stones of the Mussulmans had been taken without any ceremony.

There being *no* fresh water on the bad spot chosen for these works, the Dadians had employed the Sultan's *head gardener* to make a famous well at Zeitoun Bournu—a well which was now giving Mr. Thorman salt-water charged with sea-sand, to put into the boilers of his steam-engines! But nothing was there about the place, except the shells of some of the buildings, in which some monstrous absurdity, some solecism in mechanical science had not been perpetrated. The headland or point on which the works were built had a gentle natural declivity towards the sea, where they had thrown out a wooden jetty for the landing or embarking of heavy goods: there was an inclined plane made and almost finished to their hand, but instead of finishing this, the Dadians—against all advice—must needs set

up, at an enormous expense, a lofty stone base, and a gigantic crane at the top of it! The jetty had been thrown out at the very point where it ought not to have been, so that when there was any sea nothing could be done in the way either of loading or unloading. Here, too, the hand of nature had pointed out the way they ought to have gone to work, but the Dadians were as blind to nature as they were deaf to their English engineers. The jetty must face the centre of the imperial fabrique, for the sake of uniformity, and so it was here!

Their plan at Zeitoun Bournu was certainly very bold and ambitious. Not only were all manner of goods, hard and soft—penknives, razors, calicoes, cotton stockings, cannon, ploughshares, iron railing, iron pipes, castings, bits and stirrups, lance-heads, swords, locks, and padlocks, etc. etc., to be made here, but iron and steel and all the tools to be used were to be produced on the spot, instead of being bought as heretofore in England and Germany. Everything was to be done at home, *sur la place!* Immense sums had been spent in England for steam-engines and other machinery. In the Armenian philosophy this was so much money lost to Turkey. Now, or as soon as the works should be finished and set agoing, all these steam-engines, and all this costly and frequently delicate machinery, were to be made at Zeitoun Bournu by Germans and Frenchmen and Armenians, working under the direction and instruction of Mr. Thorman, his brother, and a few other Englishmen. These foreigners were to be retained until the Armenians had learned to do everything themselves, and then Turkey would have no

need to pay high wages to Franks. I was told that Hohannes Dadian hoped in *three* or *four* years to be independent of foreign assistance and free of every one of the Franks who now gave him so much trouble.

There was also to be at Zeitoun Bournu a School of Arts and Mysteries—"*Ecole des Arts et Métiers*"—wherein mathematics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, drawing, civil engineering, etc., were to be taught to the Armenian natives, and to young Turks on the most approved principles. All the instruments and appurtenances of a *Gabinetto Fisico* had been purchased in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; a mountain of French drawing-paper and pencils had been imported, and our American friend, Dr. Laurence Smith, was provided with a chemical laboratory, geological specimens, and the nucleus of a good mineralogical collection. A certain number of young Armenians had been receiving pay to be students in this *Ecole*, for it appears to be adopted as a principle in Turkey that nobody will study unless the poor Sultan pays him. But, although there was abundant accommodation in the buildings already finished, this school had never been opened *except in the Constantinople newspapers*, and nothing whatever had been done by the students, who were now dispersed by the stop put to their pay. Two unmannered ignorant young men, a son and nephew of the great Hohannes, who had travelled a little in Europe, were to be head professors and joint presidents of the school, in which positions they were to get nishans and high salaries from the Sultan. Mr. Sang was to teach one of these boobies mathematics, mechanics, and engineering, and Dr. L. Smith was to qualify the other

to be professor of chemistry, geology, &c. Provided he did something useful for his pay, Mr. Sang cared very little about nishans or styles or honours, but he had found the professor he was to make so indolent, careless, dull, and obtuse, that he had despaired long ago of making anything of him: not merely did he fail in getting him across the *pons asinorum*, but he broke down in teaching him the rudiments of arithmetic. I believe that our republican friend (a younger man than Mr. Sang) was more ambitious of distinction, or less tolerant of having his plumes worn by others, and that he was irritated at finding that his to-be-professor pupil pretended to know as much as himself; for quarrels broke out between them, and after he had furnished an apartment and brought his implements and collections to Zeitoun Bournu, the Dadians wanted to get rid of him altogether by sending him to the Arsenal to teach chemistry and geology in the *Naval* School. But the pashas at the Arsenal, who wanted Mr. Sang and his mathematics and astronomy, did not want Dr. Smith and his chemistry and geology—and would not have him.*

Some of the expensive machinery brought out from England was lying rusting on the sea-shore (close under the big crane), the waves washing over it whenever there was a little wind. Other articles (every one of them had cost good money!) were scattered over the vast area, which, in the winter time, was *three feet deep in mud*. One of Nasmyth's expensive steam-hammers

* Of the countless mistakes committed, this was perhaps the most amusing. They wanted for their foundry a *shape*-carver, and got a *ship*-carver. But the greater part of the men they had brought out had been just as useless as the poor ship-carver.

and its machinery lay scattered all about, some portions of it being quite spoiled and other component parts carried off. There had been a regular plunder of *brasses*. Nearly every bit of brass they could lay their hands upon, had been carried off by the Armenian workmen. The Dadians had been allowed, or had of themselves assumed the authority of bastinadoing some of these thieves, who had been caught with the stolen property upon them; but the bold remedy was applied too late. When Mr. Thorman went to work he found that something was missing in every machine, and that some pieces of machinery had been so despoiled that they could not be put together until the missing parts were supplied from England. Some of the machinery which he had set up, and which for the most part bore the name of "W. Fairburn, Manchester," was beautiful of its kind; but there were other much-used, almost obsolete machines, which had been purchased second-hand in England, and charged as new, and at full price, to the Sultan.*

Care was taken of nothing; some of the beautiful new machinery was broken or deranged before it had been set up a week. Nobody could tell how this was done; Mr. T —— could only surmise that it was done, in spite, by some of the Armenian working people, who got very little pay and hated the Franks who had good pay. By the beginning of March Mr. Thorman had lost all hope and heart. In that month we saw a few

* All the machinery purchased and sent out by Mr. E. Zohrab, the Ottoman Consul-General in London, was new and excellent of its kind. The Consul went to first-rate English houses, and paid them proper prices. It was Hohannes Dadian who bought all the rubbish.

Englishmen and Germans at work, fitting and preparing some of the machinery. As Hohannes had found out that German files were cheaper than English, a great stock of them had been provided; these German files broke in the hand, and were driving the English workmen crazy. The German artizans were smoking at their work, and tapping and rasping like so many Turks and Armenians, or with an indolence and nonchalance not to be surpassed. They did not receive half the pay of the English; but one Englishman, once fairly set a-going, did more work than three of them. There was an almost total want of proper tools; on all the premises there was but *one* grindstone, and that a very bad one.

About the middle of March all the building operations were suspended, some of the Europeans were dismissed, and most of the Armenians, getting no pay, absconded. In April everything was at a stand-still, and more of the foreign workmen took their departure. In May there remained only some half-dozen of Englishmen, and about a score of Germans, and of these the major part—having nothing to do—were away seeking amusement in Constantinople or at Macri-keui. At the end of May (the 29th, 30th, and 31st), we passed three days on the spot with Dr. Smith; and no spot could well be more desolate.* At night the vast in-

* On the 29th Mr. Thorman, for the first time, set a-going the splendid English steam-engine which was to give motion to all the varied machinery within. He had great difficulty in procuring water enough from the well. His fire would not draw, for the Dadians, instead of allowing him to build the chimney in his own way, had insisted that it should be built on a plan of their own—these bunglers in almost every case pretending to know better than the engineers they had engaged to instruct and direct them. We made a most awful smoke, the engines made a few revolutions, the

closure was as lonely and ghostly as the haunted Acropolis of Selyvria, and here, as there, owls hooted, cucuvajas screamed, and bats flitted in the moonlight. We were barely a mile and a half from the walls of Constantinople; but in all that near part of the city, and all along that range of landward walls, from the Propontis to the Golden Horn, there reigned the same sadness and desolation. The few tenants were quite lost in these immense barracks. We rarely saw a soul after sunset. That which was intended to be a Manchester and a Birmingham put together, and a great deal more, was a desolation and a waste—in money a most awful waste! Even in the daytime, the few working people who remained were scarcely visible in that immense quadrangle. And in this forlorn state was the imperial Fabric at Zeitoun Bournu when we left the country in July. The only thing we saw that had really been made on the premises, was a big, heavy, ugly cast-iron fountain for the Sultan's new stone palace at Dolma-Baghchè. It had been cast some time, and now that it was finished they hardly knew how to carry it to the palace, it was so very heavy.

At the imperial Fabric at Macri-keui, under the placid management of Mr. H——, they continued to make a few toys for the Sultan, and to do no kind of useful work. After our visit in January, Dr. Davis had made numerous applications and entreaties for the ironwork of his ploughs, and for the other agricultural

fire went out—and there an end! I doubt whether the engine has ever been set going since, as all the *grushes* have been wanted to enable the Government to assume what is facetiously termed "a warlike attitude" towards Russia and Austria.

implements, which by the Sultan's orders were to be distributed among the farmers of the country; but in the month of July not so much as a single ploughshare had been forged for him. Here too there was a spacious inclosure (though nothing like that of Zeitoun-Bournu) closed (in front) with iron railing, and there were also some tolerable workshops, where the machinery was set in motion by a steam-engine. As for the iron-foundry, which had been intended originally to be the most important branch of the establishment, they had placed it on a low sandy ridge, so low, and so close to the Propontis, that when they wanted any depth for their castings, the sea-water oozed in upon them. Their first attempt to cast cannon in such a place was well nigh being attended with tragical results, besides the destruction of the building. They had given that up. The blasting-furnace, put out last autumn, had not been rekindled, for English coals cost a good deal of money, and not the slightest progress had been made in digging coal in the country. Moreover, no iron-ore had been brought in, except a few tons which had been taken from the surface at the near island of Prinkipo.

The Arsenal, the steam-navy, and the imperial Fabrics continued to use English coal; but practical men believed that, from the corrupt way in which all things are managed in this country, the native coal, though so near at hand, would, if mined for, cost the Government more money than our Newcastle coal. The most valuable coal-fields exist at Heraclea on the Black Sea, not far from the Bosphorus. In the year 1841 some Englishmen attempted to obtain a lease of these mines, or

to make some arrangements whereby they might work them very advantageously to the Porte, as well as profitably to themselves. Colonel Williams, R.A., Mr. Granville Withers, a practical engineer and forge-proprietor, and Mr. Anderson, one of the directors of the Oriental and Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, visited Heraclea, and examined the coal-beds. They reported that the beds were of immense extent, and that much of the coal was of excellent quality; but nearly everything in Turkey ends in a report. The Government would not listen to the terms of the Englishmen. A great deal was said at the time about the jealousy of Austria, who has some coal-mines on the Danube, and the jealousy of Russia, who was said to fear the increase of the Ottoman steam-navy; but the real truth was that the promising speculation was smothered by the old Turkish spirit of jealousy and monopoly. These coal-fields had been assigned to the Sultana Validè, who was led by her *cher ami*, Riza Pasha, to believe that she would get nothing from them if Franks had the working of them. I believe that the same august lady, with a few others, had the monopoly of all the coal in the vast empire. These monopolies have all been abolished and reprobated in proclamations and upon paper, but, in reality, many of them exist in all their original and pernicious strength; and in most of the cases where they have been shaken, the Armenian capitalists have succeeded in establishing new monopolies of their own. I was assured that it was more through the Armenian jealousy than from any other cause, that every offer made by Europeans to work the very rich copper and rich iron mines of the country (paying a rent to Govern-

ment, or giving a *pro ratâ* duty on production), and forming at the same time a native school of practical miners, had been met with equivocation, and, in the end, with a flat refusal. When the Sultan was sorely in want of money, the house of Rothschild tendered a large loan, asking nothing but a grant, for a limited number of years, of some of the copper-mines on the Black Sea. These mines, as scratched by the Turks, were rendering hardly any profit—in some instances they were worked at a loss—but the Government altogether declined the advantageous proposal, preferring to finish the consumption of the *sacred Vakouf property*, to farm the revenue to the Armenian seraffs, and to squeeze more money out of the impoverished populations. It is by processes like these that the Ottoman Government has kept afloat, and has avoided the burthen of a national debt. They boast that Turkey is the only country without such a burthen; but there are far worse things in the world than national debts, and *they* have hit upon the worst of all, uprooting all security of property, outraging the laws which are a part and parcel of their religion, destroying man's faith in man, shaking and clouding his very trust in God, and reducing all classes to one dead level of poverty and want; and when they shall have eaten up all the Vakouf property (of which there now remains but little), and when the fast-decreasing Turkish peasantry shall have almost disappeared—*quand la vache ne rende plus*—what then? With the inexhaustible riches of her mines, Turkey deals as with her teeming soil: she will not and cannot use them herself, and she will not permit their use to others, though she herself would be the greatest gainer.

In both cases she equally plays the part of the dog in the manger. But is it possible, in the present state of the world, that any country can long be left to indulge in such a humour ?*

The small quantities of coal that were brought from Heraclea were merely scratched from the surface. We saw some very good iron-ore brought from a place close by, on the Sea of Marmora—from Mal Tepè, on the Asiatic coast, nearly opposite to Prinkipo. Samokovo, at no great distance, would have furnished an immense supply; and the iron from this place was said to be excellent for conversion into steel. At Macri-keui, or, as the works were more properly called, Baroutkhana (gunpowder-works), they had made *some* steel, but they had made it of English bar-iron. This too was shown to the Sultan as proof of the progress the arts were making!

In the month of June, Mr. Phillips, with his four Englishmen, was still tinkering at the iron steam-boat, with no near prospect of getting her finished, and with greater doubts than ever of getting her afloat on the Propontis when she should be finished. The creek had now shrunk into a stagnant pestilential pool, which was becoming dangerous even in the day-time. The fine

* They have rich silver-mines at Gumush Khaneh, in Asia Minor, but they know not how to use them. They are the source of injustice, oppression, forced labour, and infinite misery to the people, without being of any profit to the Government. For the wretched way these silver-mines are worked, see Mr. Hamilton's 'Researches in Asia Minor,' vol. i., and Bishop Southgate's 'Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan,' &c., vol. i.

The silver-mines at Argyria are no longer worked at all. The copper-mines at Chalvar and other parts of the Asiatic provinces on the Black Sea are worked in the rudest and most unscientific manner, and have no roads leading to or from them.

engines had come out from Messrs. Maudslay and Field, but Mr. Phillips had given one size or scale of dimensions, and the Dadians or their agents, without consulting him, had given another; and now he found that the engines did not fit the boat, or the boat the engines! He doubted whether he could fix the engines at all: he was sure he could not, without making a most unsightly and still more inconvenient projection on the deck of the boat. Miscalculation and presumptuous ignorance everywhere! Not an engine was sent out that suited the country-built vessel for which it was intended. Everything was begun in a blunder, and ended in a blunder, *with an enormous expense.*

Between Zeitoun-Bournu and Macri-keui, in a swampy hollow near the sea, and the choked-up mouth of another creek, they had erected an extensive cotton-mill, calico manufactory, and print-works. As they had chosen Zeitoun-Bournu because there was no water there, so they must have selected this spot as being about the most unhealthy that could be found! Twenty years ago I had been warned not to pass the spot after sunset, lest I should catch a malaria fever. The unhealthiness of the place was most notorious. There was a Turkish farm-house in it, where no natives had been able to live; but here the Dadians would have their works, and in this very farm-house they lodged the poor people they brought out from Lancashire to manage the works. The first directors were two brothers of the name of Duckworth. The elder of the brothers died of the fevers *in loco*; the other sailed for England for the recovery of his health, and died at Manchester a very short time after his arrival. The son of one of them,

who had transferred himself to the village of Macri-keui, had been brought to death's door, and was still suffering the horrible ills of a thoroughly deranged liver. This poor fellow, who must have been a remarkably handsome young man, and whom I always found *sober* and of *good conduct*, was in a manner chained to the place, for he had an English wife and three or four little children (born in the country) with him; and the prospect of the cotton-trade at home (notwithstanding the Cobden holocaust) was not then very alluring. He had suffered cruelly in his affections and in his own health; and if there was a Frank in the country who had a claim on the sympathy of those who had brought him and his family from their homes, it was John Duckworth; yet the Armenians, after subjecting him to the most vexatious irritating treatment, had fastened a quarrel upon him, had seized English printing-blocks and other property belonging to his deceased father, had annulled their contract, had dismissed him from their service, and were refusing to pay him his arrears, or to pay him the fair price for the goods which they had seized, partly by force and partly by putting a vile trick upon him, which in itself was enough to exasperate the coolest and most placid of men. For nearly twelve months this respectable English artizan had been left without a piastre. The British embassy said that it was not their business; the British consulate said that they could not interfere, as he had entered into *the service of the Turkish government*. His memorials or petitions were for a long time left unanswered—unnoticed. The drogomans, and such understrappers as did the little work that was done, complained that he was very troublesome. Seeing the

poor fellow almost crazy, and fearing that he would go quite mad, like his neighbour the unfortunate boiler-maker (Walmsley), I spoke myself to two of the high functionaries (Perotes, of course), and was told by both of them that those working people were always giving trouble to the embassy! I did not ask these fine gentlemen what they were paid for. I knew that *one* if not *both* of them had very friendly relations with the Armenians against whom the applicant was demanding justice.

At last Duckworth was told that he must submit to have his case tried by the mixed commercial Court, called the *Tidjaret Court*, which was presided over by the corrupt Riza Pasha, and which was entirely under the influence of the pashas and the Armenian seraffs. No Englishman, having claims against the Government or against the Armenians, had ever obtained justice there. It was notoriously the most corrupt den that ever took to itself the name of a court of justice. *Three* of the *very few* respectable English merchants at Constantinople told him that if he submitted to be so tried his condemnation was certain. Duckworth reported this opinion to the consulate, saying that, having waited so long, he would now rather wait for the arrival of Sir Stratford Canning, who would never consent to see an English subject thus wronged. With an increase of official insolence and arrogance he was again told that he must be tried by the Tidjaret. He was accordingly so tried, and—*cast*. The only Englishman who sat in the mixed tribunal did not concur in the verdict, and told me afterwards that Duckworth had not had fair play; but this merchant had extensive dealings with

the Armenians, and was expecting some contract with the Turkish Government, and therefore he would do nothing to provoke ill will.*

When Duckworth told the consul that he had been cast, as he had known he would be, he received the comforting assurance that there was no appeal against the decision of the Tidjaret Court. Some of us thought otherwise, and with the assistance of Mr. ——, a practical man, and perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, a memorial was drawn up for Sir Stratford, who was then daily expected.

In this bog, at these calico and print works (Bosmakhana), they were doing hardly any work with the good English machinery which had been set up. This native manufactory was to be supplied by raw materials of native growth; they were waiting for Dr. Davis's cotton on the model farm; the doctor was waiting for ginns to prepare the small quantity of cotton which he had secured last year, and for the means of cultivating that which he had sown this year, and which was now perishing on the ground for want of labourers. Most of the men who ought to have been at work in the

* I had strongly urged another British merchant—no sham or protected subject, but a real native Englishman—to attend the Court, as he might have done, and see fair play. He was selling goods to Turks and Armenians, and would not go. I believe I showed some warmth of feeling at his refusal. "What!" said he, "do you think I am going to make myself enemies for anybody? You have no right to expect me to play Don Quixote for Mr. Duckworth. Let the Embassy or Consulate see him righted *if* they can. Our Government never ought to have consented to submit English interests to such a Court. This is no affair of mine."

It is not upon light grounds that I have stated, and do now repeat, that the moral atmosphere of this place has the effect of denationalizing the British character, and taking from it its impatience of injustice and oppression.

factory were lounging about at Macri-keui, with their hands in their pockets. Some had gone home, and others, vexed by arrears of pay, were wishing that they had never come. The recently imported stocking-weavers had made a few dozens of stockings, but their chief (who had the preaching "call," and who had palmed upon the ignorant Dadians some worthless machinery) had pocketed all the money he could, and had gone back to Nottingham. Being a rogue in grain —the only sort of man fit to deal with the Armenians —he had made a profitable trip of it! He had even succeeded in over-reaching two hungry and cunning Armenian drogomans, who, as a reward for their exertions and influences and intrigues in getting him his money, were promised a high per centage. The Nottingham conventicler gave them bills, but, just before the bills fell due, he and his money-bags were gone.

With English twist or cotton-yarn they had, some time ago, made some pieces of calico. A few Armenians were now working upon warp, brought out, all ready and prepared, from England. They could do nothing without the warp. In the same way German or Belgian warp had been worked up in the imperial cloth manufactory at Nicomedia, and the calico and the cloth thus made had been shown to Abdul Medjid as triumphant evidence of the progress his subjects were making in manufactures! Nor was this all the imposition played off on the Sultan's innocence: removing the marks, they had exhibited to him some of the finest of woollen cloths and most beautiful chintzes made in France, England, Switzerland, or Germany, as pro-

ductions of his own infant fabrics. The expenses of these calico-works alone must have been very high; for, besides the spinners and weavers, they had bleachers and dyers, pattern-designers, block-cutters, &c., all imported from England, and all idle, waiting for that cotton which Dr. Davis was destined never to give them. This mixture of roguery and stupidity will appear incredible; I shall be suspected in England of exaggeration; but I *solemnly declare* that I do but state the facts as they came to my knowledge. I could refer to a good hundred of Englishmen for an ample confirmation. They could not understand the motives of the Armenian managers any more than I did, but they saw and well knew what were the results. I devoted much time to my inquiries; I spoke with all manner of persons, and never made a note until I had well sifted the matter. A great deal of the evidence came to me through my own eyes, and assuredly what I saw between January and July was decisive of the question, leaving no doubt of the misrule of the Dadians. I may entertain another apprehension: these details may be found tedious by many of my readers; but this system of manufactures (where nothing is doing for agriculture) forms one of the most important chapters in the history of reformed, regenerate Turkey; and there are *many* in England to whom the accounts must be deeply interesting.

There was another and somewhat older manufactory on the Golden Horn, in the holy suburb of Eyoub, close to the water-side. From its principal production (fezzes or skull-caps) this place is called "Fez Khaneh." It was the only one of the fabrics wherein

there was any order, activity, and regularity. It had now been steadily at work for about six years; it was under the management of the Catholic Armenian Dooz-Oglous, who seemed to manage everything far better than their rivals of the Eutychean Church. The nominal director was a certain Cuyungian-Hohannes-Aghà, who had under him a young Catholic Armenian named Asnavour, who resided on the spot, and who read and spoke English. But the great merit belonged to Mr. Langlands, the engineer, a very clever, steady, industrious, most worthy man, who hailed from Perth. The Dooz-Oglous had had sense enough to trust to the discretion of this excellent Scotchman, and to give him full powers in all that concerned the works. Mr. Langlands had brought into decent order a set of most disorderly, slovenly, Armenian workmen, and he had been allowed to employ a good number of intelligent Greeks. The Dadians and all the other Eutycheans jealously barred out the Greeks from all their establishments (and this in spite of Reschid Pasha's grand amalgamation principle). At Fezz-Khaneh they had Jews as well as Greeks. This, however, must be said in deduction from the merit of the toleration of the Dooz-Oglous—the Catholic Armenians, few in number compared with the Eutycheans, are generally in far better circumstances, better educated, and able to get more profitable employment. Mr. Langlands had fitted up all this machinery, and it was not his fault that a portion of it was obsolete and very bad. The Dooz-Oglous had brought some of it from England and the rest from Belgium. He had six mechanics under him to keep the machinery in order; they were French-

men or Belgians; the master dyer was a Belgian. Counting men and boys there were about 600 employed on these works—Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, the last doing the commonest and dirtiest parts of the labour. The men were paid 170 piastres a month, but there were some superior hands who did piece-work, and who could make from 8 to 10 piastres per day. There was also out-door work, such as sewing on the crowns of the fezzes, &c., which was done by women. At the time of our visit a great many poor, squalid women—Armenian and Greek—were anxiously waiting for a distribution of work. The poverty reigning in the holy suburb and neighbourhood was dreadful; Mr. L., who was familiar with its details, gave me instances which made me shudder, and nearly brought the tears into his own eyes. Until this fabric was set up the fezzes were nearly all imported from the coast of Barbary, principally, I believe, from Tripoli and Tunis. The name of the article was originally derived from Fezz, in Morocco. It was thought that the fine, rich, red colour could be imparted only in Barbary or Morocco; but the dyeing of the fezzes here was very good, although critical eyes could detect an inferiority. Now that they are worn by Mussulmans and Rayahs, and form the sole head-covering in use, from the Sultan downwards, the consumption is very great. If the Dooz-Oglous had stuck to their fezzes, and had only rendered a fair account, this concern might have rendered great profits; but they would superadd a manufactory of broadcloths, and go into sundry new-fangled notions, and bring out machinery and inventions before they had been tested in Christ-

endom. Thus they threw away 1600*l.* in buying machinery for making *felt* cloth; a good deal more machinery was lying in the cases in which it had been sent out; it had never been unpacked, and probably never would be. The weaving of the longcloth was but flimsy; it was sold at about the price at which good strong English cloth (duty paid) might be purchased at Constantinople. It was chiefly used by the Turkish army and navy. No wonder the jackets and trousers of soldiers and sailors were so generally ragged! Before the establishment of this cloth factory at Fezz-Khaneh, there was a fabric at Salonica, called the Fabric of Isllemia, conducted by Armenians; it still exists, making some very coarse cloth for soldiers' greatcoats, &c.

Mr. Langlands had been more than ten years in Turkey, and had been a most attentive and competent observer of the insane efforts made and making to convert it into a manufacturing country. Before being employed here, he set up the English machinery for musket-boring at the great gun manufactory established at Dolma Baghchè. He told me that *that* machinery was already in ruin; and that when it was new and perfect they could only make *very bad* guns at a *very dear* price. Two things, he said, must be fatal to the imperial fabrics—an utter want and incapacity of organization, and an incurable rage of the native workmen to neglect, derange, or break whatever machinery came under their hands. By Turks, likely to be well informed, I was assured that even these works at Fezz-Khaneh were carried on at a heavy annual loss.

At Beykos, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus,

there was another small cloth factory, with a leather factory adjoining, worked and managed by Turks and Armenians. The site was very unhealthy: when we visited the place in the month of June it had been visited in succession by typhus, malaria fever, and cholera; 11 out of some 60 workmen had died of cholera, and the works were then suspended, though more through want of money than dread of death. Here they were to have made leather for shoeing the entire army and navy. A little lower down, on the same side of the Bosphorus, near the village of Inghirkeui, were a china or porcelain manufactory, and a glass factory, which had been destined to make all the porcelain and all the glass wanted at Constantinople. But the original dimensions of the plan had been curtailed, and their joint work amounted to a very small matter. Machinery, apparatus, workmen, were all European, the few natives being merely coal-carriers and labourers. In the china manufactory, which belonged to the Sultan and his mother, there were eleven Frenchmen and one Englishman (an engineer); in the glass factory, which belonged to Achmet Fethi Pasha, there were fourteen Germans and an old Englishman, who was foreman and chief overseer. The coals they were burning in their furnaces were Newcastle coals; they had been at a standstill for want of fuel, and a supply which had been sent them would last only a few days, at the end of which they would all come to another standstill. Wages and other expenses would go on all the while. There had been a constant chopping and changing as well of workmen as of managers or administrators. Now the workmen were all French,

now Italian, now German, now French again, now German again; while, in the administration, there were now Turks, now Armenians, and now Turks again. Turk or Armenian, every director seemed to have been bent upon spending, wasting, or plundering as much money as he could. The glass-works were nearly at a dead stop already, the Germans merely making, with admirable composure and slowness, a few fancy tumblers. A window-glass furnace had fallen in three months ago, and was now lying in ruins. In the Turkish quarters of Constantinople not one house in a dozen has, as yet, the comfort of glazed windows; in Roumelia a pane of glass was a rare sight, and in Asia Minor we never saw one, except in the very best houses in the large towns. If the manufactory had been honestly conducted, and if Achmet Fethi had limited his ambition to the production of cheap window-glass, he might have made money and have conferred a benefit on the country.* But his window-glass furnace had tumbled down, and all along his fabric had been chiefly intended for fancy goods and objects of mere luxury and ornament. In a very small but rather neat warehouse they showed us the glass and china goods—ornamented tumblers, water-jugs, drinking-cups, coffee-cups, ewers, basins, scent-bottles, vases for flowers, fancy inkstands, and nic-nacks, all pretty enough to look at, but all costing three times what superior French or German articles might have been bought for at Constantinople. Little of the work would bear a close inspection, but some of the designs were Oriental

* The cheap but very fragile window-glass in use is imported, chiefly from Trieste.

and exceedingly pretty. But what was this but a making of shirt-frills before they had gotten a shirt? The sand which was used, and which was not good, was brought from the Black Sea; the clay came from some place above Buyuk-derè. There was a small English steam-engine, which made music as it worked—a contrivance which had gained old Mr. H—— great honour and renown. The Turks would stand for an hour at a time looking at this toy, and listening to its modulated ding-dong. The Frank workmen on the place—and we saw none but Franks—were all discontented and gloomy; their pay had been so irregular, the discomforts of their living so great, and now they were expecting cholera, which was raging above them and below them on the Asiatic bank, and opposite to them in the European villages.

My friend Achmet Fethi Pasha, brother-in-law of the Sultan, was also a brick and tile maker. He was the proprietor of clay-fields and kilns in the valley of Buyuk-derè, exercising there a monopoly alike injurious to the people of the country and to his own purse. *There*, was the only bit of railway that existed in Turkey. To carry the bricks and tiles from the valley to the sea, an inclined plane, about half a mile in length, had been smoothened and furnished with iron trams by some foreign engineer.*

These are melancholy details, but the story of the Sultan's model farm—the end of the only good beginning—was to me saddest of all.

* That good merry old missionary, Mr. G——, who had never seen a railroad (having left America before any were begun), was determined one day to have a ride upon this, in order that he might say he had been upon a railway.

Through want of the necessary labour, Dr. Davis was even later in planting his cotton this year (1848) than he had been the year before. When the cotton was growing there was nobody to attend to it but his four negroes, who had to attend to everything else that was done or attempted. By the month of June it was quite evident that the crop would be a complete failure. For want of ploughs (which the imperial fabrics would not furnish), the doctor was obliged to see the ground for wheat and Indian corn turned up or scratched by the common wooden ploughshares of the country. For want of pay, his Bulgarian labourers all ran away in the midst of this operation. Every representation to the Turks in high authority had been as useless as my application to Achmet Fethi Pasha. Of the promised stock for the farm, none came. In January, February, and March, the Doctor had only a few wretched crawling horses, and two or three lean common cows that did not give milk enough for his own family. The brood mares, the fine stallions, the Syrian cows, the breeding stock from England, were all *in nubibus*. The farm had not so much as a sheep, but the flocks of Boghos Dadian were feeding on the land. These flocks were tended by Bulgarian shepherds, and in his own adjoining farm Boghos had plenty of Bulgarian labourers, when the Doctor could not procure one to work upon the Sultan's farm. Boghos paid the men who worked for himself, charging such outlays to the account of Dr. Davis and the model farm. In the month of April or May, the Doctor got *one* cow of the fine Syrian breed, which had been procured, by means unexplained, from our grasping acquaintance the Pasha

of Brusa. The Doctor had provided stabling and provender for fifty cows (to be stall-fed in the bad seasons), as well as accommodation for a good stud. During the preceding year he had made a deal of good hay where hay had never been made before. In the course of the winter and spring the Dadians had been grabbing at this hay to feed their own horses and the horses at the two imperial fabrics;* but the Doctor had kept together a good quantity in expectation of the stock—which never came. Of course the Armenians did not set this hay to the credit side of the farm accounts. In the Doctor's absence they had helped themselves as they chose; what remained had only been saved by being stowed away in lofts and outhouses, and put under lock and key. They made just as free with everything else. Boghos took the first pick and choose of the 14,000 trees which had been brought over from Asia Minor for plantation on the model farm, gave others away to his friends, and left the refuse for the Doctor. He had labourers to plant his own portion when our friend (working for the Sultan) could get none. I have mentioned the prospects of the Doctor's plantation: in the month of May there were scarcely six of his trees that showed any symptom of vitality; many had been wilfully destroyed, and the rest had perished from the bare want of necessary attention. In this particular Boghos had not been much more successful than himself. At the end of June the roads which the Doctor had traced remained only traced. In the winter it was very difficult to ride from the village up to the farm without

* Boghos was also stabling and feeding at San Stefano a number of horses belonging to his ally Reschid Pasha.

being bogged; in the summer the soil was burned like an Arabian desert. The Sultan had allotted the sum of 68,000 piastres for sinking wells, making fountains, etc. Not a well had been begun; the water had all to be brought by oxen and small arubas from the creek and swamp below, at the distance of nearly half a mile from the farm buildings. One day we had to bring up the water for our own use, as the arubajees had absconded (not being paid), and the poor negroes were overworked in other business.

For want of the means of irrigation, a large garden which had been inclosed near the house, and nicely laid out and stocked, was all parched up and rendered useless by the middle of June, when, except in the newness and entireness of the buildings, the whole of this imperial model farm looked rather worse than better than the usual run of Turkish chiftliks.

The Doctor's aim had been to have 280 acres under cotton. His calculation was that these 280 acres would render 200 bales, each bale consisting of 350 lbs. of clear cotton. Then was to be added the value of the cotton seed, which in this country, and under present circumstances, might be considered worth nearly as much as the cotton. He had been pretty confident that, if he had been allowed to have his own way, he could pay the expenses of the farm this year out of the cotton produce alone. But cotton requires a continuous and an *always controllable* labour, and his labourers (save the four South Carolina blacks) were, like his stock, *in nubibus*.

The dwelling-house, which ought to have been finished last year, was not habitable until the beginning

of June, and then it was a comfortless, rickety affair, exhibiting almost every possible specimen of architectural blundering and bad workmanship. It had been all in vain for the Doctor to remonstrate; the Armenians would build in their own way. I should not have chosen to live under that roof in the season of the gales from the Steppes of Tartary, for the situation was elevated and uncovered. At no distant day some such gale will level it with the ground, and howl a dirge over it. The length of the farm inclosure, from the dwelling-house to the last outhouse, was 1350 feet, the breadth varying from 200 to 100 feet: it was divided into several spacious yards, each having a separate entrance. The Doctor's arrangement of offices, stabling, cow-stalls, poultry-yard, barns, and outhouses, was simple and excellent. There was a separate place for every separate thing. But every place was void and desolate. All the poultry consisted of a dozen or two of the miserable fowls of the country. There was a first-rate dairy, but there was no milk! There was no butter in the country; strange as it may appear, it is true that the Turks have not yet learned the art of making butter. Besides supplying the Sultan's household from his own farm, this dairy, if properly sustained, might have sent a good deal of butter into the Constantinople market. The foreign embassies and the resident Franks alone would gladly have purchased all that could be sent. It would have served also as a lesson and example in the country; other dairies would have risen, and all would have found a market for their produce. Though they know not how to make it, the Turks, as well as the Greeks and Armenians, are very

fond of butter; I never saw a man in the country but —on having the opportunity of proof—enjoyed our common salted Irish butter with uncommon zest. For their cookery they all use Odessa butter, or that abominable grease of which I have so frequently complained.

By far the neatest thing on the farm was the ginn-house for clearing the cotton, and this had been in good part made by the Doctor's negroes. *Six* good ginns, of English make, were lying rusting at Macri-keui, but it was not until the month of April that the Doctor succeeded in procuring *one* of them. The negro Joe and his mate Ben set it up, for no assistance could be obtained from the mechanics of the imperial fabrics. When the ginn was ready, there were no hands to attend to it, for the four negroes were then most wanted in the cotton-field. The small quantity of cotton which we saw go through the ginn was of excellent quality. Some bales of it might have been sent down presently to the cotton-mill, where so many people were waiting for it; but all representations were fruitless—the Doctor could get no workmen. He had told some unpalatable truths to and of Boghos Dadian, and Boghos was determined that the whole farm should be made to appear as a failure, and the Doctor himself as the cause of the failure.

From the great extent of ground they covered, and from the unusual size and height of the house, the farm buildings when seen at a distance (particularly from the Propontis) made rather an imposing appearance, being seated on the ridge of a hill which sloped gently and gracefully down towards the creek and the morass.

The long walls of the inclosure, being newly white-washed, looked quite smart. But these stone walls had been built up not with mortar, but with non-adhesive mud, a little mortar being merely applied externally. The Sultan's orders were that they should be solidly built, and of the best materials; but Abdul Medjid (who probably would not have known mud from mortar) never came near the farm, and never sent to make any inquiries about it. A good kick or two would have knocked down any of these walls. Without such violence, where the ground was uneven, they were already cracking and opening.

Last autumn and winter Dr. Davis had finished the sight of an eye in compiling the lectures and lessons for his agricultural pupils. Instructions had been given that these papers should be immediately translated into Turkish for the benefit not only of these students, but of others; but nothing of the sort was done, and the manuscripts remained useless in the Doctor's desk. To my knowledge at least twenty applications were made for a katib and translator—some of these applications being addressed to the Porte, who had brought the Doctor from his country; and had at first paid him such high honours. There were several changes in the young men selected to be pupils of this "Agricultural School;" some grew weary and sick of the solitude of the deserted kiosk by the sea-shore, wherein they were lodged, and threw up their appointments, and went home to Stamboul; others were turned out to make room for friends of Boghos Dadian. Greeks were of course *always* excluded; but at first the Armenians and Turks were in equal numbers. But Boghos

wanted to get rid of all the Turks, and to have none but Armenians, and not a Turk would have been left if he had been allowed to have his own way. In April there were 15 pupils, nine being Armenians and six Turks. These young fellows were all paid by the Sultan, some receiving 200, some 300, and one (of course *an Armenian*) 700 piastres a month. They had their lodging gratis, but they had to buy their own food. Out of doors they seemed to be doing then just nothing; we never saw one of them at the farm, in the cotton-field, in the garden, or indeed on any part of the farm lands. Mr. N. Davis, with the aid of a drogoman, was attempting to teach them English; but their principal occupation was smoking pipes at a cafinet in San Stefano. They were described to me as being not only very lazy, but very loose in their morals, and by no means attentive to the eighth commandment. In June, when the Doctor took possession of the farm-house, he fitted up a good class-room for them on the basement story, providing them with books, desks, and all things necessary, and insisting that they should attend regularly from 8 A.M. till 4 P.M. But by this time the number of students was reduced to six Armenians, whose saints' days and religious feasts were constantly interfering with their attendance. When they came they brought no heart with them, for they, too, were feeling the money pressure, and were getting very irregular, uncertain pay. One of them, when found asleep over his book, told the Doctor's brother that a hungry belly could not learn English!

We watched these promising agricultural students day after day; they never stirred out, saying that the

weather was too hot, and in the school-room the greater part of their time seemed to be spent in sleeping or dozing. Looking upon tchibouques as the great curse of the country, promoting idleness and muddling the brain, the Doctor, who had destroyed a good many of them on the farm, strictly prohibited the use of them at the farm-house; but his pupils, who could not live without smoking, brought their tobacco with them, and made paper cigars. On some occasion the Doctor had broken the pipes over the heads of his lazy, sculking labourers, and once or twice, provoked by their perversity and doggedness, he had applied the lash of his riding-whip to their backs. A clever but most roguish drogoman, whom he had discharged as an incurable liar, said to me one day, "It is very lucky for Dr. Davis that there is not a tree or a bush hereabout; if there were any cover he would soon have a bullet through his head—he would soon find what it is *to break men's pipes!*"

I did not expect its visitation quite so soon, but I was quite sure that the malaria demon was brewing mischief in the swampy hollows below the farm. Morning and evening those hollows were filled with cold grey vapours, and a Pontine-marsh or Maremma smell came up to the house. I had repeatedly warned my friend, but, having furnished his house and made it comfortable, he clung to the belief that its airy and elevated situation would be a preservative. I was sure it would not, for it is precisely on such low-lying hills that malaria in the South of Italy is most destructive. I trembled for the children—as pretty a young family as the heart of a father could rejoice in. On the 26th of June,

leaving his family all well, the Doctor came to us at Pera to proceed with us to pay a visit at Buyuk-derè to Mr. Carr. We returned together to the farm on the 27th—a broiling hot day—and there found Mrs. Davis shivering and suffering from intense headache. The fever had taken her in its grip yesterday. We stayed four days, and departed without any ill consequences to ourselves, but leaving our kind, most amiable hostess in a state of dreadful suffering. It was our last visit to the accursed spot.

A day or two afterwards two of the dear children were seized; and then the Doctor, who had not been quite one month in the house, fled from it with his family. The invalids were carried down to the seashore, where they all got into a caique, which conveyed them to Buyuk-derè. In the state of the Doctor's own health and spirits his friends were afraid that an attack would have been fatal to him. Almost from the day he set his foot in the country he had been kept in a constant fret, and of late his annoyances had been insupportable, for everything that he had attempted had been made to go awry, and the Dadians were casting upon him all the weight of their own mingled folly and guilt. Constantinople was ringing with reports of the enormous sums which had been thrown away at the model farm. These reports were traced directly to Boghos and Hohannes Dadian, and their creatures, whose name was Legion. Remonstrances were sent in to the Government, but they produced no visible effect. With others I spoke to some of the Turks connected with government, putting them in possession of many startling facts. They confessed that it was a hard case,

they declared that they knew the Dadians to be blunderers and robbers, capable of any falsehood and malice; they said they believed that their hour of retribution must come, that they could not much longer escape the consequences of their gross mismanagement and peculation; but in the meantime they were supported by the *great* pashas, around whom they had woven a strong web. One of these Turkish gentlemen said, "If these things had happened under Sultan Mahmoud, these Armenians would surely have lost their heads, but now the worst that will happen to them will be a sudden disgrace and a safe flight." But none of these Turkish gentlemen who spoke so freely with us, could venture to talk of the subject with the heads of government, or do anything more in the matter than pity Dr. Davis and his family, and pour maledictions on the heads of the Dadians. Mr. Carr, as American Minister, sent an indignant remonstrance to Reschid Pasha, who was now restored to power, and to Ali Pasha, who had resumed his post as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Ali Pasha had signed the Doctor's contract, and the Vizier had feasted the Doctor on his arrival, and filled his ear with professions and promises; but from that moment neither of them had paid the least attention to the Doctor, or had taken the least heed of the model farm, on which they knew great sums were expended. Mr. Carr's drogoman was told *viva voce*, that the Porte was then occupied with the most serious affairs; and no other answer was given while we remained. Long before this the Doctor's best friends had come to the conclusion that the only course he could pursue—the only chance of recovering his health and

tranquillity—was to come to a compromise with the Porte (who had engaged him, and implored the American government to send him), to take such a sum of money as he could get, and return home. He had been engaged for a term of seven years, two of which had now expired. His salary was a very high one, but it had been most irregularly and grudgingly paid, and it was now in long arrears. The experience of this, his second season, destroyed every hope, and the illness in his family now determined him to adopt the course recommended to him. He was staunchly supported by his minister and friend. When we took our leave of them Mr. Carr was going to put on his harness and call upon the Grand Vizier. If Reschid Pasha would not do justice, he was resolved to seek an audience of the Sultan himself, and to expose the whole affair through the mouth of his own drogoman, who was not a native of Pera (as ours are), but an American citizen. In the course of a few months a good compromise was effected, Abdul Medjid paid a liberal indemnity, and in the spring of this year (1849) Dr. Davis and his family most gladly quitted Turkey for ever, and returned to their own country. So ended this attempt at agricultural improvement, which, altogether, had cost the Sultan about 35,000*l.* of our money.

The Dadians have put in a creature of their own—an ignorant Armenian—to manage what is left of the concern, and Abdul Medjid's Model Farm at San Stefano is now in the same wretched condition as the neighbouring chiftliks, or as that other "Model Farm" by Ambarli, of which Boghos so opportunely relieved Reschid Pasha, giving that immaculate minister 75,000

piastres a year for what was not worth a tenth of the rent.*

* The text was written several months ago. I have no very recent letter from Constantinople, but, according to a letter published in the 'Times' in the month of January, 1850, the dynasty of the Dadians has fallen into serious trouble, being accused of gross and monstrous peculation, and having all their discoverable property sequestrated. I cannot answer for the accuracy of the report; I do not know whether these very worst of all the bad Armenians may not arrange matters as they did in 1848; but I retain my belief that their hour *will* come, and that they must in the end be fugitives and outcasts.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Constantinople — The Fleet — Recruits for the Army — State of Trade — The Tidjaret Court — Case of Mr. W—— K——. — A Judge Elect at the Tidjaret — Usual Composition of that Court — Mr. Langdon, of Smyrna, and his Emery-mine — Diplomatic Blunder — Faithlessness of the Porte — Further Proofs of the Decline of the Mussulman Religion — Pilgrimage to Mecca — Insecurity of Property to Franks — Buyuk-derè — Great Pera Fire of June, 1848 — The Great Pashas as Firemen — No Fire Insurance — Arrival of Sir S. Canning — A Bit of Diplomatic History — General Aupick, the Ambassador of the French Republic — Political Reflections — Final Departure from Constantinople — Smyrna — Home!

ON our return from Adrianople the fleet was equipped and lying at anchor in the Bosphorus, between the Serraglio Point and the Sultan's palace of Tchiraghan. It did not exceed the force of a good squadron, for they had wisely abandoned the project of fitting up some of the rotten old ships. There was a considerable display of warlike preparation; recruits for the army were brought over from the already depopulated villages of Asia Minor. Many of these poor ragged fellows deserted as soon as they were let loose; but others, who had been starving at home, seemed contented enough to stay, for here at least they got tolerably good rations.

Trade was in a deplorable state; except those who had contracts with government, none of the commercial houses, native or foreign, had any business. The scarcity of money was even more alarming than when Sarim Pasha threw up the finances in despair. Those who

had payments to receive from the government had to run to the Porte day after day, to intrigue, to bribe, and almost to fight with one another for their money.

The Tidjaret or Commercial Court had now more suits and more business than ever, for the agents of government were constantly breaking contracts they had made; and native merchants, alarmed at the state of the markets, were breaking their bargains and taking refuge in chicane and in that most unfair court. But although most active in May and June (on account of the difficulties and alarms caused by revolutions and a most absurd armament), the Tidjaret had not been idle in the preceding months. Whenever a Levantine trick was to be played, people had recourse to it, and, as far as my information went, no Levantine ever failed in obtaining his object when a British subject was concerned.

In the month of January there was a great dearth of English coal, as well as of native charcoal: coals were wanted for the Turkish steamers and for the Arsenal—the want was immediate and most serious. Mr. W. K——, an English merchant long established in Galata, had two cargoes at hand. Petmez Oglou, an agent for purchases and a general jobber to the Arsenal, applied to Mr. K—— and entered into a contract with him for these two cargoes and for several other cargoes of Newcastle coal. In the course of February the two cargoes were delivered, another cargo came in, and others were on their way from England, the shippers relying on the contract. But suddenly and unexpectedly a little fleet of colliers came up the Dardanelles and brought down the price of coals. Petmez Oglou would no longer abide by the bargain he had made; he

would not even pay the stipulated price for the coals which had been delivered; he would take no more coals from Mr. K—— unless he gave them at the price *now* current. When the contract and his own signature were shown to him, he laughed at both. At first he agreed to submit the matter to the arbitration of two merchants; but he soon refused to do this, and defied Mr. K—— to a contest with him in the Tidjaret. Our friend knowing of old the nature of this Court, and being perfectly sure that neither he nor any other man had a chance in it against an agent of the government, did what he could to avoid bringing his action and to get the business settled in some more equitable way. He applied to our consul-general, who told him that he could not choose, that by our last commercial treaty with the Porte all civil suits or trade questions must be judged in that Court, and that to the judgment of the Tidjaret he must of necessity submit. Mr. K—— was driven into that limbo in the month of March, and there Petmez Oglou triumphed over him in spite of his signature and contract. The English merchant had then to inform his correspondents at home—the disappointed shippers of the coals—that contracts at Constantinople signified nothing when purchasers chose to break them, and so long as the authority of the Tidjaret Court was acknowledged by our Government.

There were other and much harder cases of which I took no notes. In theory this iniquitous Court had not so bad a look. It was to be composed partly of Turks and partly of Christian Frank merchants, English, French, Russian, Austrian, or any other nation, all being men of good credit and standing in the place, and

each having a voice and vote. But when it came into operation, the really respectable merchants (always a *very* limited number in Constantinople) were presently scared away by the foul play it exhibited. These men refused to attend—which was precisely what the Turks and their Armenian agents wished them to do. Except on very rare occasions not one of these respectable, *true* Franks had taken any part in the proceedings of the Tidjaret for many months. An English gentleman told me he would as soon think of going into a den of thieves; a native Frenchman expressed the same sentiment in language much more energetic; an honest German said that he had attended until he was absolutely sick at the sight of injustice. The Turks and Armenians (the Armenians having most to do with the Court) filled up the places of these Frank merchants by Levantine traffickers and jobbers and adventurers, natives of the country, who by fair or by foul means had obtained foreign protection, and were allowed to enjoy the privileges and call themselves by the names of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Austrians, Sardinians, etc. Several of these precious administrators of justice were bankrupt discredited men when they obtained their seats, but were now in very flourishing circumstances. Their services were of course *gratuitous*; they attended the Court solely for the sake of justice; there was no pay whatever—the rogues only filled their pockets with direct bribes or with indirect gains, the master spirits of the Tidjaret being always able to put some profitable job or other in their way. Their position was considered a most enviable one; to get a good footing in that Court was looked upon as

equal to a fortune. There was one Frankified Perote, a scion of an Armenian stock (a stock which had contained some very differing elements), whom I knew now and whom I had well known twenty years ago, when the worst charges that could have been brought against him were ignorance and stupidity. This man had wasted his means, had thrown away his honourable chances, and had run a career of extravagance, folly, and vice; to be of a respectable family, with good connexions, he was about the worst famed man there; even in Pera and Galata, where few people are very squeamish, there were many who gave him the cold shoulder. He had married in succession three or four wives, who were all living. How *he* had contrived to live for some years was a mystery to those who did not know his wonderful dexterity in cheating and all sorts of jobbing. He was, however, rather frequently in very low water. A few mornings before our final departure he came radiant with joy to our Pera landlord. "*Tutto va bene!*" "It is all right," said he, "I am to have a seat in the Tidjaret; I am provided for at last!"

The men who were most constant in their attendance in Court, and in whom the Turks and Armenians most relied on, were * * *, a Greek under Russian protection, frequently doing commercial business with the Porte. * * *, an Hellenic subject and a very great rogue. * * *, ditto; * * *, a Greek, with Austrian protection; * * *, Greek, with Russian protection; and * * *, an Aleppine and Rayah subject, upon whom the Porte most of all relied. These sham representatives of Frank merchants were mixed with Mussulmans

and Armenians, whose interests were one and the same and who always formed a majority. The proceedings were in the Turkish language, and always hurried and confused and most irregular. Even the outward and simple forms of justice were constantly outraged in a manner that horrified Europeans. This Court was presided over by Riza Pasha, who had been stigmatized by the Grand Vizier Reschid himself as the most corrupt of public men, and as a functionary in whom it was impossible to put any trust. Reschid Pasha, however, had not been able to put his fallen rival entirely on the shelf; the gentle-hearted Sultan shrunk from extreme or harsh measures, and was always for conciliating Riza and Reschid; Riza was still strong in the support and undiminished favour of the Sultana Validè, and thus when Reschid was promoted to be Grand Vizier, Riza was made Minister of Commerce, with the Presidency of the Tidjaret Court and a monstrous salary. But Riza felt himself degraded in this post, and was constantly showing his disgust by the irregularity of his attendance or by going to sleep in Court. It appeared to us that the Court-days were never regularly held. I was going over to it with Mr. W. K—— on the 16th of March, when his cause was to be heard, but we were told that no Court could be held that day. On this occasion there might be some slight excuse for the irregularity, as the excitement occasioned by the Paris revolution of February was yet fresh and violent, and driving most people out of their senses. But I tried several other days when the Court was appointed to meet, and each time there was the same irregularity. The hall of justice was over in Constantinople,

somewhere near the old madhouse, I believe. I was assured that the Court when assembled looked like a gang of banditti, the members composing it being remarkable, *even* in Constantinople, for the villainous expression of their countenances. In a Court like this British interests *have* been and *are* shamelessly violated, usually without any advocacy or protection, except such as may be afforded by a Perote drogoman, a delegate from our consul. When a native British merchant could not obtain justice, it may easily be imagined what measure of law and right was dealt out there to our protected subjects the Ionian Greeks and the poor Maltese.

There was one particular case of Turkish injustice aud diplomatic blundering which, although it did not come before the Tidjaret Court, I would fain "read in short," for it vitally concerned a dear old friend, and is strongly and most characteristically marked.

An Englishman travelling in Asia Minor, discovered, at a place not far from Ephesus and the port of Scala Nuova, a good mine of emery. He was a poor man, and without connexions in the country, but he knew the value of the article; and, full of the discovery, he went back to Smyrna, and endeavoured to interest in it several merchants, who might obtain a firman from the Porte, and provide the funds necessary for working the mine. He applied to Mr. A——, to Messrs. L. F——, and to others, who all turned a deaf ear to the project. He then addressed himself to Mr. Joseph Langdon of Boston, who went with him to the mine, warmly took up the project, and, in copartnership with an English merchant of Smyrna, and an Ionian Greek, a protected

English subject, supplied the discoverer with money, and opened a negotiation with the Porte. After a little of the usual delay, a firman was obtained, authorizing Mr. Langdon to work the mine for a term of years, upon payment of a moderate annual rent to government. The discoverer proceeded to work with alacrity; the emery was found to be of first-rate quality; quantities were shipped for England and America, and they fetched good prices in both markets. There was a fair prospect that Joseph Langdon, who had not been so fortunate as he had deserved to be, would by his share realize a decent fortune during the years to which the contract extended. I know no man more deserving of the gifts of fortune. In 1827-8, when he was in affluence, he was the most hospitable, generous, and charitable of men; and a few years before my acquaintance with him, when the Turks, maddened by their reverses in Greece, were murdering the Greeks all over Turkey, and massacre was the order of the day at Smyrna, he did more for the cause of humanity than any score of the opulent Franks and Christians of that place.*

The discoverer of the mine fell sick, and died up the country, leaving a poor widow and children who were in England; but a provision for the widow was secured, for Mr. Langdon, and through him his associates, had entered into a bond by which the family of the discoverer was to be entitled to a considerable share of the annual profits on the emery. If the Porte had respected

* In a case like this an author may be excused even for quoting his own book. But I will not quote; I will merely refer the reader to 'Constantinople in 1828,' for a brief and inadequate notice of that which was done at the time of the Smyrna massacres by Joseph Langdon of Boston, U. S.

the contract, the poor widow and children would have been placed far above want; but the success of the enterprise excited the cupidity of Mr. A——, who posted off to Constantinople, told some of the pashas that they had given the emery-mine for too little, and offered twice or thrice as much as Mr. Langdon and his associates had agreed to pay. Mr. A—— was a native Englishman, having access to our Embassy, and friendly relations with some of the Perote drogomans and hangers-on of the Legation. Sir Stratford Canning had left for England. Lord Cowley was led to believe that he ought to support Mr. A—— as a British subject. British subject! Why, what were the wife and children of the unfortunate discoverer but British subjects, and subjects having a double claim on diplomatic support? One of Mr. Langdon's associates was a born and true Englishman, and the other was an Ionian Greek, and *pro tanto* a British subject. Thus, though Langdon was an American, British interests predominated; and had he been twenty times an American, or had he been a Kaffir, it was assuredly not a case in which to interfere; but Lord Cowley did interfere. I am convinced that his Lordship was shamefully misinformed and misled by some about him. Mr. Langdon was thoroughly persuaded that it had been so, and that one of his Lordship's *entourage* had been bribed by the competing Mr. A——. Langdon's Ionian Greek associate most solemnly swore to me that he knew that a certain Perote had taken a bribe, and that he could prove it, if the opportunity were afforded to him. When the manœuvre was first made known at Smyrna, Langdon pleaded the binding nature of a contract which had been entered

into upon what was then merely experimental, the sanctity of an imperial firman, and the Sultan's own signature. When the term of the lease should expire, the Porte might conclude a more profitable bargain; he himself would increase the rent, or enter into a fair competition with other bidders; but, until the expiration of the term, surely the contract ought to be scrupulously observed, and he ought to be allowed to excavate and export the emery. The Porte, encouraged by the injudicious interference of our Legation, took a very different view of the subject; and, heaping dirt upon the imperial firman, they determined that Mr. A——, as a higher bidder, should have the mine forthwith. But now other cupidities were awakened. Messrs. L. F——, Levantines by birth and Swiss by descent, but enjoying British protection, who also had scorned the project when offered to them, and turned their backs on the poor discoverer, now struck in, bidding three times more than Mr. A—— had done. Presto! The Porte broke another agreement, and settled that Messrs. L. F—— should have the emery-mine. But soon these greedy Turks, who would never have known that there was such a mine but for the unfortunate English traveller, began to pause and ponder, and take counsel among themselves and with their Armenian seraffs. "If," said they, "these Frank merchants now offer so much money for those stones, it is quite certain that they must be worth a vast deal more. Would it not be better to keep them all to ourselves?" Our friend Mustapha Nouree, the pasha of Brusa, excited beyond measure by the reports made to him, agreed to take an interest in the mine, and stirred up his powerful friends

in the capital. Messrs. L. F—— were *renvoyés*; and it was settled that the pashas should work the emery for account of government, which, in plainer words, meant for their own account. Mr. Langdon requested to be permitted at least to ship some of the emery which was already dug, and lying near the sea-port. They refused even this permission. They would have nothing more to do with him or Mr. A——, or the Messrs. L. F——: they would be their own emery-miners, and dealers in emery. From that day the emery-mine had been left idle, and utterly useless! Greedy to get it, the pashas—*More Turco*—seemed to have forgotten the mine as soon as they had obtained it. It was said that they were going to work it some day; but during the eleven months that we were in the country, they did nothing with it.

Sad letters came from England from the widow, whose only means of support were thus cut off. Mr. Langdon went to Constantinople and spent money and much time in vain endeavours to get a compensation for himself and the parties originally interested with him. He was a martyr to the backshish persecution. He saw the heads of government, and with the assistance of Mr. Browne, the drogoman of the American Legation, he laid the whole case before several of the grandees. As, most improperly, the question was left as one purely of American interests, and as the United States had not yet meddled in Turkish affairs, or struck terror to the Porte, which is hardly to be moved except through its fears, Mr. L. could obtain no reparation whatever. He hoped much from the return of Sir Stratford Canning, if the whole case were clearly laid before him.

I can answer that the case *was* so laid in a letter addressed to Sir Stratford from Smyrna, on the 8th of July, 1848. I have yet, however, to learn that justice has been done in this striking and affecting case, and I very much fear that political turmoils, and this quarrel of Turkey with Russia, on account of the renegade Bem and his ruffians, may have prevented our ambassador from bestowing on the case the attention it merits and loudly calls for.

Nearly every day afforded us some ocular proof, of more or less importance, that the devotional feelings of the Turks were rapidly on the decline, and yet that their hatred and injustice towards the Christian Rayah subjects were not at all decreasing. In walking through the streets of Constantinople (generally on our way to the house of our good friend Mr. Sang, at Psammattia), we two or three times came upon some Turks, who were beating small drums and playing off a strange masquerade. Some of them were tall young men, wearing white turbans of unusual dimensions, bearing old Turkish shields on their left arms, and carrying and brandishing scimitars in their right hands. They performed a sort of wild war-dance in the street, striking their shields with their swords, and making altogether a terrible clatter. People from some of the Mussulman houses threw them out small coins. We took them for troops of morrice dancers, but were informed that they were collecting money for the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, and that some of the mock warriors intended to go on that holy expedition. The Turks have introduced the fashion of performing the pilgrimage vicariously. In former times a rich and devout Turk would, out of his own single

purse, defray the expenses of the long journey, and give a considerable sum to the man that represented him at the tomb of the Prophet, taking credit with heaven for the outlay, and assuming that what was done by his delegate was done by himself and for himself. As they grew poorer, two or three Turks would club together to pay a poor fellow, and make a hadji of him, dividing the spiritual advantages among themselves. As they grew irreligious, the beys and effendis gave up these practices; and it is now-a-days most rarely that Turkish gentlemen of Stamboul have any concern whatever in these pilgrimages. Such hadjis as go from the capital are a set of hungry destitute men, who dance and beg through the streets for the wherewithal; and it not unfrequently happens that some of them, after thus levying contributions, desert the caravan on the first day's march, or go no farther into Asia than to the suburb of Scutari. . It was only from the poorest houses that the donations of halfpence and farthings were made; the Turks of superior condition seemed to regard the dancing hadjis as mere mummers. The substance is gone, but the shadow remains. On the 14th of June a great firing of guns at Constantinople announced the departure for Scutari of the Surrè Emini, or chief of the pilgrims and commander of the caravan, who is annually appointed with great form and ceremony by the Sultan, receiving from that representative of the Caliphs a certain green flag and a round sum of money. The Surrè Emini remained a few days at Scutari that the pilgrims might collect around him, and he then took his departure for the interior of Asia, followed by a motley group of some few scores of ragged desperate

vagabonds. We did not see the sight, being engaged elsewhere, but we were assured by some who went over to Scutari that it was a deplorable expedition, far worse this year than the year before, and that for the last fifteen years the pilgrimage to Mecca had been growing more and more a sham, and thinner and meaner. The very few Turks of condition that now go to Mecca shorten the fatigues of the journey by repairing to the coast of Syria or Egypt in steamboats.

By this time the weather was excessively hot in Pera and Galata, so that it was fortunate that our researches carried us frequently to San Stefano, the Princes' Islands, or up the Bosphorus to Bebek, Therapia, or Buyuk-derè, where the heat was tempered by the breezes from the Black Sea. It was also well to be as much as possible out of the way of cholera. In the last-named diplomatic village we were usually the guests of Mr. Carr, who had transferred his quarters thither from San Stefano; but we now and then visited the "Hôtel de l'Empire Ottoman," which was incomparably the best house and the best managed that we found anywhere in Turkey. In cleanliness and comfort, and in moderate charges, it far surpassed any hotel in Pera. It had been fitted up, and was conducted by a smart Piedmontese, who had been for several years maître d'hôtel to the Russian embassy, and who had a very lively "neat-handed" wife, recently arrived from Turin, her native place—at which she very heartily wished herself back. I mention this hotel only for the sake of an illustrative story, related to me and my good friend Mr. Porter, the American consul, by husband and wife. They had

recently been involved in serious troubles through the insecurity of the tenure by which Franks hold property in this country. As a clear illustration of that insecurity, and as a refutation of such as pretend that a Christian non-Rayah subject may safely purchase houses and lands, and hold them in the name of some Rayah, the story is certainly worth telling. Added to that of Sotiri Macri of Selyvria, it will give a complete notion of those matters.

Not being allowed by Turkish law to purchase house or land in his own name, the Piedmontese had made the purchase through a Greek Rayah, in whose name all the deeds and papers ran. This was following the usual course. He took the Greek to be a man he could trust, but after a time he was informed of certain passages of the Greek's history which convinced him that the man was a rogue, and that the hotel and garden at Buyuk-derè would be in jeopardy so long as they stood in his name. There was nothing for the Piedmontese to do but to get a fictitious transfer made out in the name of some other Rayah. This time he chose an Armenian, who may very likely have turned out as great a rogue as the Greek. The transfer of the title deeds had cost him a very large sum—I believe nearly half as much as he had originally paid for the house and garden; and he told us that it would have cost him much more if he had not been well backed by gentlemen belonging to the Russian and Sardinian legations. He himself felt even now that his property was very insecure. "But," said he, "when will any class of Christians be really secure in their property, or left to enjoy the fruits of their honest industry, if the Russians,

or some other Christian powers, do not take possession and expel the rotting, dying, Turkish government?" *

Having finished my researches, and seen quite as much of the state of Turkey as it was necessary for my purpose to see, I was on the point of engaging a passage to Malta, when I learned to a certainty that Sir Stratford Canning was on his way, and had really reached Athens. I had now for some months given up the faintest notion that that gentleman could promote any of my views, or that an honest man could be of any use in such a country under such a government; but the honour of my acquaintance with Sir Stratford dated twenty years back, in some questions I had been (however weakly or ineffectually) a champion of his policy,

* Among the Princes' Islands we visited Protè, now the seat of a small Protestant Armenian colony converted by the American missionaries. For two days we were the guests of the Rev. J. S. Everett, one of those missionaries, from *all* of whom we received many acts of kindness. I again express my regret that I cannot, in this work, give an account of their labours in the East. Some of them had travelled over every part of the Turkish Empire, and were most thoroughly convinced that that empire was ruined past hope of recovery. At Protè we met the Rev. E. Bliss, who had come down a few days before from Trebizond, his head-quarters for some years. This religious and truthful man described that Pashalik (as many others had done to me) as being in a woful condition. In the sea-port of Trebizond steam-navigation and a slightly increased transit-trade had brought about some little improvement and prosperity; but the busy and prosperous were only the Greeks and the other Rayahs, and beyond the town-walls all was oppression, poverty, and squalid misery. The people were living in wretched log-huts. There were no roads; the old paths were worse now than they were when he first went to the Pashalik. Immense tracts of the most beautiful country and most glorious forests were left untouched by plough, or spade, or woodman's axe. It was a country of the "Backwoods" before the first squatters had entered it. *There* they had only just introduced the Tanzimaut, with all its new administrative regulations. As yet there had not been time to judge of its effects, but the Missionaries did not believe that it could work any better than it had done in other parts of the empire, wherein it had been established for years.

and having so long expected to see him, I thought I might well wait a week or two longer. I hoped nothing from him, I had nothing to ask of him; but I believed that I had some things that I might communicate which would be of service both to him and to my country; and setting aside all affectations of modesty and humility, and caring nothing for party taunts and sneers, I do now say, that no candid reader will have accompanied me thus far without feeling that I could make such communications to Sir Stratford.

Though so frequently absent, we had the fortune to be on the spot at the time of the grand conflagration of Pera. It was Saturday the 17th of June. We were dining down in Galata with our friend Mr. W. H——, when a servant entered the room, and said in an unconcerned manner that there was a fire somewhere up above. As this was so common an occurrence, we took no notice of the announcement, but quietly finished our dinner, and took the tchibouques which invariably follow. In another half-hour, however, the servant reentered, and said that this was a very bad fire! a most terrible fire indeed, that was threatening to burn out all the Christians on this side the water! We took our hats and sticks, and clambered up that horrible hill. The sun was a good hour from his setting; but as we ascended, his face was obscured by dense smoke. As we drew nearer this smoke was almost suffocating, and the air was charged with pungent matter, offensive alike to eyes and nostrils. The fire was as yet confined to a hollow behind the British palace, in the direction of the Greek quarter of St. Dimitri, and people were entertaining the hope that by knocking down some houses

the Turkish firemen would stop it there. Vain hope! The Turks did nothing, or nothing in time and in the right way; the evening breeze freshened, blowing from the Propontis, and carrying the flames towards the most densely inhabited parts of Pera. Then there was wild alarm, and the scene became truly terrific: the sun went down, and a sea of fire and flame showed itself through the thick smoke; the sick and the bed-ridden were hurriedly brought out of their houses on men's shoulders, to be deposited, for the most part, among the tombstones of the cemeteries; men, women, and children were screaming and running wildly about, attempting to save their household goods from the rapidly advancing conflagration.

On reaching the edge of the fire we found three or four miserable little machines, with little more force than a good garden-engine, playing upon it; and this very useless operation was soon suspended for want of water. We retreated from house to house and from street to street as the flames advanced. We remained in the house of Mr. Browne of the United States Legation until the fire caught next door; the valuables and some of the household furniture were pretty well removed before we withdrew: we never thought the house could escape; but to the astonishment of most people, it was not burned this time. At about 9 o'clock the conflagration was truly tremendous: except the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in October, 1822, I never saw (in a scene where fire was the main element) so sublime and terrific a sight. But though strongly tempted, I must resist scenic description. The great pashas now began to arrive with a battalion of the imperial

guard; but for all the good they did, they might as well have remained in their konacks and barracks. The soldiers stumbled about the rough streets with their muskets carried horizontally on their shoulders, and with their fixed bayonets level with people's faces and eyes, so that in the crowd there was a great chance of getting wounded by them. Instead of clearing the narrow streets for the passage of those who were trying to save their goods, or were bringing up water, they blocked up the way, thus increasing the confusion and causing a loss of time. Some of the pashas remained on horseback, surrounded by a host of idling attendants, and gazed on the flames, and did or ordered just nothing; others alighted and seated themselves on stools, at a respectful distance, as if to enjoy the spectacle at their ease; and others standing at the corners of streets were issuing the most ridiculous or the most contradictory orders. It really appeared as though they wished the conflagration to spread. Some there were—as well Franks as Greeks—who vowed that this was their intention. "They are now afraid of these revolutions in Christendom," said they, "and they want to strike terror and reduce all the Christians here to a helpless condition!" At least half a dozen times I would have undertaken with a score of London firemen, or of English sailors—the best of all firemen—to check the progress of the flames, by pulling down a few rotten wooden houses, and making a void space. An Ionian Greek proposed this process to the Sultan's brother-in-law, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was among the idlest of those dignitaries. As the flames approached this Greek's house, as no help was afforded either by knocking down an adjoining hovel, or by setting a fire-engine

at work, as he saw that no aid would be lent him, *because* he had not money to pay for it, he raised his voice, and asked Mehemet Ali whether he was to stand there and see his house burned to the ground. Instead of commiserating the poor fellow, the Pasha called him by a most opprobrious name, upon which the Ionian drew a pistol and discharged it at him. Had the Greek's pistol been better, or his nerves steadier, there would in all probability have been one villain the less that night in Turkey; but the Pasha escaped uninjured, and the Greek, being first nearly killed by the Pasha's retainers, was whirled down to the horrible Bagnio.

Of all the pashas assembled—and by 11 o'clock they seemed *all* to be there—the only one that we saw really bestirring himself and acting with sense as well as energy, and as if he wished the fire to cease and not to continue, was Reschid's rival, the much-decried Riza Pasha. He was on foot, with a strong stick in his hand, running about with the firemen, and showing them where to apply and how to use their long fire-hooks. If he had taken the field a little earlier he might have stopped the incendium, by pulling down a few paltry houses. It was now too late: the breeze had increased, the Fire King had clomb the hill, had reached the plateau of Pera, and was striding across the main street which leads from the Galata Serai to the great cemetery. Though very weak and bad, there were by this time a good many fire engines (all portable) collected;* but the water had to be brought up to the hill-top in skins on the backs of horses, asses,

* The steep hills, deep gullies, narrow streets and crooked lanes would not allow of the passage of anything like a London fire-engine. These Constantinople engines are carried on men's shoulders.

mules, and men, and of this slow and scanty supply more than half appeared to be lost before reaching the scene of action.

About midnight, when I really expected nothing less than the entire destruction of Pera, we went to our quarters to pack up our portmanteaux and books. At the end of our lane we met a great number of Turkish women, streaming up from Kassim Pasha, the other regions near the arsenal, and all the lower part of the Petit Champ des Morts. They were gesticulating, cursing the Christians in no very subdued voice, and rejoicing at the vast destruction of property, although many of the houses that were burning belonged to their own people. "The ghiaours, the kupeks, the peza-venks," said they, "see how they are running! They have built over our heads! They have thrust out the Mussulman dwellers! They have made a ghiaour city here! May it all burn! burn!" and observing that we and some Frank ladies, from their windows, were looking at them and catching their words, they clapped their skinny stained hands, and hissed at us like a flock of irate geese. Our sitting-room, our bed-room, and every part of Tonco's house from kitchen to garret, were crowded with Frank ladies and children, who had been burned out of house and home, and some of whom had escaped with little more than the clothes on their backs. There was no staying there; so, after packing up our loose clothes and books, we returned to the grand spectacle. We passed the houses of two of the American missionaries, where we had been visiting a few evenings before, and found them all of a blaze. We stayed in a large double house occupied by two

other of those missionaries (Mr. Everett and the excellent old Mr. Goodell) watching the progress of the conflagration, until the glass of the windows was so hot that we could not bear a finger upon them, and until the roof was set on fire by embers wafted through the air by the wind. This house too had an almost miraculous escape, for, although the roof was partly in flames when we left it, it was not destroyed. Being dried by the hot summer sun these wooden houses caught like tinder. In several places, at considerable distances from the advancing front line of the flames, we saw houses take fire at the roof and be all in a blaze in a few minutes; some ignited fragments had fallen upon them. In beating a retreat from this missionary-house we saw in a very narrow lane that other brother-in-law of the Sultan, Achmet Fethi Pashà, who was so very fat, and riding so fat a horse, that it seemed problematical whether he would ever get through the narrowest part. At other points we found people imploring the firemen and pumpmen to save their houses, and bargaining with them for the money they were to pay. The rogues on duty would do nothing without cash in hand; those who paid most got their services; the poor man who could give only 100 piastres was left for the richer man who could pay 1000. Not a service was rendered without previous bargain and previous payment. The Turks were coining money at this fire! In several cases, where liberal sums were paid, we saw engines concentrated, and a respectable house saved, though apparently in the midst of the flames. The poor had no chance: nobody would listen to them, and if they became importunate they got abuse or a beating. The scenes I witnessed with my

own eyes this night capped my observations on Turkey; but I saw nothing that was new to the country, nothing but was strictly according to established usage. Such a grand fire was not very frequent; but at every fire the functionaries salaried by the State would do nothing for the poor man that could not pay them. As the Ionian Greek had, in all probability, previous experience of these facts, it was almost pardonable—when additionally provoked by the horrible epithet—that he should have shot at Mehemet Ali Pasha.

Moving from place to place, and witnessing more compounds of rascality, stupidity, and woe, we remained abroad until 3 o'clock in the morning; and then, worn out with fatigue, we went home, and stretched ourselves on one of Tonco's hard divans.

About 4 in the morning, as the Fire King, after descending the reverse of the hill towards the Bosphorus, and consuming everything on his path, was approaching Tophana, and the artillery barracks, and a great depôt of gunpowder, his steps were arrested. Some said that this halt was caused by a broad gap, and by the cessation of the wind which could not well reach that hollow; others said, that seeing how nearly he was approaching Tophana, the Pashas gathering together opined that he had gone far enough, and ought to be stopped, and did then resort to measures which effectually stopped the devourer. Counting of all sizes and qualities nearly 2000 houses had been so completely consumed that absolutely nothing was left to show where they had been except heaps of pungent ashes, and here and there a calcined stone-wall or stack of chimneys built of stone and brick.

That Sunday morning, after walking over the deso-

lated space, extending nearly from the Golden Horn to the Bosphorus—a space which had been covered and crammed yesterday morning with human habitations, of wood and poor enough, and for the most part filthy, but still the abodes of men—we had in our spared quarters a fearful summing up of accounts and losses. Old Angelo, a knowing Venetian, and a great friend or gossip of our host, came in. "Well," said Tonco, "are you *brucciato?*" "No," said Angelo, "but it cost me 4000 piastres to save my house, and I am pretty sure that one of the *canaglia* of pashas got half of my money!"

At the very next appearance of the 'Journal de Constantinople,' those truth-telling people who wrote in it proclaimed to the world that nothing could exceed the zeal, skill, courage, and activity of all the pashas who had *assisted* at the lamentable conflagration!

As houses are never insured in Turkey, and as under the circumstances nobody would insure them except at an enormous rate, the losses of individuals in a combustion like this must have amounted to a portentous sum and have occasioned a vast amount of private distress and misery. It is counted that the average longevity of a house up in Pera is only between six and seven years, and hence the enormous rent that one is obliged to pay for the merest baraque. Some of our friends congratulated us on having enjoyed this *magnifique spectacle* just before leaving the country, assuring us that so grand a fire had not been seen for many years! Our facetious but right-hearted Hibernian friend Lieutenant G——, who had passed the night of the fire in standing sentinel over the goods and chattels carried

out of the house of Mr. R—— to the smaller burying-ground, said it was a wonderful thing to think of what an auto da fé there must have been of bugs and fleas in those two thousand wooden houses!

In former times, whenever fires became very frequent, they were taken as signs and demonstrations of popular disaffection or discontent. In 1828, when I saw not a few of them, they were set down to the account and malice of the friends of the janizaries who had been rooted out in 1826. Who are the disaffected now? Or who kindles these incessant fires? Making every allowance for the careless habits of the people and the combustible materials with which their houses are built, it is yet difficult to conceive that all these conflagrations proceed from mere accident. In this fire at Pera, and in others about which I made diligent inquiry, the fire broke out in poor Turkish houses. They had been increasing in frequency in proportion with the augmentation of poverty and brooding discontent. Within seventeen days there were three more fires.*

On Saturday, the 24th of June, being at the village of Bebek, on the Bosphorus, enjoying the hospitality of some of the American missionaries and our English friends J. R. and E. G., we saw pass at an early hour

* After our departure matters did not mend. The following is an extract from the letter of a very old friend, dated Pera, Constantinople, September 25th, 1848:—"Fires have been the order of the day since you left. The whole of Pera is now a heap of ruins, and nothing but chimneys are seen standing to mark small allotments of ground. The last fire finished Pera from the quarter where you remember it stopped in June, up to our house down Frank-street, round the four corners, behind the Russian Chancery, on to the small burial-ground, all has disappeared. Our house has not been burnt down, although it took fire three times, and made me turn out with bag and baggage."

of the morning the British war-steamer "Antelope," having on board our long and anxiously expected ambassador, who landed at Therapia. For months all English affairs had been at a standstill, and many serious inconveniences had been felt by such as had affairs to settle with the Turkish government. Sir Stratford Canning—a name never to be mentioned by me without respect—was in nowise to be blamed for this. He had not, like Lord Palmerston's brother, the Honourable William Temple, at Naples, taken a long leave of absence and kept himself from his highly paid post in a season of difficulty or crisis. He had left Constantinople in the summer of 1846, with the intention of never more returning to that country. He had, in fact, relinquished his embassy. But, as he says himself, he seems to be bound by a destiny to Turkey. This was the fourth time between 1814 and 1846 that he had left the country with the intention of not returning. In the winter of 1847, beset by the entreaties of the friends of Reschid Pasha, and yielding to the instances of Viscount Palmerston, he reluctantly agreed to go back once more. He was told that he alone was competent to the management of the reforming Turks, and that if he did not return, Reschid must fall, and the reform be blown to the winds. I know his reluctance, as well as some domestic reasons, which rendered this new appointment to the Ottoman Porte almost an act of cruelty. Sir Stratford was entitled to a better embassy, and he ought to have had it. On his own account I regret that he was not appointed to a more civilised and happier country; and I fear that there may be (if there have not already been) good reasons for regretting, on public

and national grounds, that he should ever have been forced back to Constantinople. In the autumn of 1847, when he was ready to take his departure for the East, our Minister for Foreign Affairs found other work for him; and, in a series of harassing, ill-timed, and unpromising missions, much misused this valuable public servant. Sir Stratford arrived at Berne just in time to witness the triumph of the ultra-democratic faction in Switzerland, and to dine and exchange compliments *di obbligo* with the demagogues who had made a revolution destructive for many years to come of the repose and happiness of Switzerland.* He reached

* Sir Stratford has been singularly unfortunate in his efforts to promote toleration and religious liberty. In Turkey those efforts were followed by the barbarous persecution of the poor Albanians of Scopia. In Switzerland they failed of effect. When we were passing through Lausanne, in September, 1848, the dominant and intolerant faction were seizing quiet Protestant ministers in the streets or in their houses, and hurrying them off into exile. Persecution was raging all through the Pays de Vaud. At Geneva, at Neuchâtel, matters were not better. It is a clergyman of the Church of England that has written what follows:—

"The great ends proposed by the late campaign, the expulsion of the Jesuits and the subversion of the Sonderbund-governments, were to give peace to the country, and to extend and fix the principles of liberty on a sound and firm basis. Have these ends been promoted, even to a certain measure? Are the cantons generally enjoying a state of peace and tranquillity; and have the interests of civil and religious liberty really advanced?—The daily occurrences supply a painful and negative answer to these questions. As yet there are no indications of that spirit of moderation, that decree of amnesty, and those measures of conciliation which have been promised to Sir Stratford Canning, to be acted upon. On the contrary, there appears a growing disposition to rule by the law of persecution. Thus, the liberty of the press—one of the greatest privileges and marks of a free country and a free people—can scarcely be said to be tolerated any more in the country; when every free expression of opinion differing from that of the ruling party is immediately crushed and persecuted. In the Canton de Vaud religious liberty has been entirely put down. In that state a legislative measure has lately been adopted, by a majority of 64 to 38 votes, for the complete subversion of all religious worship not in connexion with the National Church. The avowed object

Vienna when Count Fiquelmont, shrinking from bloodshed and civil war, had yielded to the mad democrats, professors and students of that capital, and when, to most men, the ancient House of Austria seemed really threatened with dissolution. His arrival in other cities of Germany took place at equally disastrous junctures; and he had to witness, and at times to congratulate, principles and men whose course he considered as destructive of society, and to watch the march of revolutionism, without the power of doing anything to check its headlong speed. This had occupied him many months; and when all this was over, he had to call at Athens on his way to Constantinople, and there witness another scene of intrigue, faction, confusion, and almost anarchy, being, in the main, the fruits of that constitution, for which the country was unfit, that had been forced upon King Otho by a military revolt and English diplomacy. Sir Stratford has not a little of the excitability and poetical temperament of his cousin, Mr. George Canning; but a more phlegmatic man might have been reasonably expected to be disturbed by such eccentric missions and such exhibitions of disorder and violence. I saw him on Sunday the 25th of June, the day after his arrival, and again on the following morning. He was too much excited to pay any great attention to the reports I had to make him. He thought that the greater part of the empire was in a

of this measure is to extinguish all Protestant sects, who are now as much the object of persecution as the Jesuits were afore. A strange spectacle is thus presented to the civilized world by the purest Protestant democracy in Europe—that of putting in force a law against Protestants little less intolerant than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes!"—'Note-Book of the late Civil War in Switzerland, by the Rev. M. J. Mayers, M.A., Vicar of Langham Episcopi, Norfolk.' London, 1848.

deplorable situation; he could not see how the Government was to get through its financial difficulties; but, weak or strong, rich or poor, the integrity of the empire must be maintained; and, in alliance with France, we must support Turkey against her encroaching neighbour, whose *occupation (jointly with the Turks)* of the Danubian Principalities was an alarming incident. When that which (by men who respect him less than I do) is called his Russo-phobia obtained the mastery over him, there was nothing to say to Sir Stratford, and nothing to do but to sit still and listen with such patience as one could command. Dreading, as I did, the effects of an alliance with France re-revolutionized against Russia and our old ally Austria, and feeling as I did that before we pledged ourselves to support Turkey we ought to be fully aware of the condition and nature of what we were to support, and accurately informed as to the faculty of Turkey to help herself, and as to the amount of the assistance and sacrifices she would require from us, I endeavoured to turn the conversation into those channels. Sir Stratford had not seen the country with his own eyes: except one excursion to Brusa, he had seen little but the Bosphorus and the country which lies between Therapia and Constantinople, and between the capital and the village of San Stefano: he had been absent two years, during which he had been indulging in the hope that both the Rayah and Mussulman populations had been advancing under the rule of Reschid Pasha and the Tanzimaut or reform system. From Mr. Layard, and other competent English travellers, he had received faithful and startling reports of the horrible condition of the remoter Asiatic provinces;

but these had been presented a long time ago—or a long time with respect to a country where the progress of ruin and desolation is so rapid. I wished to tell him of the things I had seen in the two near and best Pashaliks of the Empire; of the observations I had made but as yesterday, and of certain investigations which nobody before me had made at all. But Sir Stratford, though assenting to my propositions, was far too much excited to listen to details; and when, with reference to the astounding revolutions of Christendom, he began to talk of the Fate or Destiny of the Greek tragedians, I thought it time to take my leave.

I saw him for the third and last time at Therapia on the 4th of July, when I did not find that his excitement had at all abated. I laid before him the case of Sotiri Macri, at Selyvria, in which he seemed to say he could do nothing; I told him the story of the Sultan's Model Farm; I related the sad, demoralized condition of the English colony at Macri-keui, which certainly called for some attention; and I touched lightly upon some other subjects in which the welfare of Englishmen and the credit of Reschid Pasha's government were deeply concerned. Sir Stratford still clung to the idea that Reschid, if not a paragon of honesty, was the honestest minister to be found in Turkey. He again seemed to believe that Turkey was really in the path of regeneration, and that the discontents of the Rayah population were not quite so universal or so violent as they had been represented. His head was still full of the Tzar Nicholas and the Russian conquests, and he was in a flurry of business and correspondence. On taking leave he said, "Well, you will go home and tell the

truth." I assured him that, come what would of it, I should do so. I have now done it. *Liberavi animam meam.*

I have shown no stint or coolness in the praises I have bestowed on this distinguished diplomatist, and to which he is fairly, and by universal consent, entitled. But my respect for Sir Stratford—a respect founded on a knowledge of his character, his many eminent, generous qualities, his intolerance of cruelty, injustice, and oppression; his straightforwardness, his feeling and charitable disposition; his love of literature, arts, and antiquities, with his constant readiness to promote them—neither can nor ought to render me insensible to the national mischiefs which may result from his present mission. High minded as he is, he cannot forget certain passages in his antecedent career. The facts, though seldom alluded to now-a-days, were of public and of European notoriety, and must be perfectly well remembered by those who pay any attention to diplomatic history. In 1832 Sir Stratford Canning was appointed to represent His Majesty William IV. at the Court of St. Petersburgh. His credentials were made out and were in his portfolio, his appointment was communicated with the usual forms and etiquette to the Emperor Nicholas, and that sovereign refused to receive him as ambassador. I can remember only one precedent of a similar refusal of a British ambassador or minister by a friendly power. The Tzar's conduct excited much astonishment and animadversion, but he resolutely maintained his determination; Sir Stratford was obliged to let his credentials sleep in his portfolio, and after a time—Russia being too formidable to be

bullied—the Whig government appointed another ambassador to St. Petersburgh. To Sir Stratford the mortification was in every way great: the road to diplomatic promotion and to the embassy at Paris lay through St. Petersburgh, and by the fiat of the Tzar that road was stopped to him. Surely these reminiscences are not calculated to qualify a diplomatist for difficult or embarrassing or temper-trying negotiations in which Russia is a principal party.

The Turks who had been so dismayed at the first explosions of the revolutionary volcanos in Christendom, had been gradually changing their tone and demeanour, and there was a further and very noticeable change after the arrival of Sir Stratford. Their ignorance and presumption were wrought upon by Count ——, and other homeless, desperate, intriguing, restless Poles, who were incessantly repeating that it was all up with Austria, that Poland would rise once more, and that Russia herself would be revolutionized. A protégé of Reschid Pasha confidently assured me that reformed Turkey must gain independence, power, and greatness; that universal liberty and happiness were to come out pure and bright from the revolutionary cauldron; that civilization had taken a fresh start, or had had a new birth at Paris in the month of February, and that we should soon have a new and a blessed world. The Turks of this school rejoiced at the news of Charles Albert having crossed the Mincio with an army of 40,000 men, and would not listen to any doubt as to his final success; they chuckled at every disaster which befell the Austrians, and at the first blush of the troubles in Hungary and Transylvania some of them

talked of joining the Magyars, of regaining through their means all the territories they had lost to the House of Hapsburgh, and of regaining in Hungary the ascendancy they had enjoyed in the days of Suleiman the Magnificent. It was now vain to tell these men that the dismemberment or weakening of the Austrian empire would leave Turkey open to Russia, or that, at least, for the last half century Austria had been the best bulwark of the Ottoman dominions, and one of the very best friends of the Turkish dynasty. The majority of the Turks, however, seemed still to be strongly impressed with the belief that their only chance of safety consisted in their remaining perfectly quiet.

On Monday, the 29th of May, General Aupick, as minister of the French Republic, arrived in the Golden Horn in a French Government steamer; but he did not land, as the Turks would not salute his flag or formally receive him. This, we were told, was all owing to Baron Titoff, the Russian ambassador. The Frank *patriots* of Pera and Galata (a rabble of all nations) talked of mobbing the Baron's house, but thought better of it. Some said that General Aupick, indignant at the insult offered to the Grande République, would take his departure, and would soon reappear with a French fleet to bombard Stamboul. Others said that Sarim Pasha, late Finance Minister, and now for a few weeks Grand Vizier, must have gone stark, staring mad, or have taken some enormous bribe from Russia. On the following day, somewhat to my astonishment, the salute and formal reception being still withheld, General Aupick landed, delivered an address to the French subjects, and then went quietly up the Bos-

phorus to the French palace at Therapia, where he remained most quietly, and without showing his flag, until the arrival of Sir Stratford Canning. On the evening after our ambassador's landing at Therapia, we learned that General Aupick was to be received with all state and etiquette, and that his Republic was to be formally recognized by the Porte. A few days after this, on descending the Bosphorus from Buyukderè, we saw the flag of the French Republic flying close to the British flag, the houses of General Aupick and Sir Stratford being on the same quay at Therapia, and only a few hundred feet from each other; and we were told that the General had had his audience of the Porte, and was maintaining the most amicable and closest relations with Sir Stratford. That evening at Pera a Frenchman assured us that England had put herself in the wake of France, and could not do otherwise. The outcry against Austria and Russia now became louder than ever; Reschid Pasha's men resumed their strut and confidence, and even Turks of a different school now opined that there was not very much to fear from a war with Russia and Austria, *if* the French and English would *only* fight their battles for them, and supply them with armies, fleets, arms, ammunition, and the grand *sine quâ non*, money.

And, in effect, if a war is to be provoked, the Turks will require all these things, and a *great* many more.

Would France, or could she—in the present embarrassed state of her finances—undertake with England to bear her fair portion of these enormous charges? Would any House of Commons vote even our share? Is our national prosperity so great at the close of this

year, 1849, that we can calmly contemplate incurring in 1850 enormous expenses and the risk of universal war for the sake of an expiring un-Christian people, or the maintenance of a decrepid, demoralized, abominable government? "*Puzza al naso d' ognuno questo barbaro dominio.*"*

In rushing into a war against all our old allies, can we rely upon our single new ally, France? Or will France enter upon such a war with faith and full confidence in England? The notion that Russia is the natural ally of France did not originate with M. Lamartine and the February Revolution; it dates many years back, and it is not confined to the romancing historian and poetical politician and his school. Other loud-tongued and stirring Frenchmen entertain at this moment, as a capital point of political faith, that France has more to gain from a close alliance with the great power of the North than from any other league and combination; that by such an alliance Austria, Prussia, and all the minor powers of the European Continent would be crushed, and there would remain only two nations in Europe, France and Russia, England being "cast off as a mere satellite in the ocean!"† By the scheme of this alliance Russia is or was to have Constantinople, the Black Sea, the Propontis, the Dardanelles, and the Adriatic; and the French to hold Spain, Italy, Belgium, the Rhine, and nearly all Ger-

* Machiavelli.

† The last are Lamartine's own words.

"The Russian alliance," says this poet, "is the cry of nature; it is the revelation of geography; it is the alliance of war, for the eventualities of the future, to the two *great* races."—*Histoire de la Révolution de* 1848.

many. In a country where revolution is not yet over, and absolutely nothing fixed, a sudden change may happen likely to bring into temporary power men quite capable of attempting to realize this gigantic, remorseless, and perhaps *mad* scheme. The condition of France alone is an obstacle and a warning against any alliance with her, and ought to be decisive of the question. On the other side, the French are very generally disposed to regard with distrust and suspicion our views and objects: many of their journalists and other writers are affirming at this moment that we are only looking to our own commercial interests and territorial aggrandizement; that we have an eye on Egypt as a necessary link in the chain which connects us with India; that we are hungering after Candia and Cyprus, and all the rich and fertile islands of the Archipelago; that the heat and impetuosity of Sir Stratford Canning against Russia have carried General Aupick much farther than he ever ought to have gone; and that, finally, if, for the sake of Turkey and the renegade Bem, England involves France in a war, she will be sure to leave her in the lurch, and make most advantageous terms for herself with Russia.

The French fleet has been sent towards the Dardanelles only to watch the fleet of Sir William Parker. If our fleet had not gone to the Straits, most assuredly the French would never have moved in that direction; and while we have been blustering within that passage, which is closed by treaties, to which we are a party, to all the fleets of the world, the French, with far more decorum and dignity, have kept themselves at a distance at Vourlà, in the gulf of Smyrna. And why all this

blustering? In the bay of Naples, where terror was to be struck into the hearts of a king and a queen, a royal family, and all who were friends to order and foes to anarchy, Sir William Parker had, in 1848, an open field and good practice in bullying; but who is to be bullied now in the Dardanelles? At the season in which our fleet repaired thither, no invasion could be attempted or any movement made by Russia upon Turkey. The horrible tracks of the country were all impassable, the snow lay deep on Mount Hæmus, the winter tempests of the Euxine were commencing, and soon the embouchures of rivers and the Russian ports on that sea would be blocked up by thick-ribbed ice; which would not dissolve until the end of March.

I know that Russia has received insults difficult to be borne by a mighty power when proceeding from so very weak, un-Christian, and wretched a country as Turkey; I am aware of the almost irresistible temptation which has been offered to the Emperor Nicholas for many years—three-fourths of the population of European Turkey (the Christians) praying for his coming, and the other fourth (the Turks) having no means or heart to withstand him—but I am not aware that the Tzar contemplates any invasion; I only know of a certainty that he cannot invade *now* or for months to come. If in this question of extradition he were only seeking grounds and pretexts for a war, he would have remained perfectly quiet until the month of May, 1850, when he could have followed up his menaces with immediate action, and have been across the Balkan and under the crumbling walls of Constantinople in a few weeks. The course pursued by the Emperor

should really seem to indicate that he contemplated no invasion or hostility whatsoever. But this is to be considered—the force which fled after the rout of Arad with Bem and Kossuth was so desperate and so numerous, that it could not safely be left on the frontiers of a country which they had recently made the scene of a most destructive and remorseless civil war; and for the sake of Hungary and his ally the Emperor of Austria, the Tzar must have called for the removal of those firebrands at the time he did, even though his demands might agitate Europe and provoke and put on their guard the powers disposed to protect the Sultan, thus depriving Russia of the advantages to be derived from an unexpected coup-de-main. The Tzar may yet contemplate an invasion of this expiring empire; I do not know that he does, nor do I believe that others in England have more knowledge on this point than I have; I only know that the temptation is irresistible, and the long forbearance shown by Nicholas a marvellous thing in history.

No one who looks forward to the great event, the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire, as a blessing to humanity and civilization, contemplates for one moment that Russia is to possess all those unpeopled, but vast, productive, rich, and beautiful regions. The distribution must and *will*, at some not distant day, be left to the decision of some Congress of *all* Christendom. If such a Congress could be settled without being preceded by the horrors of a warfare among the Christian powers, the advantage would be unalloyed and the blessing complete. Wage war as you will, it must come to this at last—a Congress, and the expulsion of the Turks, as a

governing power, from Europe and the greater part of Asia Minor. If the world is now so unsettled, and if we all aim at a settlement, and one which shall be enduring, we must come to a decision on the Turkish question *now*. If it is left undecided, our settlement will be most incomplete, Turkey will be a standing *casus belli*, exposing every year the peace of Christendom to a sudden interruption.*

The Turks themselves seem generally to be convinced that their final hour is approaching—"We are no longer Mussulmans—the Mussulman sabre is broken—the Osmanlees will be driven out of Europe by the ghiaours, and driven through Asia to the regions from which they first sprung. It is *kismet!* We cannot resist Destiny!" I heard words to this effect from many Turks, as well in Asia as in Europe; and the like were heard by Bishop Southgate in many and remote parts of the Empire. Some consoled themselves with the dream of a very strange millennium:—after a long series of years, an entire abasement of the Mussulman creed and of Mussulman peoples, Jesus the Great Prophet would return to earth, gather up the scattered fragments of the believers of Mahomet, reanimate their faith and their ancient valour, and give them, until the world's end, dominion over all the earth; with one religion, and one unbroken, undisturbed peace and happiness.

This belief was startling. I repeatedly asked whether

* The passages in the text were written in the month of November, 1849. I do not consider it necessary either to alter them or to add to them. Whatever may become of Bem the renegade and his associates signifies nothing to my arguments. That quarrel is not yet settled.

it was not the return of Mahomet that they looked for? but I was as constantly told that it was not Mahomet, but Jesus—the Jesus worshipped by the Christians—whom they expected in the fulness of time to complete the great scheme which Mahomet had only begun.

I can conceive and hope that, at no great distance of time, some Christian missionary, perhaps some gifted youth now in training in the Church of England Missionary College of St. Augustine's, near to the restored walls of which I write these lines, may avail himself of this remarkable belief and turn it to the spiritual advantage of those who entertain it. The Turkish government once broken up, I do not believe that the conversion of the poor Turks to Christianity would be a work of very great difficulty.

At the close of a work which may have already been found too long, I can indulge in no more observations or speculations. I can do little more than request serious attention to the facts I have collected as illustrative of the condition of the army, the navy, the government, and the people, or peoples at large, and to conjure those who can influence national parliaments and executive councils to reflect what they do before they draw the sword for a decreasing, perishing people like the Turks, who are themselves convinced that nothing can now save them. In Europe they are a minority, disaffected towards the Government, and divided among themselves: lurking discontent or open insurrection is nearly everywhere a-foot. Take the map of the Empire. The fierce Albanians are ready for fresh revolt; the equally fierce Bosniaks are actually in revolt at this moment; the dogged Bulgarians,

brooding over the Turkish atrocities of 1841, are ready, or eager for another insurrection; the Greek Rayahs, who so far outnumber them in Europe, are burning with an unquenchable hatred of the Osmanlees; a desultory civil war rages in Mount Lebanon; the whole of Syria is notoriously disaffected; there is, or lately has been, another war in the island of Samos, only a short distance from Smyrna, the first city of the Asiatic dominions; the Kurds, who may be called the only warlike people inhabiting that part of the Empire, can neither be governed by force nor reconciled by gentle measures, but are turbulent, lawless, and looking for another Bedr-Khan-Bey and a fresh struggle to secure their independence; and then—the most decisive, most fatal symptom of all!—from one end of the immense Empire to the other, all heart has been taken out of the dwindling, fastly disappearing, Turkish population, while many of that race lying near one of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia have long been publicly proclaiming that they will welcome the Russians and return to Christianity, the religion of their forefathers, so soon as the Russians come.

On the evening of the 4th of July we gladly took our last leave of Pera and Constantinople.

On the morning of the 5th we were steaming down the beautiful Propontis, and fast approaching the Hellespont. Though I trust I have not lost my keen relish of them, I had not quitted my home and come to Turkey for beautiful and classical scenes. Any reasonable thinking man, drawing near to his fiftieth year, requires something more than scenery, however fair and glorious it may be. Of that we had had a rich feast;

but what else had been offered to us, but spectacles of misery, oppression, monstrous folly, and revolting crime? What had we seen but an empire in dissolution?

We reached Smyrna on the 6th of July, at 3 P.M., and at once transferred ourselves to the pleasant, right comfortable, little villa of my dear old friend Langdon, at Boudjà. We spent four days between that village and the town of Smyrna, where I followed up a few inquiries into the state of agriculture and other matters, and where we were hospitably entertained by that true-hearted English merchant R——.

On Monday evening the 10th of July, 1848, we re-embarked, and took our final leave of the territories of Sultan Abdul Medjid.

THE END.

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